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THE NEW YORKER

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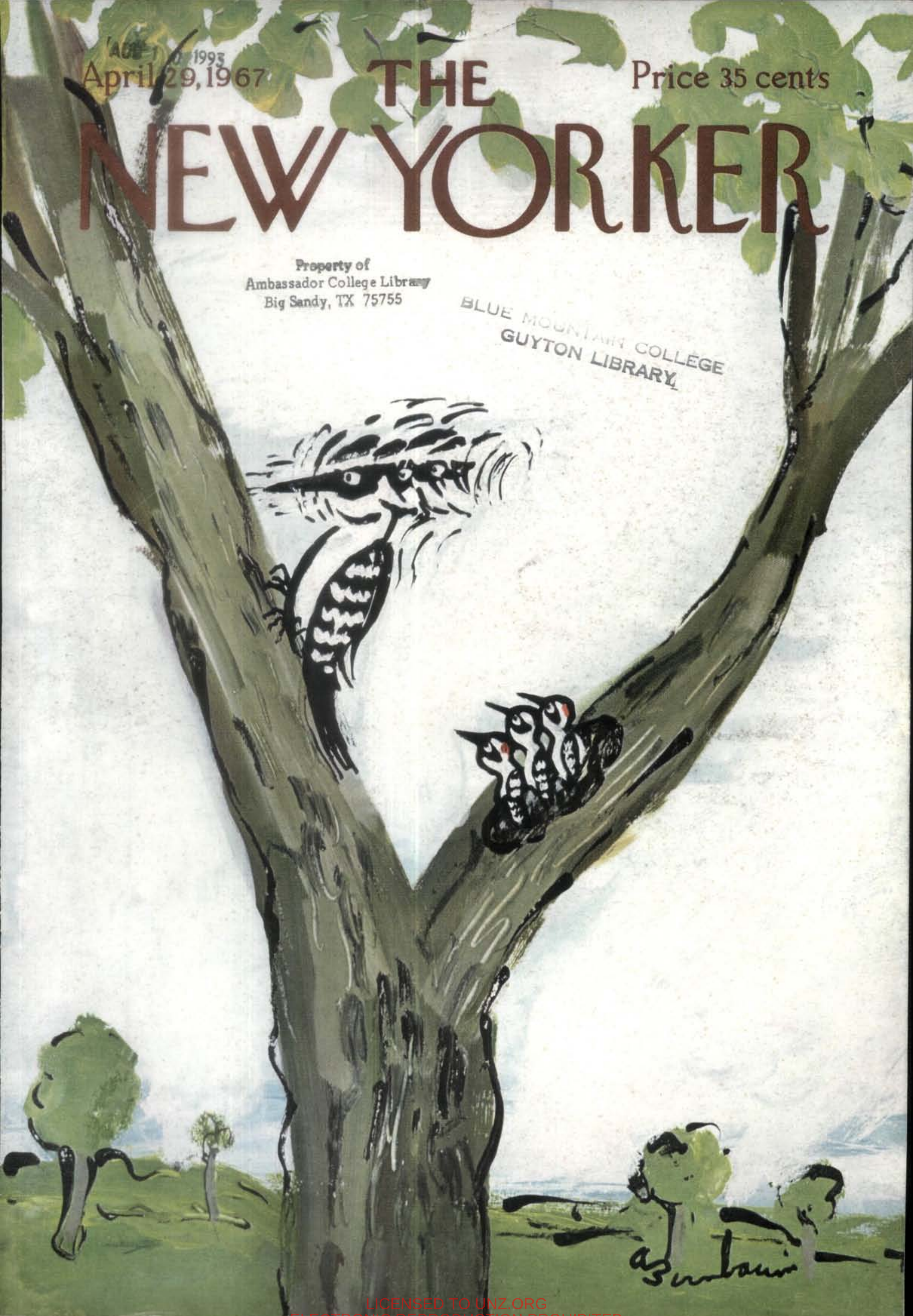

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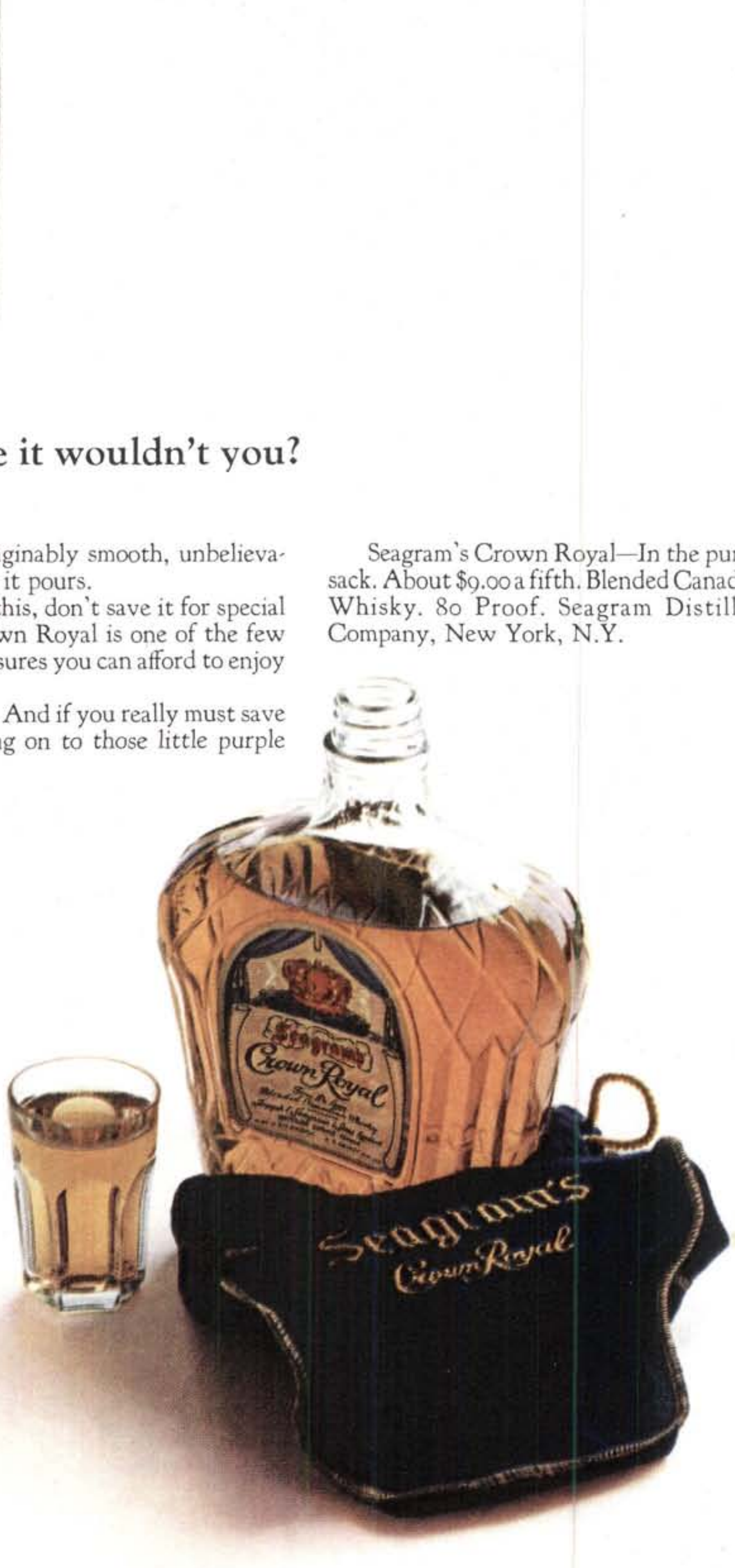

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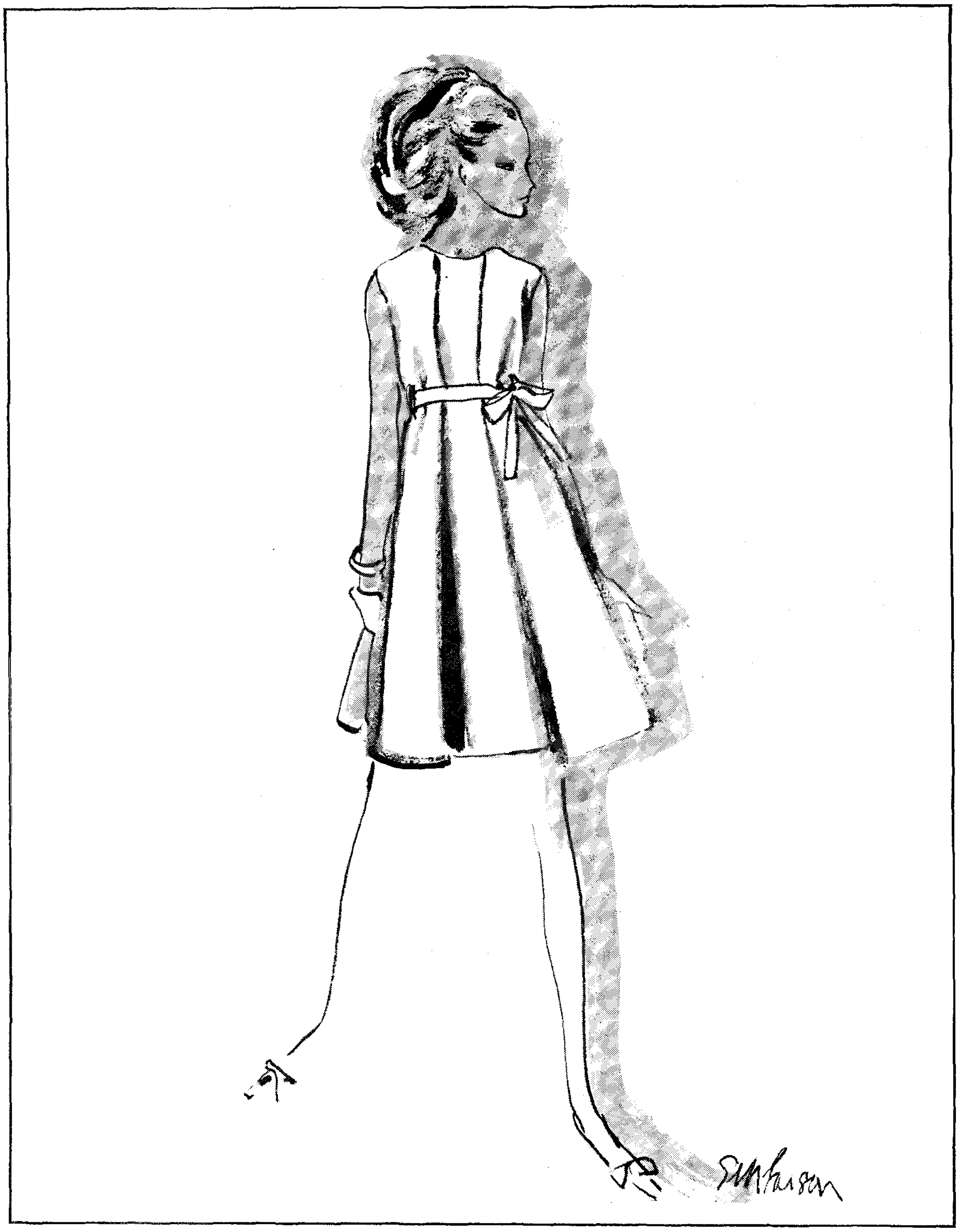

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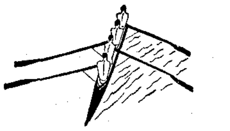
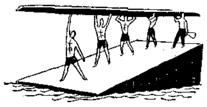


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				27	28	29
30	1	2	3	4	5	6

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

APA-Phoenix—Tolstoy's **WAR AND PEACE:** Thursday, April 27, at 8:30; Saturday, April 29, at 2:30 and 8:30; Monday, May 1, at 8:30; Wednesday, May 3, at 2 and 8:30; Friday, May 5, at 8:30; and Saturday, May 6, at 2:30 and 8:30. . . . ¶ *Pirandello's* **RIGHT YOU ARE:** Friday, April 28, and Thursday, May 4, both at 8:30. . . . ¶ Ibsen's **THE WILD DUCK:** Tuesday, May 2, at 8:30. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877.)

Black Comedy—A comical invention of Peter Shaffer, in which dark is turned into light by means too involved to go into. Mr. Shaffer claims he has been inspired by the classical Chinese theatre, but what he gives us here is old-fashioned, free-swinging vaudeville. The cast, under the direction of John Dexter, is admirable, which is more than can be said for a curtain-raiser called "White Lies." (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, April 30.)

Don't Drink the Water—Woody Allen exhibits much verbal dexterity in his farce about a Jewish family from Newark that is forced to take refuge in an American embassy behind the Iron Curtain. Lou Jacobi, Anthony Roberts, Kay Medford, and Dick Libertini are happily engaged in this one. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Homecoming—Harold Pinter's Happening about a North London family who find themselves unexpectedly host to a scion of the house and his wife, both lately come from America. Mr. Pinter is not without wit, but he doesn't seem to put his characters to any significant dramatic purpose. However, the cast, under the aegis of the Royal Shakespeare Company, is laudable, and Peter Hall, who directed the play, deserves salutations. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Star-Spangled Girl—Neil Simon is something less than stimulating in this account of life among the bohemians of San Francisco. Anthony Perkins, Richard Benjamin, and Connie Stevens comprise the cast, and they, on the other hand, are commendably lively. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

You Know I Can't Hear You When the Water's Running—Alan Schneider's direction and the performances of Martin Balsam, Eileen Heckart, George Grizzard, Joe Silver, and Melinda Dillon make a good thing of this quartet of plays by Robert Anderson, in which our old friend sex prevails. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-2533. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**BAREFOOT IN THE PARK:** A frivolity concerning the adventures of a pair of newlyweds in a Manhattan walkup. Another Neil Simon creation. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CACTUS FLOWER:** Lauren Bacall and Barry Nelson, among others, in a comedy by Abe Burrows (not Neil Simon) that describes the blossoming of a cold and efficient secretary employed by an amorous dentist. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **THE IMPOSSIBLE YEARS:** A comedy in which Sam Levene appears as a psychiatrist surrounded by a noisy pack of adolescents who baffle him. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. 245-6060. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE ODD COUPLE:** A comedy by somebody called Neil Simon having to do with a couple of male marital rejects trying to keep house in a rambling Riverside Drive apartment. Eddie Bracken and Mike Kellin head up the cast. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Little Murders—Barbara Cook, Elliott Gould, and Ruth White in a comedy by Jules Feiffer. George L. Sherman is the director. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

The Apple Tree—All about Eve and a couple of other females in a triptych based on stories by Mark Twain, Frank R. Stockton, and Jules Feiffer. Barbara Harris is splendid as the most conspicuous performer on view, and Hal Holbrook and Larry Blyden lend her a deft hand. Mike Nichols directed, and Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick did the book, music, and lyrics. Phyllis Newman substitutes for Miss Harris at the matinée performances. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Cabaret—A formidable production that serves to show how things were just before the Nazi takeover in Germany. Jack Gilford, Lotte Lenya, and Joel Grey do what they can with the music, lyrics, and book. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

I Do! I Do!—Jan de Hartog's "The Fourposter" in a rather saccharine adaptation by Tom Jones, which is buoyed up tremendously by Mary Martin and Robert Preston as a couple reënacting fifty years of happy married life. The play has music and lyrics by Harvey Schmidt and Mr. Jones, and some imaginative sets by Oliver Smith. The direction, by Gower Champion, is eminently satisfactory. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Saturdays at 2:35.)

Illya Darling—Melina Mercouri as a jolly trollop in Piraeus is a fine figure of a woman in this variation on the film called "Never on Sunday," but the musical is a rather weak vehicle despite some lively tunes and a spate of virile dancing. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sherry!—An agitated musical interpretation of "The Man Who Came to Dinner," which is short on practically everything in the way of entertainment but which livens up occasionally when Dolores Gray comes on. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 245-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Joseph Stein's adaptation of some of Sholom Aleichem's stories, with Herschel Bernardi. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **FUNNY GIRL:** Mimi Hines representing Fanny Brice. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Martha Raye now has the role of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MAME:** This version of the Patrick Dennis novel about an exuberant aunt and her orphaned nephew has a cast headed by Angela Lansbury. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **SWEET CHARITY:** Gwen Verdon as a dance-hall girl who dreams long dreams of true love and matrimony. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Hallelujah, Baby!—A musical with a book by Arthur Laurents, music by Jule Styne, lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, and a cast that includes Leslie Uggams, Robert Hooks, and Allen Case. Directed by Burt Shevelove. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

National Repertory Theatre—The opening performances of a four-week repertory of three plays that will run through Saturday, May 27. Molière's **THE IMAGINARY INVALID:** Preview Thursday, April 27, at 8:30. Opens officially on Monday, May 1, at 7. Other performances Wednesday, May 3, at 2, and Saturday, May 6, at 8:30. . . . ¶ O'Neill's **A TOUCH OF THE POET:** Preview Friday, April 28, at 8:30. Opens officially on Tuesday, May 2, at 7. Other performances Thursday, May 4, at 8:30, and Saturday, May 6, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Coward's **TONIGHT AT 8:30:** Preview Saturday, April 29, at 8:30. Opens officially on Wednesday, May 3, at 7. Additional performance Friday, May 5, at 8:30. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

City Center Light Opera Company—Constance Towers, Bob Wright, Eleanor Steber, and Christopher Hewett in **THE SOUND OF MUSIC.** The second in a series of three musicals by the company. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at

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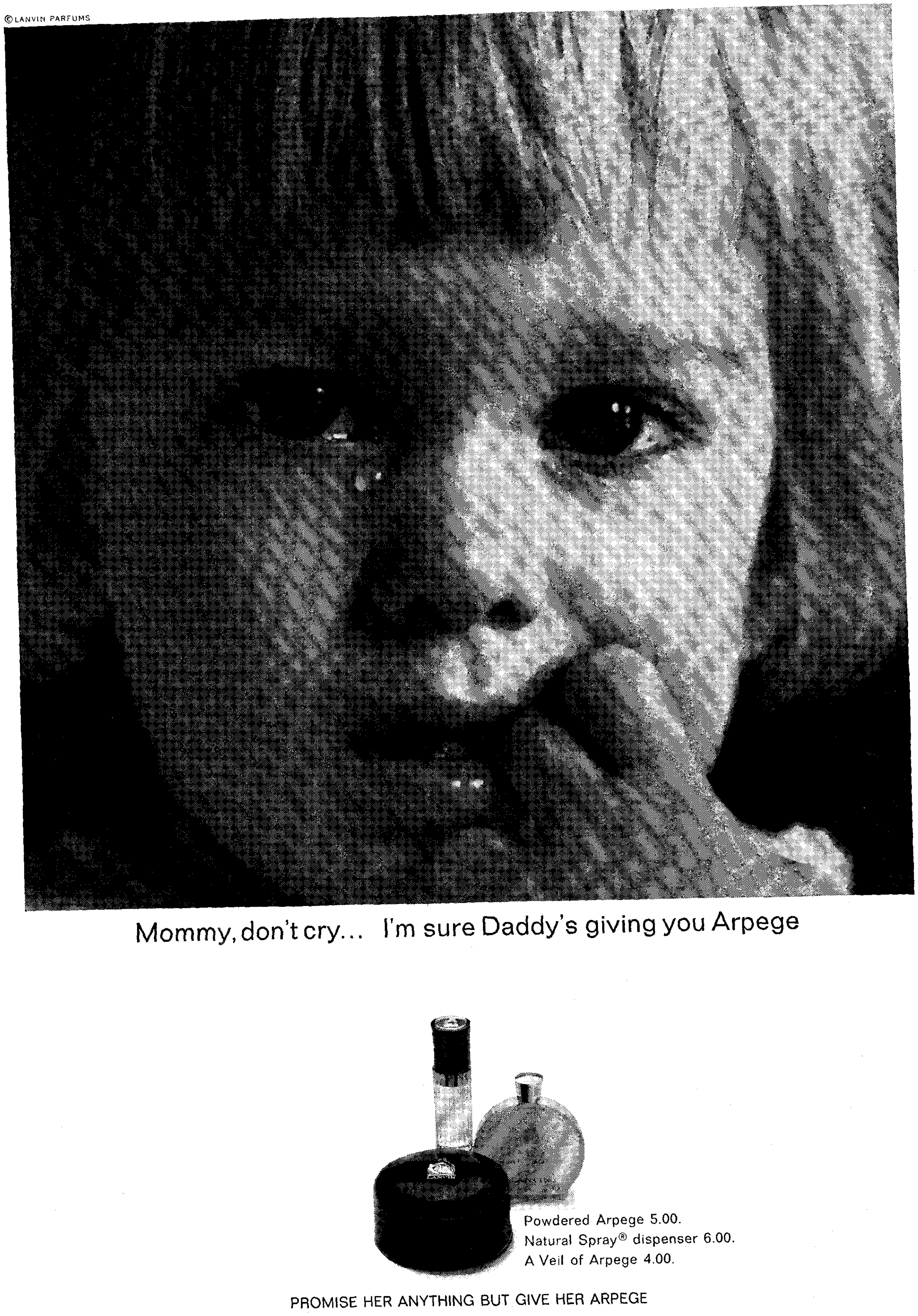

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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				27	28	29
30	1	2	3	4	5	6

8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, May 14.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of Bertolt Brecht's GALILEO, with Anthony Quayle in the title role. The final production of the season. (Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Amato Opera Company—Presentations of FLEDERMAUS, in English. (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15.)

America Hurrah—A trio of plays by Jean-Claude van Itallie. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

By Jupiter—A bright and sprightly revival of the Rodgers and Hart musical about a skirmish in the war between the sexes, when Hippolyta commanded the Amazons and Theseus commanded the Greeks. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 765-5580. Thursday and Friday at 8:30; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 30.)

The Deer Park—Norman Mailer's long-winded rundown on the sexual mores of a Hollywood that is now obsolete gets awfully tiresome after a while, but it has its comic moments. Most of these occur in scenes that involve Will Lee, as the head of a studio, and Mickey Knox, as his bumptious son-in-law. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Eh? and **Drums in the Night**—"Eh?," a British comedy by Henry Livings, is being joined in repertory with Bertolt Brecht's "Drums in the Night," translated by Frank Jones. "Eh?": Fridays at 8:40 and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.... ¶ "Drums in the Night": Preview Thursday, April 27, at 8:40. Opens officially on Sunday, April 30, at 7; thereafter Sundays through Thursdays at 8:40. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778.)

The Fantasticks—That man's father is my father's son. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Fortune and Men's Eyes—A play by John Herbert. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Gorilla Queen—A play by Ronald Tavel, moved north from the Judson Memorial Church. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. No performance Thursday, April 27.)

Hamp—This British play about a private who runs away from the Battle of Passchendaele, in 1917, and must face a court-martial should have a much greater impact than it does. Even so, the script and performances are well above average. The novel on which it is based was also the basis for the movie "King and Country." (Renata Theatre, 53 E. 11th St. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Mad Show—A musical revue with a cast made up of a quintet of highly ingratiating young performers. Lightweight satire is the main ingredient. The piece has music by Mary Rodgers. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 9; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Man of La Mancha—José Ferrer is now playing the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music, by Mitch Leigh, is commendable, as is the staging, by Albert Marre, but the play as a whole is spotty, and the choreography, by Jack Cole, runs to burlesque-house routines. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Man with a Load of Mischief—A musical derived from Ashley Dukes' 1924 London play of the same name. John Clifton wrote the music and Ben Tarver the book. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

People Is the Thing That the World Is Fullest of—A cheerful puppet show in the form of a topical revue for adults. Children would probably enjoy it, too. (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 1:30 and 4:30.)

The Pocket Watch—A comedy by Alvin Aronson. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. 736-4073. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 6. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

To Clothe the Naked—Kathleen Widdoes in a revival of the Pirandello play, translated by William Murray. Opens Thursday, April 27. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Opening-night curtain at 7:15; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown—This musical adaptation of Charles M. Schulz's "Peanuts" is a total delight. The songs, by Clark Gesner; the libretto, by John Gordon; the setting, by Alan Kimmel; the direction, by Joseph Hardy; and all the actors are fine, too. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-9740. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Performances of A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM will close out the season. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:15, and Sundays at 7:15. Matinées Saturdays at 2:15 and Sundays at 1:15. Through Sunday, May 7.)

Royal Ballet—Thursday, April 27, at 8:30: "The Song of the Earth" and "The Dream."... ¶ Friday, April 28, at 8: "Swan Lake."... ¶ Saturday, April 29, at 2:30 and 8:30: "Cinderella."... ¶ Sunday, April 30, at 2:30: "Swan Lake."... ¶ Sunday, April 30, at 8:30: "The Song of the Earth" and "The Dream."... ¶ Tuesday, May 2, at 8: "Les Sylphides," "Shadowplay" (American première), and "Les Noces."... ¶ Wednesday, May 3, at 8:30: "Shadowplay," "Monotones Nos. 1 and 2" (American première), and "Les Noces."... ¶ Thursday, May 4, at 8:30: "Giselle."... ¶ Friday, May 5, at 8:30: "Les Sylphides," "Shadowplay," and "Les Noces."... ¶ Saturday, May 6, at 2:30 and 8:30: "Swan Lake." (Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center. 787-4200. Through Sunday, May 28.)

Helen Tamiris Memorial Concert—A benefit program of three works by the late choreographer, performed by twenty-two dancers, including members of the Tamiris-Nagrin Company, plus a film of Miss Tamiris dancing her Negro spirituals. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Sunday, April 30, at 2:15.)

Manhattan Festival Ballet—"Cantabile," "Giselle Peasant Pas de Deux," "Dark Psalters," and "Rondo for Seven." (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-9740. Mondays at 8:30.)

Lucas Hoving—With his company, in a program of modern dance. (Village Theatre, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 475-8400. Monday, May 1, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Now tenting on Eighth Avenue. (Madison Square Garden. PL 7-8870. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 2 and 7:30; Fridays at 2 and 8:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8:30; and Sundays at 1:30 and 6. Closes Sunday, May 14. The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around among the sideshows and the menagerie in the basement.)

Hello, Solly!—A Yiddish musical revue, much of it in English. (Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd St. 279-3970. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Lyrics with a mind (and often a wit) of their own, not lyrics that are content merely to hum and drum, are given their due by the supple soprano of Felicia Sanders, who visits the Royal Box during dinner and supper. Myron Cohen, her compeer, delivers causeries that have a wit of *their* own, even though some of them wear a blue lining. The musicians, directed by Lee Evans, are as good as they come nowadays. Closed Sundays.

Barberry, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800)—One of the most bustling small cities in the world, and small enough for everyone to know everyone. Nine until two during the week and nine until three on Saturdays is the stint of the small dance band. No music Sundays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—George Anaya's Cuban bandsmen wind up their tour of duty in the restaurant on Monday, May 1, so that a Cliff Hall crew can move in next evening. The dance tunes run from nine until one or two week-nights, and never on Sundays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—Nothing funereal about the lilies here; they all have a gilt complex. So that they may dance, Lester Lanin and a set of followers, *plus a Latin contingent, have just been moved* in. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The musicians assembled by Ben Cutler (probably old co-members of the Fence Club) walk softly but carry a big repertory through the kempt and well-brought-up Café Pierre, and they do it every night until well after the theatre. Industrious song and guitar, most often Andalusian, fill in the intervals between sets.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Lainie Kazan, whose arias can shiver the timbers of the sturdy old Persian Room, will give way, on Wednesday, May 3, to Eartha Kitt, a more subtle spitfire. Dinner and supper are the set times for yodelling, except on Miss Kitt's beginning night, when a ten-o'clock recital will be all. The bands of Burt Farber and Mark Monte will continue to proceed at a brisk, bountiful, and blithe pace. Closed Sundays.... ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano and violin do *petits-fours* music in the Palm Court from four-thirty to six-thirty, and (except on Sundays) Viennese music from seven to nine in the Edwardian Room.... ¶ Gunnar Hansen's violin, which has a romantic story to tell (tales of Hoffmann and tales of the Vienna Woods), is in the Palm Court between eight and one every night but Sunday. His accompaniment is piano and a dozen ladies in waiting laden with *Linzer Torte*, water ices, and spirits.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-

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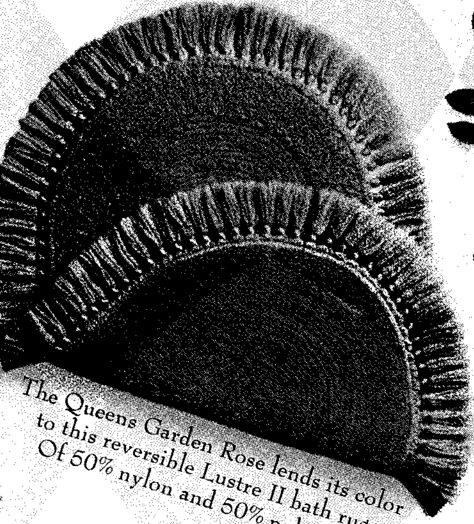
it bears a
profusion of
orange blossoms.



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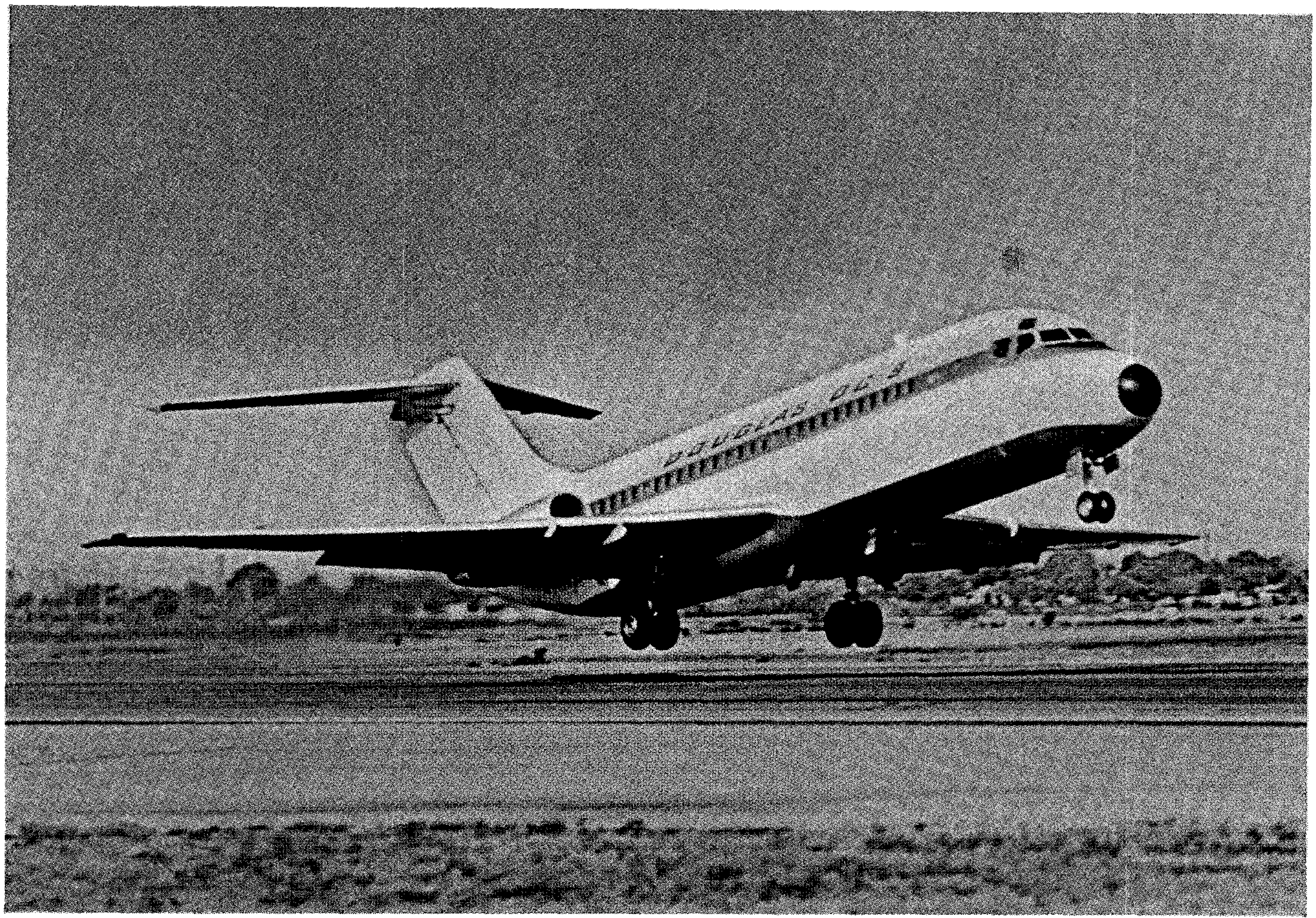

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

8970)—Room at the top, and excellent use is made of it, what with the view of the world and the view halloo of Jonah Jones, his fire-breathing trumpet, and his band. Seven until two is the way the music goes. Closed Sundays.

THE RIVERBOAT, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—Working under pressure is the favorite pastime of Count Basie's band, to the sound of which it is easy for the town's cutters of rugs to carry out their assignments. The Basies depart on Saturday, April 29, but on Monday, May 1, the Tommy Dorsey band, now led by Urbie Green, will replace them. The music lets go from eight to two. No sound on Sundays.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The affluent society maintains an executive suite in the Maisonette. Among its trappings are George Cort's brush-fire band and Quintero's Latin one, which operate from seven-thirty until two. Patricia Marand, who takes an occasional flier at musical comedy, is back again in night life, chanting away at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ La Boite, a more subdued refectory, drifts placidly through its dinner and supper menu with Jani Sarkozi's fiddle as the housewarmer. He ticks and tocks from six to one-thirty. Closed Sundays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—*Robusto* and gusto are the makings of Gordon MacRae when he is singing, and sometimes when he is talking; those overage jokes of his, though, leave much to be retired. His home base is the Empire Room. Charles Turecamo's orchestra does the rest of the work. Mr. MacRae appears at dinner and supper during the week, only at ten on Sundays, and not at all on Mondays, when the establishment shuts down. . . . ¶ In one portion of the many-chambered Peacock Alley, there is Ray Hartley's *champagne-brut* piano, which happens Mondays through Fridays from cocktail time through a good long dinner hour. Sonny Kendis's band plays for dancing Tuesdays through Thursdays from eight to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from eight-thirty to one-thirty.

NOTE—ROSELAND DANCE CITY, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—A huge class seems to be graduating every hour on the dance floor, but there is elbow and foot room in good supply for everyone on this smooth-as-a-rug campus. No rug-cutting allowed, though; safe-and-sane terpsichore is the rule. The music usually begins around seven-thirty and ends around one. Sundays begin at three-thirty in the afternoon. A gaggle of professional dancers puts on a showing, too, on Tuesdays at eleven. The dining is no more than snack. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): There's no split level in this ranch house, for it's *all* one big happy family; Louis Golson Hawkins (Goldie, that is to say) is a padrone, pianist, and walking delegate who knows how to keep it that way. From time to time, Sam Hamilton and Wayne Sanders ply piano, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): An exercise hall for young people who have to do with this or that dab of the amusement industry. The setting and the talk are very heads-up. Ram Ramirez's trio performs every night but Sunday. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the little Londoner who, after twelve years at one piano, has unassailable squatter's rights in the Western Hemisphere, begins playing at nine-thirty in the burbling neighborhood pub of the Hotel Earle. The dining is minimal here. No music Mondays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): West Indies vacationers who like to return to the scene of their prime can be observed in this island port, listening to the song and guitar that have become part of the West Indian urban way of life. The music occurs Thursdays through Saturdays from eight to two, and in shorter stints the rest of the week. The décor, which is entertainment in its own right, is there all the time. Closed Sundays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): All the restaurant's a stage to the staff, and the scallopini arrives at table garnished with freehand Verdi. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The only piano throw in use here is Rita Dimitri, who perches herself on the instrument at dinner on week-nights and at both dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays to do her soubrette chansons, which are couched in several lively languages. There is dance music, too, beginning at eight. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): It has been a long time away from its natal niche in Budapest, but its music and its folkways are immutable. Béla Babai's band plays for musing and dancing; the gallant tenor of Tibor Rakossy augments the ambiance. Closed Mondays. . . . **TAMBURLAINE,** 148 E. 48th St. (PL 1-0033): A forest primeval, apparently situated in early Tibet. Admirers of the past may observe certain fragments of the old Stork staff; admirers of the fine arts may listen, and dance, every Monday night, from nine o'clock on, to the adrenalin piano of Billy Rubenstein and his threesome, as well as (from six to eight every night but Saturday and Sunday) to a crew involving Allan Haig and Phil Leshin. Most of the other music is made with a loud pedal. Closed Sundays.

NOTE—Those who would like to have their ears pierced (for dancing, that is) are best off in this set of discothèques: **ARTHUR,** 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): Negotiations with the admissions committee are recommended before one approaches this land of mechanical and sonic boom (the boom is never lowered) and social activity. The Wild Ones are the human element of the sound effects. Nine until four is the running time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **IL MIO,** in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Basically an after-the-theatre theatre very much in the round. The music is all from a speaking tube, and the clothes are young and foolish, which is par in this trade. Bring your own supper. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **YELLOWFINGER'S,** 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980): Behind an unmarked door just east of the sidewalk café of the same name is a Roman pavilion of exceeding grace, devoted to the trial flights of the very young, of the very *dorée*. Make yourself known beforehand to the supervisory personnel. Nourishment from the café; gentle music from nine-thirty to three-thirty night after night. . . . **L'INTERDIT,** in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): Dim recesses, a quite visible late-dinner menu, machine-knit music not quite as audible as usual, and local ground rules against costumery that is extrovert. Nothing doing before nine, or on Sunday.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

CHÂTEAU HENRI IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Norbert Faconi, who was fiddling back when Nero burned, is still doing I-am-yours-alone violin within the portcullis of this tongue-in-cheek feudal system. No sound on Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): The good King's second castle keep, likewise planned to amuse the eye as well as the palate. George Cardini and his enthusiastic violin provide the marching music. Silence on Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The language spoken by the guitar of Rogelio Reguera is the purest Castilian, and the architectural background is indigenous and ingenious. No sound effects Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): When in Rome, dine as the Romans do, and let the itinerant musicians take the place of discourse. These dulcet citizens are armed with mandolin, violin, and accordion. Curfew arrives at two. Closed Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): They don't make town houses like this anymore. In the bar of the museum piece, there is unassertive piano from six to one, except on Sundays. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): In the lounge of the Regency Room, one of the statelier homes on Park Avenue, a piano joins in with the proceedings from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening. Supper, but no dinner. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Enzio Lembo's guitar, which roams the elaborate bar-restaurant, comes alive at nine-thirty, and stays very much alive until one. He remains home Mondays and Wednesdays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): In the Casino-

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on-the-Park's peaceful pleasance, Steven Weltner turns out piano that is not just background for conversation but a conversation piece in itself. Six-thirty until midnight, except on Saturdays and Sundays, is the scheme. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Royal-enclosure is the mood of the place; hop, skip, and jump is the attitude of George Feyer's piano, which is on duty from eight-thirty until around two. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Friends, Romans, and countrymen forgather for talkative dining while self-propelled musicians (the knowing Herman Honigsberg and his troupe of violinists) play on, play on. Closed Sundays. . . . **POLO BAR,** Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Conrad Monjoy's piano communes quietly with itself in a corner of this portion of the Westbury Hotel. The musings occur from nine until one. No musings Sundays and Mondays. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (only by appointment with a secret agent whose name and number is UN 1-9494): The trappings lead one to suspect that he is in a private car on the Orient Express, but the view from the windows, all of them upstairs ones, is Little Old New York. So is the six-to-one piano. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dining, unless otherwise indicated.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): The important thing is Dionne Warwick, who for all her fancy clothes is still the sweet-singing dryad of another world. There's a humorist of standard proportions in the cast, too, to say nothing (which would be cruel) of the Copa corps of ballerinas, kicking (not necessarily in unison) up their heels and their long, lovely legs. Dancing for the patrons also. . . . ¶ In the street-level lounge, from ten o'clock on, loud sings this and that cuckoo, often with electronic components. . . . **LATIN QUARTER,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): "Maid in Paris" is the title of an extravaganza in which many, many girls in their gym suits are constructing a stairway to Paradise. The most splendid example is Susan Clemm, seven foot seven if she's an inch. Among other things, there are the Barry Sisters, whose song-and-chatter interlude must be heard to be disbelieved. The show goes on twice every night of the week. Dancing. . . . **CHEETAH,** 1680 Broadway, at 53rd St. (582-2970): The strobe lights of this youth-will-be-served *palais de danse* cover a multitude of dins made by one intent band after another. They begin at eight (even at three on Sundays, when they are supplemented by rhythm-and-blues chanters). No kitchen privileges. Closed Mondays. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Here you are; get your spring sulphur-and-molasses for the young ones. Bobby Rydell, the pied piper who has just settled in, has plenty of it. Closed Sundays.

CABARETS

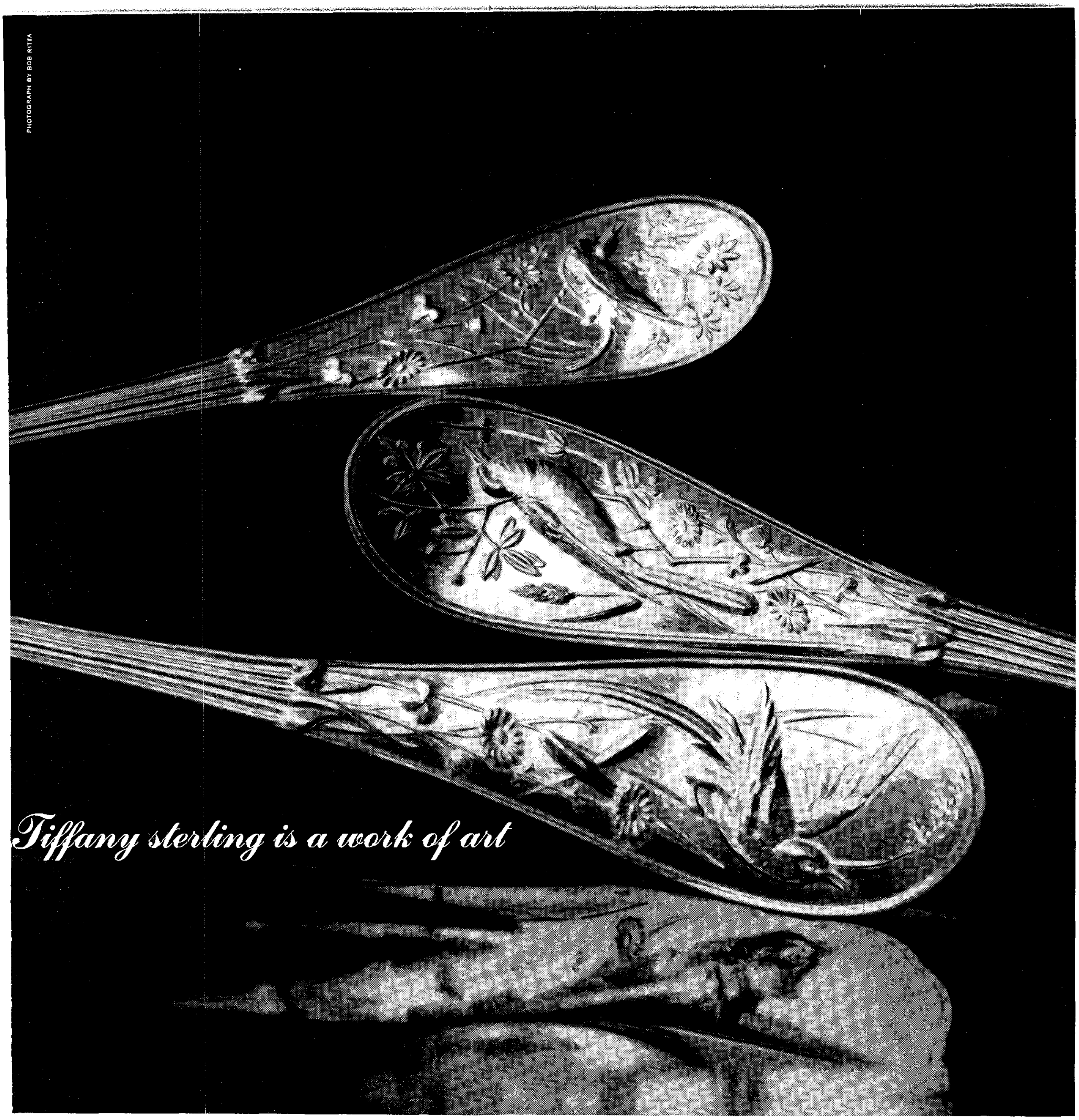
(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9—, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): In the polished finishing school of which Julius Monk is headmaster, one finds Fredricka Weber, whose arias are compounded of sassafras and witch hazel, as well as Cambridge University's Tony Hendra and Nic Ullett, spokesmen with pockets full of wry (not to mention rhyme and reason), as well as Jamie Ross, who puts a Scotch burr or thistle in every bright thing he sings. The background is the duplex and dashing pianoing of Otis Clements and Robert Colston. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): The easy road to learning Basic Latin: namely, Joaquin Robles and his crew of Lusitanian flamencans, industriously giving their all. The long-absent Andy Russell helps out with his sunburst ballads—among them, you may be sure, "Amor." Dinner and supper is their schedule, but the dancing by the customers can make the performance continuous. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the neighborly Flamenco Room, after ten, Emilio Prados's guitar and Domingo Alvarado's arias sigh as softly and sadly as the wind in the willows. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "Mixed Doubles," another of the bandbox revues that are this establishment's staple crop, takes after its parents and even its grandparents, yet a number of original biological sports appear in its libretto, and that's just fine. Judy Graubart is a neat bit of wide-eyed wistfulness; Richard Blair and Larry Moss are the best of her helpmeets. The hours are nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The main event is monologue by the dizzying Joan Rivers, managing director of the League Against Just About Everything, who is there to explain—in splintered language—the tenets of her constituents. She is in evidence a couple of times a night, but not before around ten. Sundays, she stays home. . . . **THE IMPROVISATION,** 358 W. 44th St. (CI 5-9978): Actors' work is never done, so one or another of them takes an after-the-theatre turn around an establishment that is nothing if not informal. Earlier on, there is piano as well as other happenings, also impromptu.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The Mel Lewis-Thad Jones strong-arm squad temporarily comes to a halt on Saturday, April 29. Next evening will be devoted to Cecil Taylor, now mainly a solo pianist, and a small group of advanced students. Monday, May 1, will also be spent with the Lewis-Jones squadron. Tuesday through Thursday, May 2-4, are assigned to the quartet of the sterling Coleman Hawkins and, once more, Cecil Taylor's solos. On Friday, May 5, the foursome of Roland Kirk, who wants to play every instrument in the band (and simultaneously) takes over; Mr. Taylor stands pat. Sunday is matinée day (five to seven-thirty) as well. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): This Gaul is divided into two parts. The Top of the Gate offers the quite special Blossom Dearie, whose taffy-colored hair and daffy-colored voice are on tap after ten. From her piano, she directs a trio and a subtly flavored lesson in music (and lyrics) appreciation. Her aides are Ron Carter and Al Harewood. Likewise present: Tete Montoliu, whose Barcelona version of New World progressive piano is what might be called eminent. Mondays are given over to the threesome of the angelic Daphne Hellman, plying harp that likes best to dwell in Respighi's halls. . . . ¶ The lower level will be open Friday and Saturday, April 28-29, to house Gloria Lynne, a hard-sell soprano, and her cluster of minions, led into action by Billy Rubenstein's piano, plus a new quintet (all drums, guitars, and bass), led by the Hungarian Gabor Szabo. Mondays, Symphony Sid's congress of Latin musicians is in possession. . . . **THE APARTMENT,** 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): A noticeable amount of jump enlivens this oasis of Second Avenue rectitude when Charles De Forest, who sings to his own piano, airs lyrics for the literate dusk-to-dawn dwellers in world capitals. Marian McPartland's worthy trio does jazz that manages to be both sweet and lowdown. The McPartlands check out on Saturday, April 29, but Mr. De Forest, who is absent Mondays, remains on duty. . . . **SHEPHEARD'S,** in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Little Egypt, architecturally, that is, and *not* in the flesh. There is a great deal of electricity in the air—some of it devoted to bringing tape to life, the best of it produced by the cornet of in-the-flesh Bobby Hackett, that silver-tongued orator, whose sidemen are Dave McKenna, Morey Feld, and Buddy Jones. Dinner, supper, and all that. Closed Sundays. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Art Blakey's quintet is hammering home his pet points. It phases out on Saturday, April 29. The Thad Jones-Pepper Adams quintet comes in on Tuesday, May 2. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): The quintet of Donald Byrd has the use of the hall every evening but Sunday, which is allotted to the constantly changing membership of the Jazz Interactions. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): The oldest established jazz museum in town, displaying music that has been scarcely touched by the deleterious hand of time. Mr. Condon, Yank Lawson, Cutty Cutshall, Bob Wilber, Ross Tompkins, and Cliff Leeman. Dining and dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St.



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(CI 7-9524): Arriving around ten, Billy Taylor's threesome does music to adumbrate to; after the theatre, even though there is no dance floor, it makes music to animate to. It is available every night but Monday, and so is the piano of Eddie Thompson, the solo operator. Nine-fifteen is starting time. Dining. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): A landing place where the Robert E. Lee makes regular calls. A squadron usually composed of Max Kaminsky, Zutty Singleton, Tony Parenti, and Marshall Brown is in the waiting room. Closed Sundays. . . . **L'INTRIGUE**, 35 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1990): Peculiar are the folkways here, but no matter, for Carmen McRae is singing her splendid head off. Her accomplice is Ronnie Ball's threesome. Closed Sundays. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): Anyone who wants to know what the children do when they're off the streets should listen in. Beer mugs and sawdust, banjos and blampety-blamp—these are their throwbacks to the past. Nine to three or four every night. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Siss, boom, bah, repeated ad infinitum. Washboard, tuba, banjo, and such fill in chinks in the young customers' clamor. Music from nine until two or three all week, plus, on Sundays, matinées by the Southampton Dixie, Racing, and Clambake Society—four-thirty until nine. . . . **SLUGS'**, 242 E. 3rd St. (WA 4-8400): In the midst of a new urban-youth redevelopment area sits this shack, full of music of the moment. It is currently done by Yusef Lateef's mystic quartet. Mondays, Sun Ra's pathfinding ten-man firing squad is there instead. . . . **RED GARTER**, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (082-4270): The entire student body of the City of New York engaged in hanging Peace and Quiet in effigy. A shotgun band erupts from time to time, often helped on by the stentorian lyrics of Ruth Crews, and there are movies that date back to Chaplin and Sarah Siddons. Beer is the elixir; nine until the end of time is the schedule. . . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): Still the best of the Village's coffee *fincas*, and still devoted to the care and feeding of folk music, even if the present leaders are the rantipole Spanky and Our Gang, who are on a corn-fed basis. A new assemblage, the Irish Rovers, are likewise folksters. Tuesdays are assigned to visiting graduates and undergraduates. . . . **POOKIE'S PUB**, 282 Hudson St., near Spring St. (675-9443): Anyone looking for the likes of Charles Mingus will find the catalytic original fulminating here, along with his hard-working bass and three assistants. They usually begin around ten and stay late. Closed Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Pierre Alechinsky—Paintings, lithographs, and drawings containing Expressionist imagery by an outstanding Belgian member of the Cobra group; through May 14. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Edna Andrade—Double-image geometrical Op; through Saturday, April 29. (East Hampton Gallery, 22 W. 56th St.)

Mordecai Ardon—The first exhibition here in fifteen years of paintings by an Israeli mystic-craftsman; through Saturday, April 29. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St.)

Larry Bell—Glass constructions by a West Coast leader; through May 20. (Pace, 9 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joseph Binder—Monotypes in oil by a well-known Viennese designer; through May 13. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Isabel Bishop—Paintings of veiled figures poised in everyday activities, also drawings; through Saturday, May 6. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Seymour Boardman—Hard-edge paintings; through May 13. (Sachs, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joe Brainard—Paintings and collages featuring flowers and madonnas; through Saturday, April 29. (Landau-Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

Gandy Brodie—Landscapes, portraits, and still-lifes by a familiar New York Expressionist; through Saturday, May 6. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Marc Chagall—A benefit show of paintings and graphics; through Saturday, May 6. (Beilin, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Doris Chase—Wood sculptures with movable parts for the spectator to play with; through May 13. (White, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Edward Corbett—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, May 6. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Cronbach—Abstract copper sculptures, some with figurative elements; through Saturday, April 29. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

Jean Dubuffet—Assemblages, gouaches, drawings, and oils, 1947 to the present; through Saturday, May 6. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Karl Gerstner—Color effects through motion; through Saturday, April 29. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Ruth Gikow—Paintings of the Mod scene; through May 12. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joseph Goto—Welded-metal sculptures; through Saturday, April 29. (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Murray Hantman and Dennis Will—Hard-edge color-area paintings with Op effects by the former, and large abstract sculptures in fibre glass by the latter; through May 11. (Twentieth-Century West, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Al Held—Huge abstract paintings built of a few simple shapes; through Thursday, May 4. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.—closed Mondays; and also at the artist's studio, 182 Fifth Ave., at 22nd St.—Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

John Heliker—Maine landscapes, still-lifes, and portraits; through May 13. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Budd Hopkins—Abstract Expressionist paintings with hard-edge intrusions; through Saturday, April 29. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St.)

Will Insley—Liquitex constructions on Masonite; through May 11. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ray Johnson—Collages by an artist who works in small scale; through May 27. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Constantine Kermes—Primitive paintings featuring American rural religious groups; through Wednesday, May 3. (Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Guitou Knoop—Abstract sculptures in stone and bronze, as well as abstract jewelry; through Saturday, April 29. (Byron, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Aaron Kuriloff—Images based on photographs reworked through various processes; through Saturday, May 6. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Gabriel Laderman—Landscapes, cityscapes, and still-lifes; through Saturday, April 29. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Frances Lamont—Sculptures of birds, plants, and animals in simplified forms; through Saturday, April 29. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Ernest Lawson—Paintings by the landscapist, who died in 1939; through May 20. (ACA Heritage, 63 E. 57th St.)

Alexander Liberman—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Saturday, April 29. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

César Manrique—Heavily painted, volcanic abstractions; through Saturday, May 6. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Gerhard Marcks—A huge show of Expressionist bronzes by this German contemporary of Klee and Kandinsky; through May 31. (Hutton, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

John McCracken—A show of ten leaning planks of plywood, fibre glass, and lacquer; through Friday, May 5. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Richard A. Miller—Figure and portrait sculptures; through May 20. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Isamu Noguchi—New abstract marbles by the

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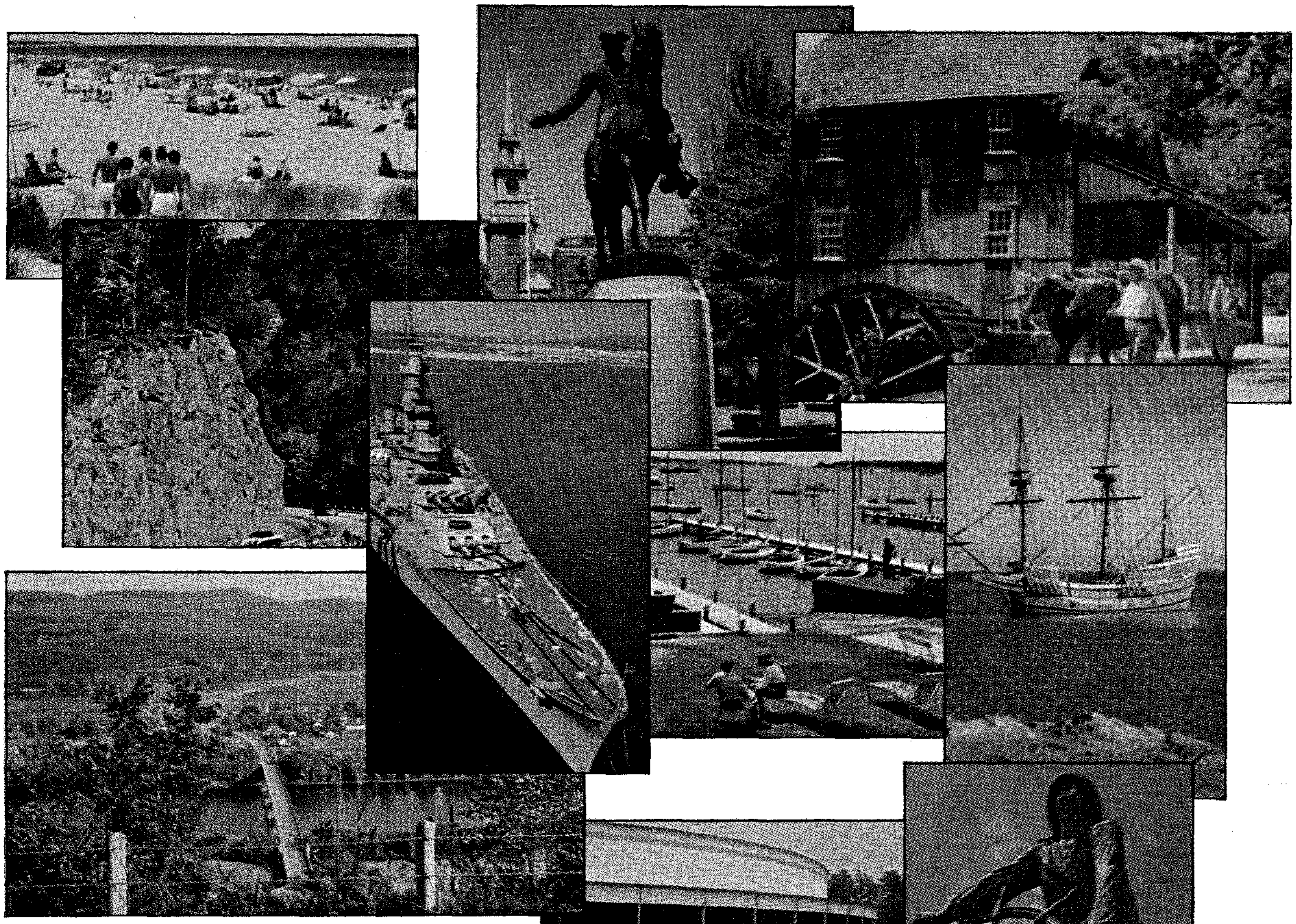

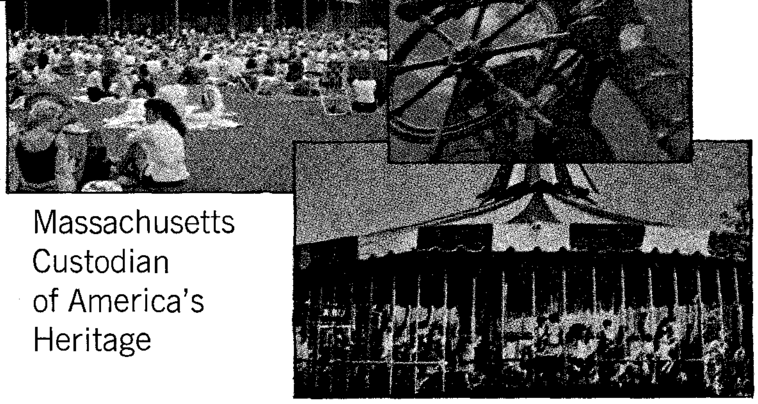

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

veteran Japanese-American sculptor; through Saturday, May 6. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Claes Oldenburg—Soft and hard sculptures, and drawings, by a foremost Pop artist; through May 27. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Betty Parsons—Abstractions with random fragmentary shapes on nearly solid backgrounds; through Saturday, April 29. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St.)

Michelangelo Pistoletto—Collages on stainless steel; through May 18. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Odilon Redon—An exhibition of over a hundred and eighty items by the famous colorist, including oils, pastels, lithographs, engravings, and drawings; through Saturday, May 6. (Loeb & Krugier, 12 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sophy Regensburg—Still-lifes; through May 13. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Bridget Riley—Paintings by the well-publicized Op artist; through May 11. (Feigen, 24 E. 81st St.)

Martin Schreiber—Op paintings stressing luminosity; through Saturday, April 29. (Spectrum, 54 W. 57th St.)

Walter R. Sickert—Paintings and drawings by this British artist, who died in 1942; through Saturday, May 6. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Thomas Sills—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, April 29. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

David Smith—Eight iron and painted-iron constructions by this leading American abstract sculptor, recently deceased; through May 13. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Storrs (1885-1956)—Paintings, drawings, and woodcuts from the thirties, by a veteran American artist; through May 13. (Downtown, 465 Park Ave., at 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Vassilakis Takis—Magnetic sculptures by a prominent kineticist; through Saturday, May 6. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Richard Van Buren—Abstract constructions; through May 13. (Bykert, 15 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Max Weber (1881-1961)—Paintings and drawings by the well-known American Paris School modernist presented by his family to the Israel Museum in Jerusalem; through Thursday, May 4. (Gallery of Israeli Art, 4 E. 54th St. Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Masters of the Loaded Brush—A benefit exhibit of seventy-nine *bozzetti* (oil sketches) by British and European painters of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, Rubens and Tiepolo among them, on loan from public and private collections here and abroad; through Saturday, April 29. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Sculptures; Group Show—Animals and birds in bronze by nineteenth-century French sculptors, including Barye and Rosa Bonheur; through May 31. (Pietrantonio, 26 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **castelli**, 4 E. 77th St.: Paintings and sculptures by such artists as James Rosenquist, Frank Stella, and Roy Lichtenstein; through Saturday, May 6. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **kennedy**, 20 E. 56th St.: A survey of drawings and paintings by Copley, Vanderlyn, Andrew Wyeth, and others; through Friday, April 28.

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **adria art gallery**, 635 Madison Ave., at 59th St.: Paintings, sculptures, graphics, and tapestries by contemporary artists make up the opening exhibition of the first Yugoslavian art gallery here; through May 29. . . . **hahn**, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Monet, Picasso, Chagall, and other French painters; through May 17. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **selected artists**, 903 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.: German Expressionist painters and sculptors, among them Jawlensky, Kolbe, and Schiele; through May 15.

Japanese; Group Show—Views of "the floating world" by representative eighteenth- and nineteenth-century artists; through May 10. (Roko, 645 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—American paintings and decorative art acquired by the Museum during the past six years; through Sept. 24. . . . ¶ Royal treasures assembled from the Museum's collections of objects given to or made for a hundred rulers over five thousand years, from Babylon to Queen Victoria; through June 11. . . . ¶ An exhibition of William Blake's method of printmaking, including illuminated books and plates and materials of facsimile making; through May 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of paintings and drawings by Jackson Pollock; through June 4. . . . ¶ Paintings and constructions from the Museum's collection of Latin-American art; through June 4. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of nearly two hundred oils, watercolors, gouaches, mixed mediums, drawings, prints, and works on glass by Paul Klee; through Sunday, April 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The first retrospective (1933 to the present) of sculptures and assemblages by Louise Nevelson, also drawings and prints; through Sunday, April 30. . . . ¶ A retrospective of paintings, drawings, and etchings by William Glackens (1870-1938); through June 11. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The first showing here of Japanese ink paintings and calligraphy from the Tokiwayama Foundation, in Japan; through June 25. (An admission charge of fifty cents goes to the Museum's special-exhibitions fund.) . . . ¶ Prints and posters by Toulouse-Lautrec, Bonnard, Cassatt, and other artists who lived and worked in Montmartre between 1890 and 1915; through June 11. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Indians of the Plains," an amalgam of paintings, recorded songs and chants, and lifelike models in settings representing their activities in the nineteenth century. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—"Fantastics and Eccentrics in Chinese Painting," a loan exhibition of hand scrolls, hanging scrolls, and album leaves by "Individualist" and "Eccentric" artists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; through May 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—"Art Styles of Ancient Shang;" through June 11. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—French masters of the seventeenth century, Vouet to Rigaud; through June 18. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—More than a hundred paintings, from Jan Bruegel the Elder and Rembrandt to Hans Hofmann and Sam Francis, lent by the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts; through April 30. . . . ¶ "Aubrey Beardsley and His Era," consisting mainly of his illustrations for books and magazines; through Saturday, April 29. . . . ¶ Eskimo sculptures and prints; starting Tuesday, May 2. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"The Lower East Side: Portal to American Life," a display of photographs, posters, and films, along with a selection of paintings and drawings (by George Bellows, John Sloan, and Joseph Stella, to name a few), documenting a chapter of American-Jewish cultural and social history from 1870 to 1924; through July 2. . . . ¶ Four bronze sculptures on Biblical themes by Jacques Lipchitz; through May 31. (Mondays, noon to 9; Tuesdays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to

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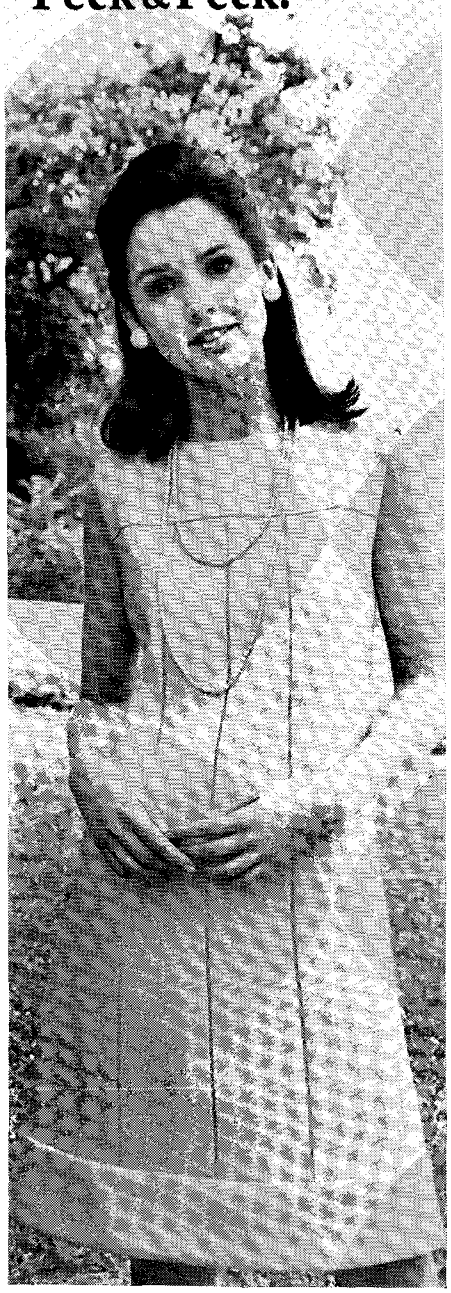

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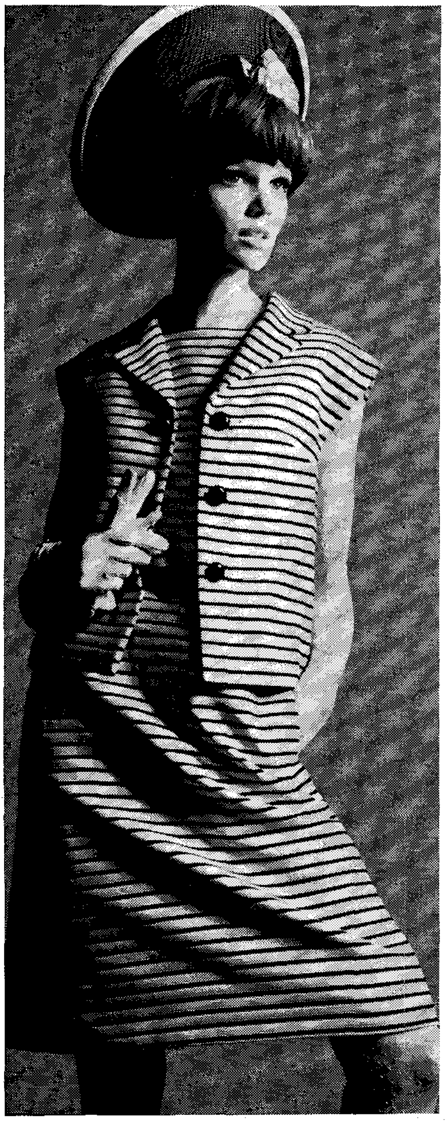

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

3; Sundays, 11 to 6. Closed Monday and Tuesday, May 1-2.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Friends of French Opera—Robert Lawrence directing the French Opera Orchestra in the second of two performances of Massenet's "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame," with Nancy Williams, mezzo-soprano; Sean Barker, baritone; Chester Watson, bass-baritone; and the Choir of St. George's Church. (St. George's Church, Stuyvesant Sq. at 16th St. Thursday, April 27, at 8. For information about tickets, which will not be on sale at the church, call CO 5-5194.)

Brooklyn Opera Company—"The Barber of Seville." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, April 29, at 8:30.)

Hunter College Opera Association—Robert Ward's "The Crucible," conducted by William Tarrasch and staged by David Lloyd. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday and Thursday, May 3-4, at 8:15.)

Manhattan School of Music Opera Theatre—Ambroise Thomas's "Hamlet," produced by John Brownlee, conducted by Emerson Buckley, and staged by Carlton Gauld. (Hubbard Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 238 E. 105th St. Friday through Sunday, May 5-7, at 8. A limited number of free tickets are available on written request.)

Mannes Opera Production Workshop—A double bill: Mozart's "The Impresario" and Menotti's "The Medium." Paul Berl is the music director and James Lucas the stage director. (Mannes Concert Hall, 157 E. 74th St. Saturday and Sunday, May 6-7, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

"Der Rosenkavalier" on Film—A Salzburg Festival performance of Richard Strauss's opera, filmed in color, with the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Herbert von Karajan. Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Sena Jurinac, Anneliese Rothenberger, Otto Edelmann, and Erich Kunz are the principals. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, April 30, at 8.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting—A Foss-Mahler program on Thursday, April 27, at 8:30; Friday, April 28, at 2:15; Saturday, April 29, at 8:30; and Monday, May 1, at 7:30 (no soloists); and a varied program on Thursday, May 4, at 8:30; Friday, May 5, at 2:15; Saturday, May 6, at 8:30; and Monday, May 8, at 7:30 (all with Peter Serkin, piano).

Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam—Bernard Haitink conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday and Friday, April 27-28, at 8:30.)

Buffalo Philharmonic Orchestra—Lukas Foss conducting, with Bethany Beardslee, soprano, and Charles Rosen, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, May 1, at 8:30.)

Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra—Zubin Mehta conducting, with Van Cliburn, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, May 3, and Sunday, May 7, at 8:30.)

Contemporary Chamber Ensemble—Arthur Weisberg conducting the last in a series of programs of twentieth-century music, this one with Phyllis Bryn-Julson, soprano, and John Thomas, countertenor. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, April 27, at 8:30.)

Choral-Symphony Society—David Labovitz directing a performance of Mozart's opera "Idomeneo" in concert form, with Margaret Kalil and Alpha Brawner, sopranos; Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano; and William Greene and David Dodds, tenors. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 30, at 2:30.)

McGill Chamber Orchestra—Alexander Brott conducting. (Town Hall. Monday, May 1, at 8:30.)

Symphony of the New World—Benjamin Steinberg conducting the final concert of the season, with Kermit Moore, cello. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, May 2, at 8:30.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau directing a Mendelssohn-Beethoven program, with the Brooklyn Philharmonia Choral Society, the Fort Hamilton High School Chorus, and soloists. The final concert of the season. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, May 6, at 8:30.)

Columbia University Glee Club—Bailey Harvey directing. (Town Hall. Friday, April 28, at 8:30.)

Masterwork Chorus—David Randolph directing an Orff-Vaughan Williams program, with soloists. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 29, at 8:30.)

Oratorio Society of New York—T. Charles Lee directing. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Sunday, April 30, at 2:30. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, must be obtained at the Central Park W. address after 1:30 on the day of the concert.)

Canterbury Choral Society—Charles Dodsley Walker directing a benefit performance of Handel's oratorio "Samson," with Elisabeth Carron, soprano; John Ferrante, countertenor; John McCollum, tenor; Richard Anderson, baritone; Chester Watson, bass-baritone; Robert Conant, harpsichord; and the Collegium Musicum. The final concert of the season. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, May 5, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Music from Marlboro—The last in a series of chamber-music programs offering soloists from the Marlboro Music Festival, this one with Raquel Adonaylo, soprano; Lee Luvisi, piano; Felix Galimir and Isidore Cohen, violins; Harry Zaratzian, viola; and Bonnie Hampton, cello. (Town Hall. Thursday, April 27, at 8:30.)

Eileen Farrell—Soprano, in a benefit concert. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, April 28, at 8:30. For tickets, call 201 539-1600, Ext. 321.)

Olewsky Trio—The second of two programs. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, April 29, at 8:30.)

Jon Vickers—Tenor. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 30, at 6.)

Evenings for New Music—The last in a series of programs prepared by Lukas Foss, this one devoted to the music of David del Tredici, Harvey Sollberger, Roger Reynolds, Niccolò Castiglioni, and Luciano Berio. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, May 2, at 8:30.)

Evelyn Lear—Soprano. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, May 3, at 8:30.)

Vivian Rivkin—Piano, in a program of Mozart concertos, with the New York Orchestral Society conducted by Joseph Eger. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, May 5, at 8:30.)

American Brass Quintet—The last in a series of programs. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, May 5, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Jazz/Folk—Ian and Sylvia, folk singers. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 30, at 8:45.) . . . ¶ Oscar Peterson. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, May 4, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Charles Lloyd Quartet. (Town Hall. Thursday, May 4, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At yankee stadium: Yankees vs. California, Friday, April 28, at 8; Saturday, April 29, at 2; and Sunday, April 30, at 1 (doubleheader). . . . shea stadium: Mets vs. San Francisco, Tuesday through Thursday, May 2-4, at 8. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Houston, Friday, May 5, at 8, and Saturday, May 6, at 2:15.

Crew—Blackwell Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Yale. (Orchard Beach Lagoon, the Bronx. Saturday, April 29.) . . . ¶ Compton Cup Regatta: Harvard, M.I.T., and Princeton. (Cambridge. Saturday, April 29.) . . . ¶ Goes Trophy Regatta: Cornell, Navy, and Syracuse. (Annapolis. Saturday, April 29.) . . . ¶ Adams Cup Regatta: Harvard, Navy, and Pennsylvania. (Cambridge. Saturday, May 6.) . . . ¶ Carnegie Cup Regatta: Cornell, Princeton, and Yale. (Princeton. Saturday, May 6.)

Horse Show—Sugartown Horse Show. (Newtown Square, Pa. Saturday and Sunday, May 6-7.)

Hunt Racing—Maryland Hunt Cup Association. (Glyndon, Md. Saturday, April 29.) . . .

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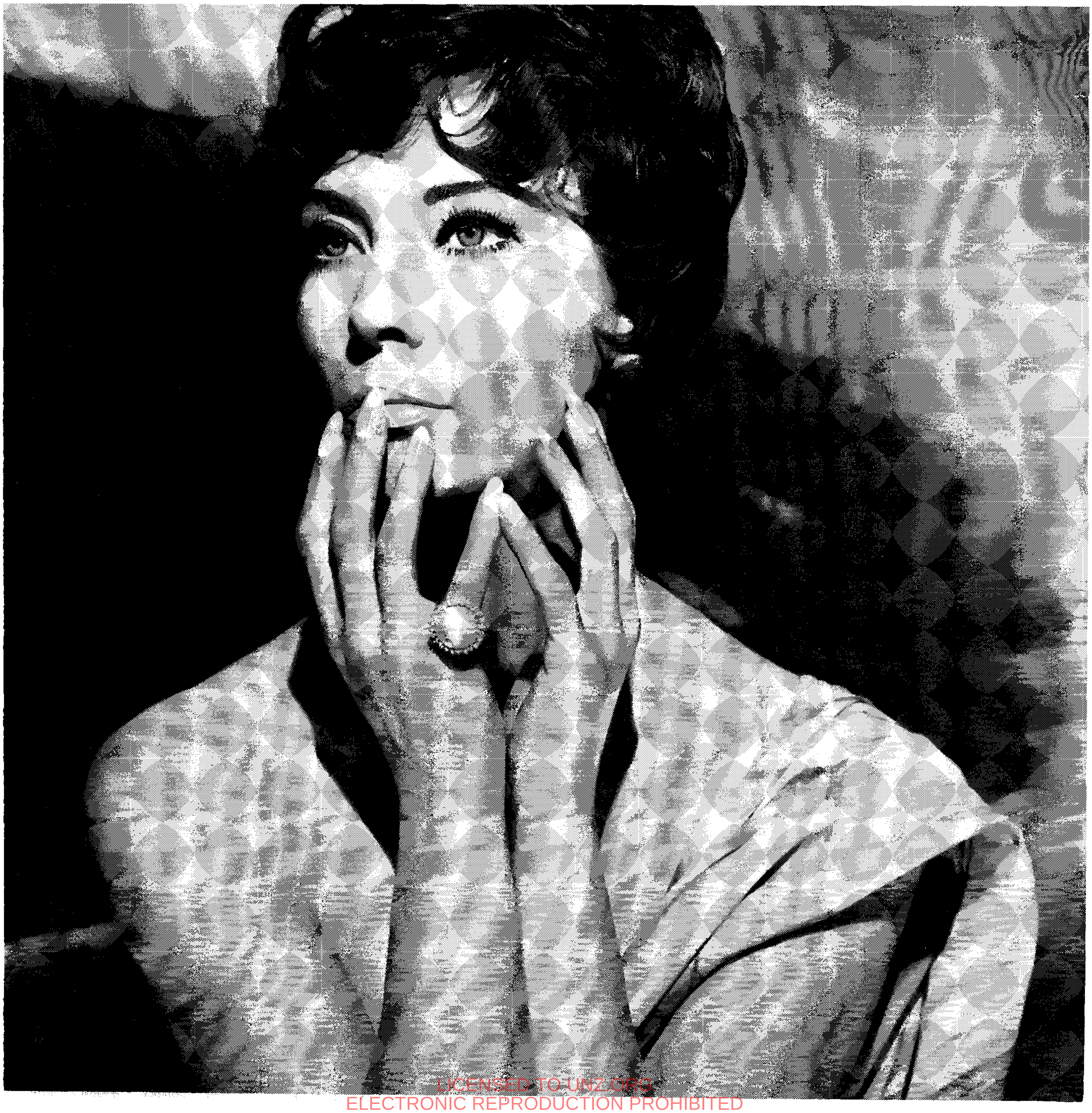

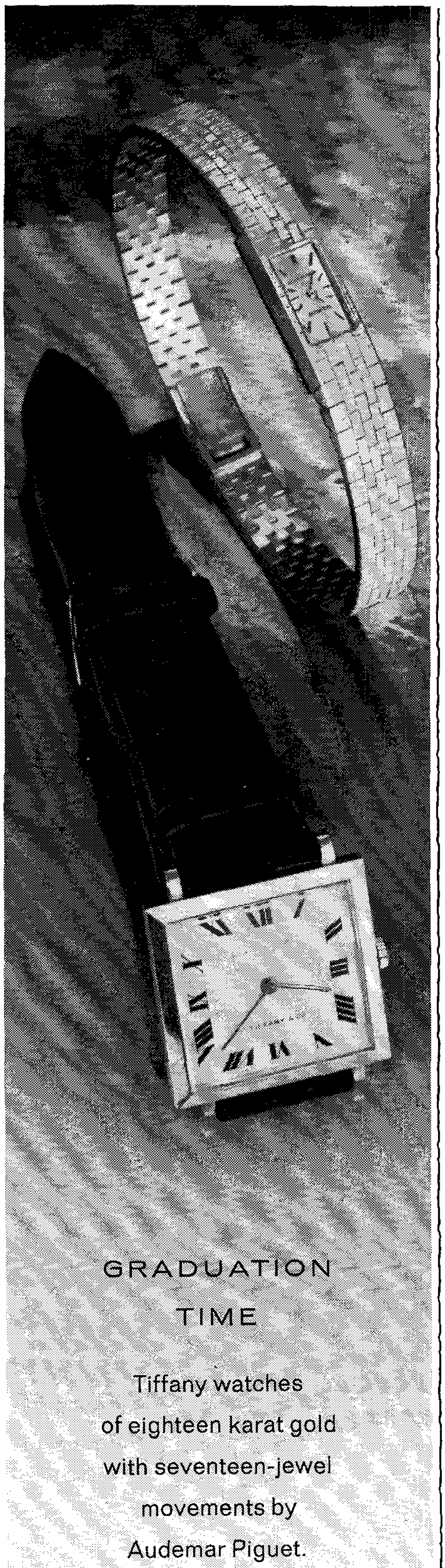

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

¶ Virginia Gold Cup Association. (Warrenton, Va. Saturday, May 6.)

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT:** Weekdays at 1:30. The Grey Lag Handicap, Saturday, April 29; the Youthful, Wednesday, May 3; and the Carter Handicap, Saturday, May 6. . . . **GARDEN STATE PARK,** Camden, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays; last day Tuesday, May 30. Post time is 1:45 through Saturday, April 29; after that, 2. . . . **CHURCHILL DOWNS,** Louisville, Ky.: The Kentucky Derby, Saturday, May 6.

Track—Penn Relays. (Philadelphia. Friday and Saturday, April 28-29.)

Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Weekdays at 8:15; through Wednesday, May 24. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.) . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 25.

FOR CHILDREN

Stage Shows—By **BIL BAIRD'S MARIONETTE THEATRE:** "Davy Jones' Locker." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 3:45. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **GINGERBREAD PLAYERS & JACK:** "The Princess and the Frog," Saturdays at 2 and 3:30. . . . ¶ "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," Sundays at 2 and 3:30. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177.) . . . **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS:** "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.) . . . **PAPER BAG PLAYERS:** "Group Soup." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Saturday, April 29, at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance.) . . . **SILVER BUTTON PRODUCTIONS:** "The Silver Button." (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Saturday, April 29, at 1 and 3, and Sunday, April 30, at 1.) . . . **STORYLAND THEATRE:** "Canterville Ghost," Saturday and Sunday, April 29-30, at 1:30 and 3:30. . . . ¶ "Daniel Boone," Saturday, May 6, at 1:30 and 3:30. (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090.) . . . **TAUBENSLAG PRODUCTIONS:** "Rumpelstiltskin," Saturday and Sunday, April 28-29, at 1:30. . . . ¶ "Pinocchio," Saturday and Sunday, April 28-29, at 3. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2283.) . . . **TORONTO CHILDREN'S THEATRE:** "The Tinderbox." (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, 106 Central Park S. 581-1995. Saturday, April 29, at 11:30, 1:30, and 4, and Sunday, April 30, at 1 and 3.) . . . **ROD YOUNG'S PUPPET THEATRE:** "The Brave Little Tailor." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, April 29, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition entitled "The Artist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques" demonstrates the methods employed in pictorial art and includes examples of different mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-8828)—The current show is called "The Moon and Its Shadow;" through May 8. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 7:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

Children's Zoos—In **CENTRAL PARK:** Where the youngsters may visit a pond inhabited by ducks and geese, a Jonah's Whale (with an aquarium inside), a storybook castle, and so on. (Daily, 10 to 4:30.) . . . ¶ At the **BRONX ZOO:** Junior-size fauna—lambs, kids, mice, prairie dogs, and such—for junior-size zoologists. (Open daily, weather permitting, 10:30 to 4:30. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—John Berryman reading from his own works. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Thursday, April 27, at 8:30. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.) . . . ¶ Hugh MacDiarmid reading from his own works. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Thursday, May 4, at 8:30.)

Photographs by Yousuf Karsh—More than a hundred examples by the Canadian portrait photographer. Among the subjects shown are President Johnson, Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip, Pope Paul VI, Winston Churchill, and Ernest Hemingway. Through Saturday, May 6. (Union Carbide Building, 270 Park Ave., at 48th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 2.)

Canada Week—In commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of the Canadian Confederation, there will be a series of special events in Central Park. Included are: Drills by the Ontario Provincial Police Golden Helmets Motorcycle Squad. (Center Drive, between Central Park Mall and Sheep Meadow. Saturday, April 29, at 1 and 4; Sunday, April 30, at 1 and 4:30; Monday, May 1, at noon; and Tuesday and Wednesday, May 2-3, at 12:30.) . . . Military bands. Royale 22nd Regiment, Saturday, April 29, at 1:30 and 4:30, and Sunday, April 30, at 1:30 and 5; Pipes and Drums of the 48th Highlanders of Canada, Sunday, April 30, at 12:30 and 4, and Tuesday and Wednesday, May 2-3, at noon and 1; and Canadian Guards, Monday, May 1, at 11:55 and 12:30. (Central Park Mall.) . . . Logrolling and tree-topping exhibitions. (Central Park Lake. Saturday, April 29, at 2 and 5; Sunday, April 30, at 2 and 5:30, and Monday through Wednesday, May 1-3, at 1.) . . . Variety shows, featuring Canadian performers. (Central Park Mall. Saturday through Monday, April 29-May 1, at 8:30.)

Gardens—Some of the city's private gardens and penthouse terraces will be opened to the public on Tuesday, May 2, and Tuesday, May 9, from 2:30 to 6, in a benefit exhibition. Those on display on May 2 belong to the Institute of Rehabilitation Medicine, 400 E. 34th St.; Mme. Marie Lacloche, 7 Beekman Pl.; Mr. Richard A. Nelson, 154 E. 63rd St.; Mr. and Mrs. Edward Gudeman, 142 E. 65th St.; Mr. and Mrs. William F. J. Storke, 200 E. 74th St.; and the Church of the Epiphany, 1393 York Ave. (For information about tickets, call TR 9-0173 Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4.)

Amateur Needlework of Today—The fifteenth national benefit exhibition includes ecclesiastical pieces, rugs, chair seats, purses, bedspreads, and pictures, in petit point, gros point, embroidery, and crewelwork. (The Lighthouse, 111 E. 59th St. Thursday, April 27, from 10 to 7:30; and Friday, April 28, and Monday through Wednesday, May 1-3, from 10 to 5.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday and Friday, April 27-28, at 1:45: Jades and other Oriental art, from various owners. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 29, at 10:30 and 1:45: Furniture and decorative objects, belonging to several collectors. . . . ¶ Tuesday, May 2, at 10:30: Color-plate books, including ornithological works by John Gould and Le Vaillant and a copy of the book "Florae Danicae;" the property of Josiah M. Erickson and others. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 4, at 1:45: African, Oceanic, and pre-Columbian art; from the collections of Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller and the Museum of Primitive Art. Exhibition starts Saturday, April 29. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 4, at 8: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century watercolors and drawings by such artists as Chagall, de Kooning, Giacometti, and Picasso; from the estate of Ethel Steuer Epstein and from other sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, April 29.

Daylight Saving Time—Starts Sunday, April 30, at 2 A.M. Clocks should be turned ahead an hour.

Before Shalimar was a perfume, it was a garden of love.

Our story begins in India some 300 years ago. It belongs, however, to no place and no time.

His name was Shah Jahan, ruler of India.

Her name was Mumtaz Mahal, the loveliest of his wives.

And although he had many wives, it was only for her that his soul thirsted.

Some say that he loved her unto madness. That she was not his wife, but his fever. But in his eyes she was the balm that made the world bearable.

Victories, new empires and riches were as dust compared to her.

So great was his love for her that when she died, he would not let her die. He had built in her memory a place you may still see and wonder at.

The Taj Mahal.

But long before there could be a Taj Mahal, there had to be yet another place which the Shah also built.

The Gardens of Shalimar in Lahore.

All that the Taj Mahal keeps alive for the ages flowered in Shalimar. Here it was that their love grew and became a legend.

Its very name, "Shalimar," means "abode of love" in Sanskrit.

And truly it was.

The Shah allowed into this garden only those things which would nourish their love. Joyful fountains. Deep, limpid pools. Marble terraces. Rare song birds. Fragrant blossoms from every corner of the earth. Lanterns to rival the stars.

Only in Shalimar were the lovers truly alone.

Thus, even though many miles apart, if you wish to see the foundations of the Taj Mahal, you must look for them in Shalimar.

All this, dear reader, was also told to Pierre and Jacques Guerlain by a Maharajah. It was in Paris, in 1926.

Naturally, being human and being French, and being, above all, Guerlains, they were deeply moved.

They decided to pay homage to this man and woman by creating a perfume of intoxicating, yet subtle sensuousness.

A perfume not for children.

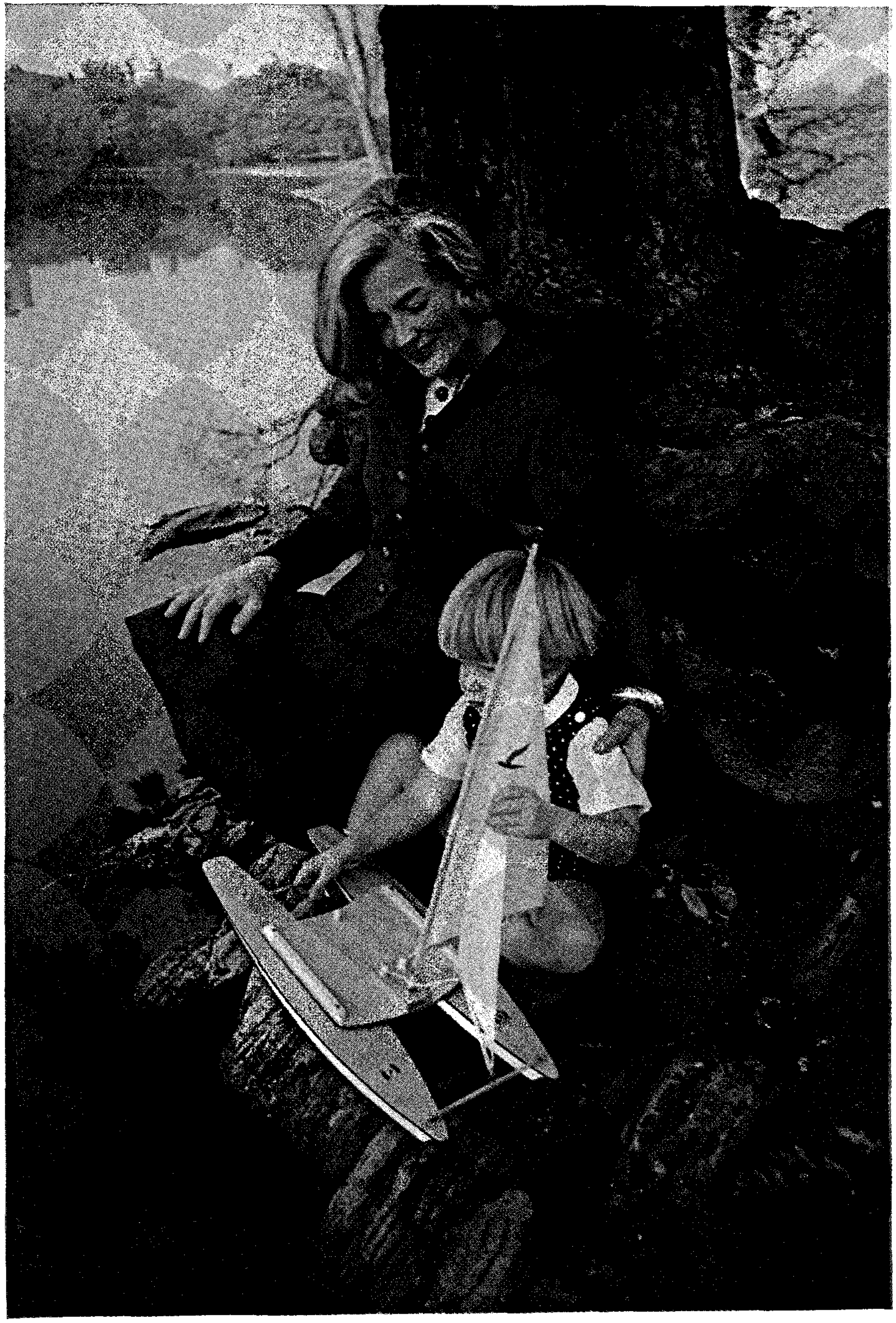
They decided, also, that this perfume should not be called "Taj Mahal," but "Shalimar."

You see, Taj Mahal marks the end of a story.

And this perfume has nothing to do with endings.

SHALIMAR BY GUERLAIN

THE NEW YORK WOMAN:
WHEN HER NEEDS ARE FINANCIAL, HER REACTION IS CHEMICAL.



PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER OLIVER

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Accident—How a heartless, predatory girl comes close to destroying a happy household. With Dirk Bogarde, Stanley Baker, and Vivien Merchant. The director was Joseph Losey and the screenplay is by Harold Pinter. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

The Bible—Gigantic snippets of Genesis, directed by John Huston and with Mr. Huston playing Noah. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Blow-Up—David Hemmings is a fashion photographer in London and Vanessa Redgrave is a gorgeous girl who is somehow implicated in a murder. Michelangelo Antonioni is a poet, not a storyteller, and his picture is always lovely to look upon and often impossible to understand. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

A Countess from Hong Kong—A sad attempt at a comedy by Charlie Chaplin. Starring Marlon Brando and Sophia Loren. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—A successful replica of the bawdy Broadway musical. With Zero Mostel, Phil Silvers, Jack Gilford, Buster Keaton, and hundreds of delectable girls. Directed by Richard Lester. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through May 2.)

Georgy Girl—Lynn Redgrave, James Mason, Alan Bates, and Charlotte Rampling acting their talented heads off in a wry English comedy. (Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through May 2. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting May 3.)

Grand Prix—Yves Montand, James Garner, Toshiro Mifune, Eva Marie Saint, and a lot of other good-looking, high-spirited people in a continuously thrilling picture about racing cars and the strange men who drive them. Directed by John Frankenheimer. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

La Guerre Est Finie—Yves Montand as an Existentialist hero, spending his life for others in the expectation of certain defeat. Brilliantly directed by Alain Resnais. In French. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

Hawaii—Enormous in scale and tiny in content. With lots of impressive scenery and Julie Andrews and Max von Sydow. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

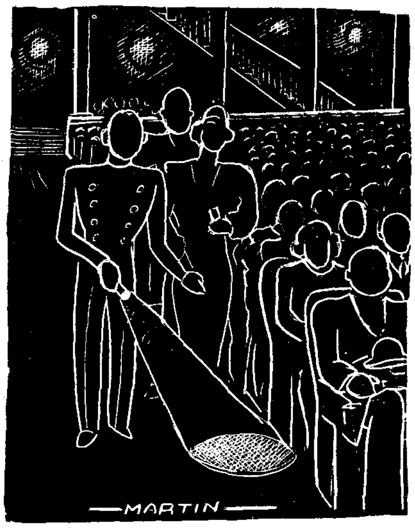
The Hunt—A marvellous movie out of Spain, and of Spain, in the course of which the shooting of a few luckless rabbits culminates in an appalling human carnage. Written and directed by Carlos Saura. In Spanish. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

A Man and a Woman—Beautifully photographed account of love between a beautiful widow who works as a script girl and a handsome widower who drives racing cars for a living and a Mustang on his days off. In French. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-2013.)

A Man for All Seasons—A flawless rendering of Robert Bolt's eloquent play about Sir Thomas More. Mr. Bolt has written the screenplay, and Fred Zinnemann has directed with tact and force a large cast that includes Paul Scofield as the tragic, noble Sir Thomas; Wendy Hiller, as his wife; Robert Shaw, as Henry VIII; and Leo McKern, as the wily Cromwell. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30. Reserved seats only.)

Marat/Sade—A movie of a play inside a play, cleverly brought to life by the director, Peter Brook. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

My Sister, My Love—A Swedish study of a disastrous love affair between a brother and sister. Starring Bibi Andersson, Per Oscarsson, and Jarl Kulle, and directed by Vilgot Sjöman. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)



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30	1	2	3			

Persona—Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann in Ingmar Bergman's delicate and profound examination of the nature of the masks behind which we live. In Swedish. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323; through April 30.)

Le Petit Soldat—A melodrama written and directed by Jean-Luc Godard. Terrorists and counter-terrorists trying to outwit each other in the calm setting of Geneva. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through May 3.)

She and He—A pretty young Japanese housewife is kinder than she is wise, but everything ends more or less happily. Written and directed by Susumu Hani. In Japanese. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; April 27.)

The Taming of the Shrew—Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton in Franco Zeffirelli's Hellzapoppin version of the old comedy. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1664. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30. Reserved seats only.)

Thoroughly Modern Millie—A mild satire on the Giddy Twenties, with Julie Andrews, Carol Channing, James Fox, Mary Tyler Moore, and Beatrice Lillie. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10. Reserved seats only.)

Ulysses—A laudable sortie into the Joyce country, which is full of flung missiles and secret ha-ha's. Joseph Strick has directed his excellent cast with intelligence and tact. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

La Vie de Château—The first movie by a clever young director named Jean-Paul Rappeneau. Hilarious reversals of fortune in the sunny Norman countryside. Catherine Deneuve and Philippe Noiret lead the distinguished cast. In French. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022; April 27.)

The War Game—The time is the near future, and London is under enemy fire. A grim, compelling account of what had better not befall us, well directed by Peter Watkins. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

You're a Big Boy Now—A not altogether black comedy about coming of age in New York. Directed by Francis Ford Coppola, who is coming of age. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

REVIVALS

Le Bonheur (1966)—Agnès Varda has written a story about how to have happiness and lose it. She also directed the picture, which stars Jean-Claude Drouot and his family. In French. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through May 2.)

Diary of a Country Priest (1954)—A film about the tribulations of a cleric. Claude Laydu plays the priest. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting May 2.)

Girl with Green Eyes (1964)—The hardships of young love on the Old Sod, starring Rita Tushingham and Dublin's fair city. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting May 3.)

Help! (1965)—John, Paul, George, and Ringo. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

The Knack (1965)—A comedy of sex in London, with Rita Tushingham, Michael Crawford, Donal Donnelly, and Ray Brooks. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through May 2.)

The Married Woman (1965)—How to be married, have an affair, be miserable, and be happy, as recounted by writer-director Jean-Luc Godard. In French. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through May 2.)

Morgan! (1966)—David Warner and Vanessa Redgrave in a black comedy about present-day London, directed by Karel Reisz. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

Scorpio Rising (1966)—An account of the leather-jacketed motorcycle cult, directed and photographed by Kenneth Anger. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210.)

This Strange Passion (1955)—A Mexican variation on the old theme of jealousy, written and directed by Luis Buñuel. Arturo de Cordova is the new-day Othello. In Spanish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 27.)

Tom Jones (1963)—An embodiment of the Fielding novel. With Albert Finney, Hugh Griffith, Edith Evans, and many others. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through May 2.)

The Wages of Fear (1955)—Two trucks full of nitroglycerin on a three-hundred-mile journey across some rough South American roads. In French and English. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf? (1966)—A movie of that hard night's night. Richard Burton, Elizabeth Taylor, Sandy Dennis, and George Segal, and directed by Mike Nichols. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; through May 2.)

The Young and the Damned (1952)—Luis Buñuel's survey of juvenile delinquency, with a cast of amateurs. In Spanish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 27.)

Film Libraries—At the **museum of modern art**, 11 W. 53rd—April 27 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "Mantrap" (1926), with Clara Bow. . . . ¶ April 28 at 2 and 5:30: "It" (1927), with Clara Bow and Gary Cooper. . . . ¶ April 29 at 11:30, 3, and 5:30: "Mantrap" (1926), with Clara Bow. . . . ¶ April 30 at 2 and 5:30: "It" (1927), with Clara Bow and Gary Cooper. . . . ¶ May 1 at 2 and 5:30: "Mantrap" (1926), with Clara Bow. . . . ¶ May 2 at 2 and 5:30: "It" (1927), with Clara Bow and Gary Cooper. . . . ¶ May 3 at 2 and 5:30: "Abraham Lincoln" (1930), with Walter Huston and Una Merkel. . . . **gallery of modern art**, 2 Columbus Circle—"Salome" (1922), with Nazimova; and a Marx Brothers film. (The schedule of showings is complicated; our best advice is to phone LT 1-2311.) . . . **note:** At both Museums, a limited number of reservations is available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Eight on the Lam," Bob Hope, Phyllis Diller.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
April 27: Theatre closed.
From April 28: "Casino Royale," Peter Sellers, Ursula Andress.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE.

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
HAWAII.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Two for the Road," Audrey Hepburn, Albert Finney.

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
BLOW-UP.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sand Pebbles," Steve McQueen, Richard Attenborough. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
THE BIBLE.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Hurry Sundown," Michael Caine, Jane Fonda.

WARNER CINERAMA, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
GRAND PRIX.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
MARAT/SADE.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
MORGAN!, revival; and **HELP!**, revival.

CHARLES, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through May 2: **TOM JONES**, revival; and **THE KNACK**, revival.
From May 3: "Alfie," Michael Caine, Shelley Winters; and "Rotten to the Core," revival, Anton Rodgers.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through May 2: **WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?**, revival.
From May 3: **GEORGY GIRL**; and "The Professionals," Burt Lancaster, Lee Marvin.

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through May 2: "Oklahoma!," revival, Gordon MacRae, Shirley Jones.
From May 3: To be announced.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
LA GUERRE EST FINIE (in French).

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
"Naked Among the Wolves" (in German and Polish).

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
A COUNTESS FROM HONG KONG.

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
THE HUNT (in Spanish).

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through May 2: **WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?**, revival; and "The Oscar," revival, Stephen Boyd, Elke Sommer.
From May 3: To be announced.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
THE WAGES OF FEAR (in French and English), revival.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
YOU'RE A BIG BOY NOW.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
April 27: **LA VIE DE CHÂTEAU** (in French).
From April 28: "Casino Royale," Peter Sellers, Ursula Andress.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
ACCIDENT.

YORK CINEMA, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through May 2: **THE MARRIED WOMAN** (in French), revival; and "The Game Is Over," Jane Fonda, Peter McEnery.
From May 3: To be announced.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
BLOW-UP.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Hombre," Paul Newman, Fredric March.

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
MY SISTER, MY LOVE (in Swedish).

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"I, a Woman" (in Danish), Essy Persson.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
ULYSSES.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through May 2: **WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?**, revival; and "The Oscar," revival, Stephen Boyd, Elke Sommer.
From May 3: "Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad," Rosalind Russell, Robert Morse; and "C'mon, Let's Live a Little," Bobby Vee.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"Eight on the Lam," Bob Hope, Phyllis Diller.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
SCORPIO RISING, revival; and "Chafed Elbows," a Robert Downey film.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through May 2: **WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?**, revival; and **LE BONHEUR** (in French), revival.
From May 3: "The 25th Hour," Anthony Quinn, Virna Lisi; and "The Liquidator," Rod Taylor, Trevor Howard.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through May 2: "The Game Is Over," Jane Fonda, Peter McEnery.
From May 3: To be announced.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
April 27: **SHE AND HE** (in Japanese).
From April 28: "The Burmese Harp" (in Japanese).

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through May 2: **GEORGY GIRL**; and "The Professionals," Burt Lancaster, Lee Marvin.
From May 3: "The Alamo," revival, John Wayne, Richard Widmark.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
"Night Games" (in Swedish), Ingrid Thulin.

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through May 2: **WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?**, revival; and "The Oscar," revival, Stephen Boyd, Elke Sommer.
From May 3: To be announced.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Alfie," Michael Caine, Shelley Winters.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
Through April 30: **PERSONA** (in Swedish).
From May 1: "Welcome to Hard Times," Henry Fonda, Janice Rule.

CINEMA RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"The Sailor from Gibraltar," Jeanne Moreau, Ian Bannen.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
THE WAR GAME.

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?, revival.

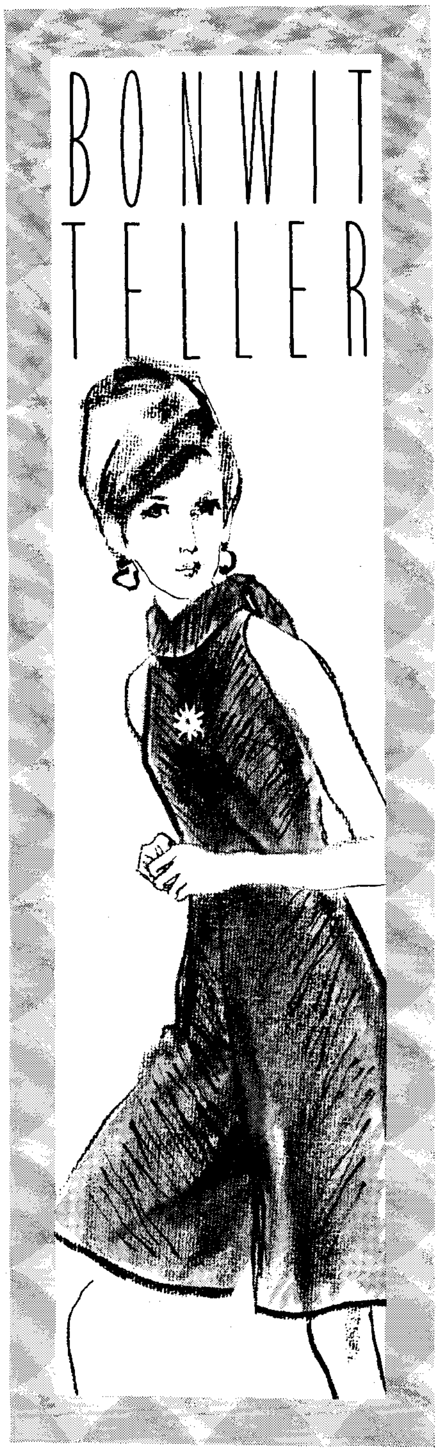
PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
A MAN AND A WOMAN (in French).

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9180)
Through May 3: **LE PETIT SOLDAT** (in French).

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through May 2: **A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM**; and "After the Fox," Peter Sellers, Britt Ekland.
From May 3: **GIRL WITH GREEN EYES**, revival; and "The Alamo," revival, John Wayne, Richard Widmark.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
April 27: **THIS STRANGE PASSION** and **THE YOUNG AND THE DAMNED** (both in Spanish and both revivals).
April 28-May 1: "Beauties of the Night" (in French), revival, Gérard Philipe, Gina Lollobrigida; and "Beauty and the Devil" (in French), revival, Michel Simon.
From May 2: **DIARY OF A COUNTRY PRIEST** (in French), revival; and "Testament of Orpheus" (in French), revival, a Jean Cocteau film.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
"The Game Is Over," Jane Fonda, Peter McEnery.



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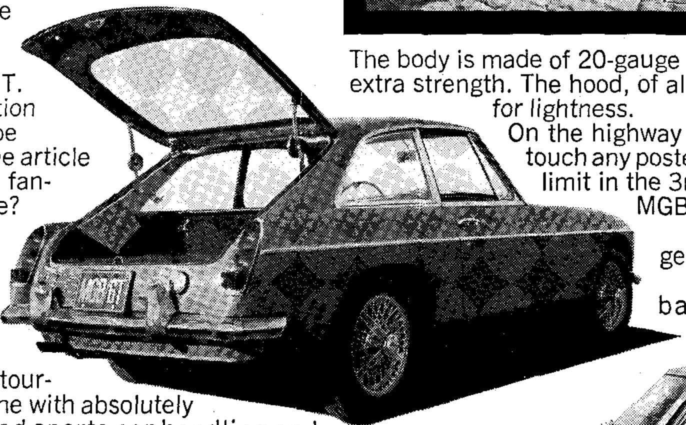
Only question is: Can it be the genuine article at such a fantastic price?



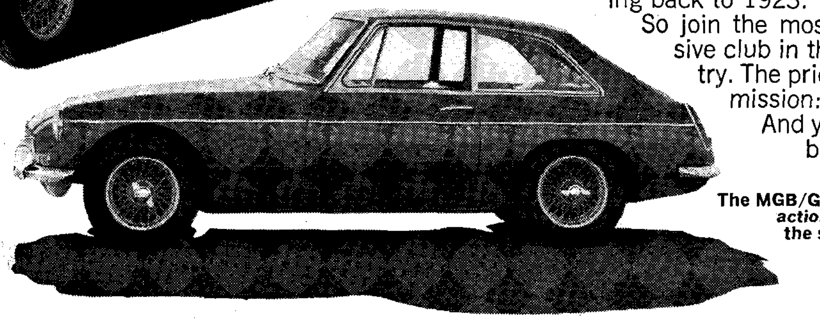
A GT car, to be authentic, must be a high-performance touring machine with absolutely unqualified sports car handling and roadability. It must offer comfort, amenities, and room for loads of luggage. Only 5 or 6 cars—the MGB/GT among them—qualify. Like the others, the MGB/GT is hand-assembled. It's put together piece by piece by craftsmen, not by machines. At Abingdon-on-Thames the car is rust-proofed 3 times and hand-rubbed in between.

The body is made of 20-gauge steel for extra strength. The hood, of aluminum for lightness.

On the highway you can touch any posted speed limit in the 3rd of the MGB/GT's 4 forward gears. On a winding backroad you can revel in the absolute integrity of the firm suspension and precise rack-and-pinion steering.

Disc brakes are, of course, standard. They will bring you to a stop from any speed with just a pedal touch. How can we offer so much for hardly more than the average American car? Maybe because we're the world's largest sports car maker with a racing record extending back to 1923.

So join the most exclusive club in the country. The price of admission: $3,095.* And you can't beat that.



The MGB/GT: another *action car from* the sign of the Octagon.

*EAST COAST P.O.E. (SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST) FOR OVERSEAS DELIVERY AND OTHER INFORMATION, WRITE: THE BRITISH MOTOR CORP./HAMBRO, INC., DEPT. Y-56, 734 GRAND AVE., RIDGEFIELD, N.J.

Beauty serves the tastiest saké.

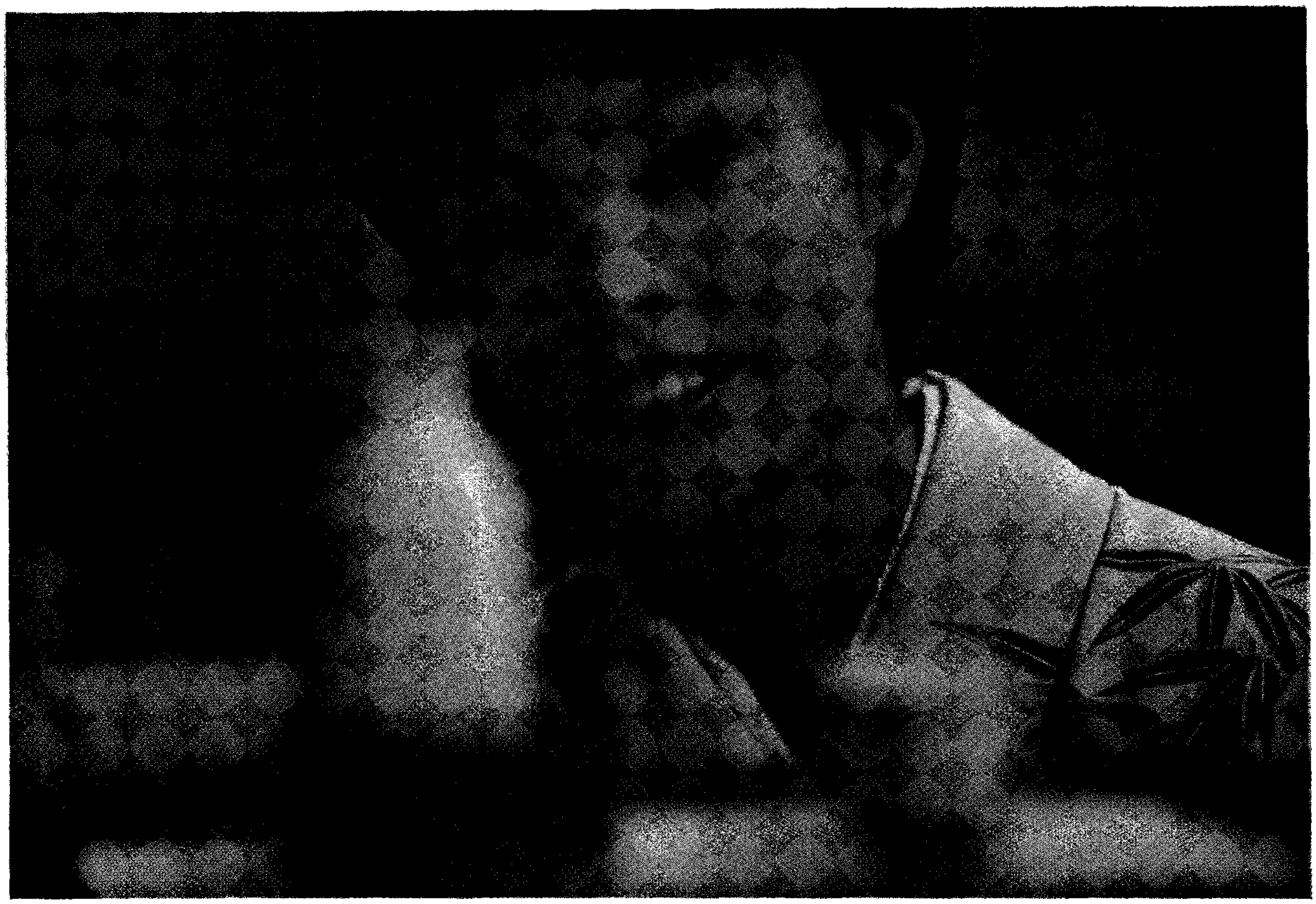
It is a tradition—centuries old and very Japanese—that feminine grace is part of perfect service. A tradition that your Japan Air Lines hostess has been schooled in since childhood.

Classic beliefs like this

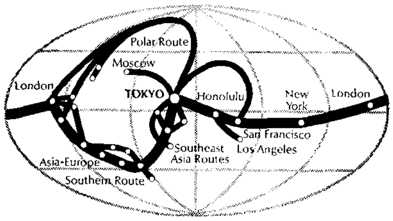
How charmingly your kimono-clad hostess offers the age-old graces of Japan. The welcome of warmed *saké*, exquisitely served in its tiny cup. The pleasing refreshment of an o-*shibori* hot towel. The piquance of *tsumami mono,* Japanese hors d'oeuvres, before your superb Continental cuisine.

Are the special charm of JAL today.

Wherever in the world you fly, you can savor this unique blend of Jet-Age airmanship and the timeless Japanese tradition of gracious, personal service... only on Japan Air Lines, "the calm beauty of Japan at almost the speed of sound."



NOW—MORE JAL SERVICE BOTH WAYS ROUND THE WORLD. Daily flights from New York to Tokyo via San Francisco and Honolulu. New service from San Francisco and New York to London... fly JAL on to Europe and the Orient, returning on any of JAL's 27 transpacific flights. See your travel agent for further information.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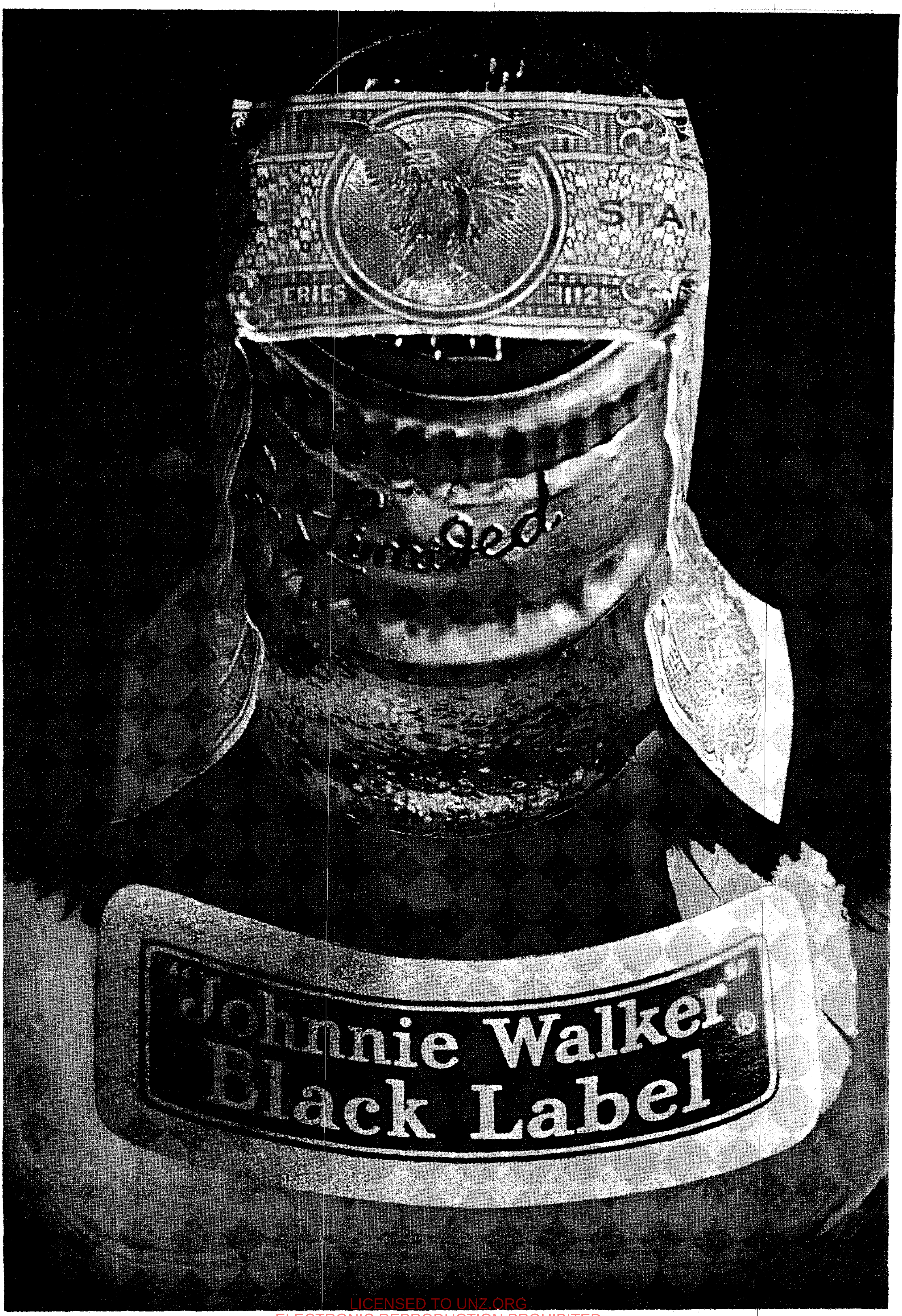

SERIES
112
STAM
"Johnnie Walker"®
Black Label

*NEW YORK STATE PRICE. SLIGHTLY HIGHER OR LOWER IN OTHER STATES.
BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF. IMPORTED BY CANADA DRY CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N.Y.

At $9.40* a fifth, it ought to be called Sir Jonathan Walker Black.

The whisky seems to be priced for the nobility. Why not give it an appropriate title?

A tempting notion, but really unthinkable. Too much history behind the name. Our Black Label Whisky is called "Johnnie Walker" in nearly one hundred seventy countries, and has been so called for about a century and a half.

We believe it will still be known as Johnnie Walker Black a century and a half from now.

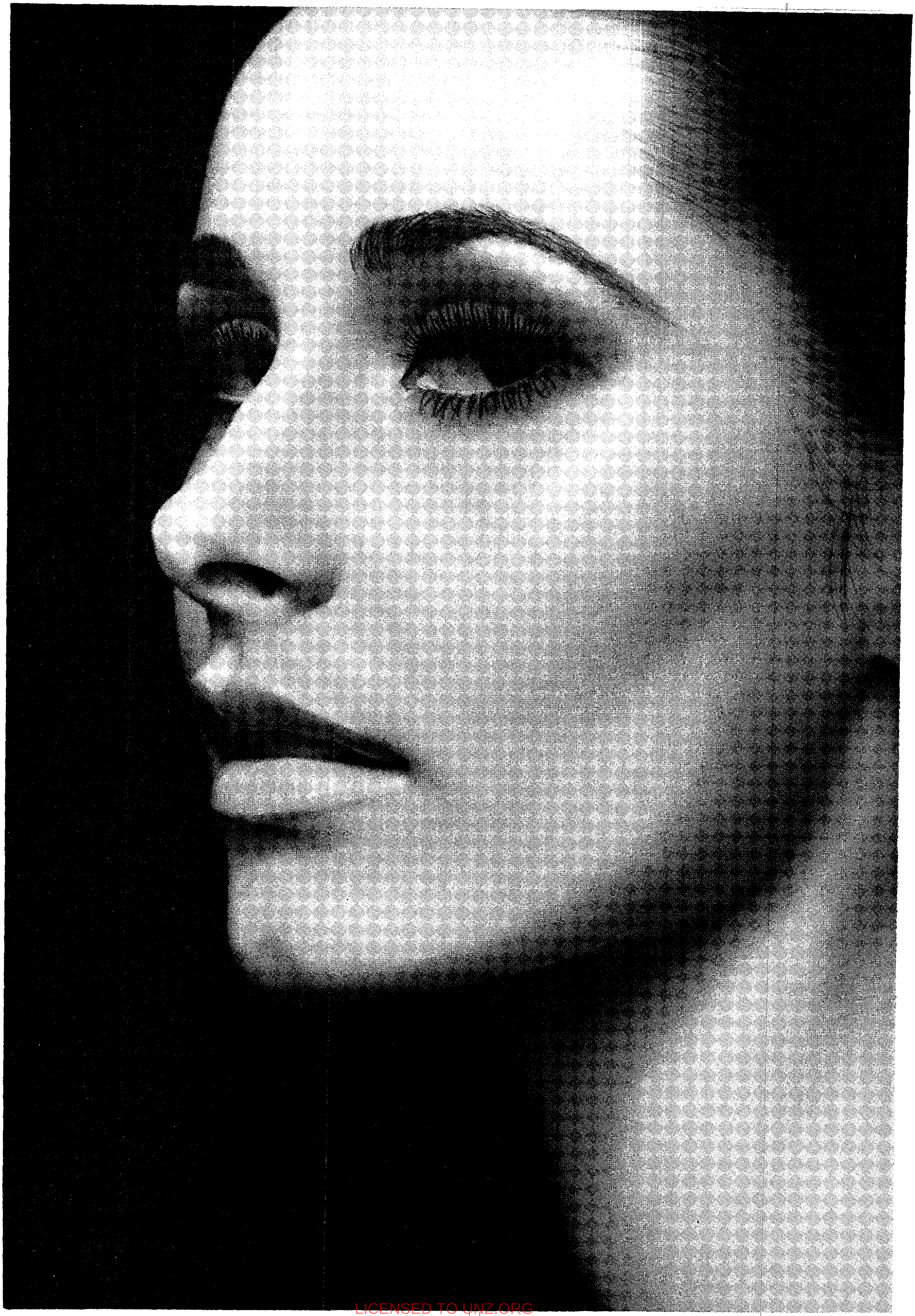
It will be the same whisky then; as it was the same whisky last year, last decade, last century.

It will still be a blend of forty and more whiskies—grains and malts—always including the supremely mellow Highland malt known as Cardhu, product of a tiny distillery hidden in a valley of Morayshire, a distillery we are proud to own.

That is why we feel Johnnie Walker Black is a noble whisky. If you order a dram of it, poured over ice, and have your first sip-and-swallow, we think you'll agree.

The whisky has its own dignity.

Indeed, so has the price.



This is the year of the paled-and-polished eye.
Quite possibly the prettiest look to be seen in now.

The new 'Ultima' II Patina Eyeshadows

A new series of 'eye-sheens'.
Pale-flowering pastels with a softly-buffed finish.
That brush on like powder and gleam like cream.

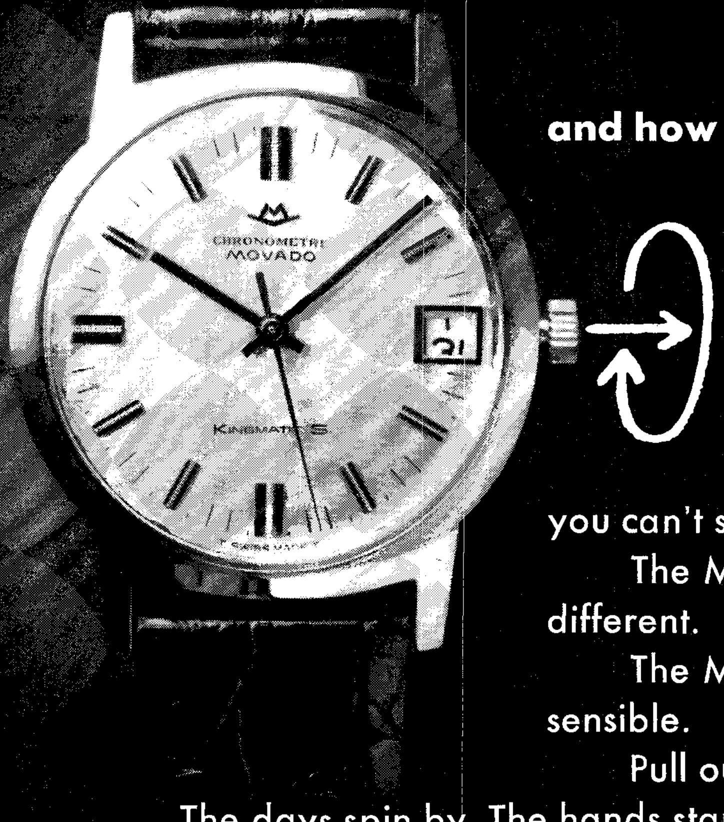
The enlightened eye turns now to the 'ULTIMA' II Patina Collection. The textures, in their own light, are an illuminating change: the most raffiné of powders, buffed to a fine *patina*. The new cast-of-color is sweet clarity itself. Rain-washed pink and lilac. Eye-lightening white. Cool green, blue, aqua. Unshadowy taupe. Grey without a trace of cobweb. Yellow flooded with sunlight. All designed for a soft, lustrous look-about-the-eyes. Beguiling as a glowy frame of mind.

'Ultima' II

The first Collection of 'Couture Cosmetics.'
Created by Revlon for the woman of elegance.

The Flick-of-the-Wrist Watch

and how it saves time.



When it comes to setting the date, most calendar watches give you a pretty hard time.

Either you have to spin their hands around a lot or do a lot of push-pull, click-clicking. (Some you can't set at all between 11 p.m. and 1 a.m.)

The Movado Kingmatic Calendar Watch is different.

The Movado Kingmatic Calendar Watch is sensible.

Pull out the crown. Flick.

The days spin by. The hands stand still.

But the self-winding mechanism never stands still. It's mounted on miniature ball bearings.

At the slightest flick of your wrist, it winds.

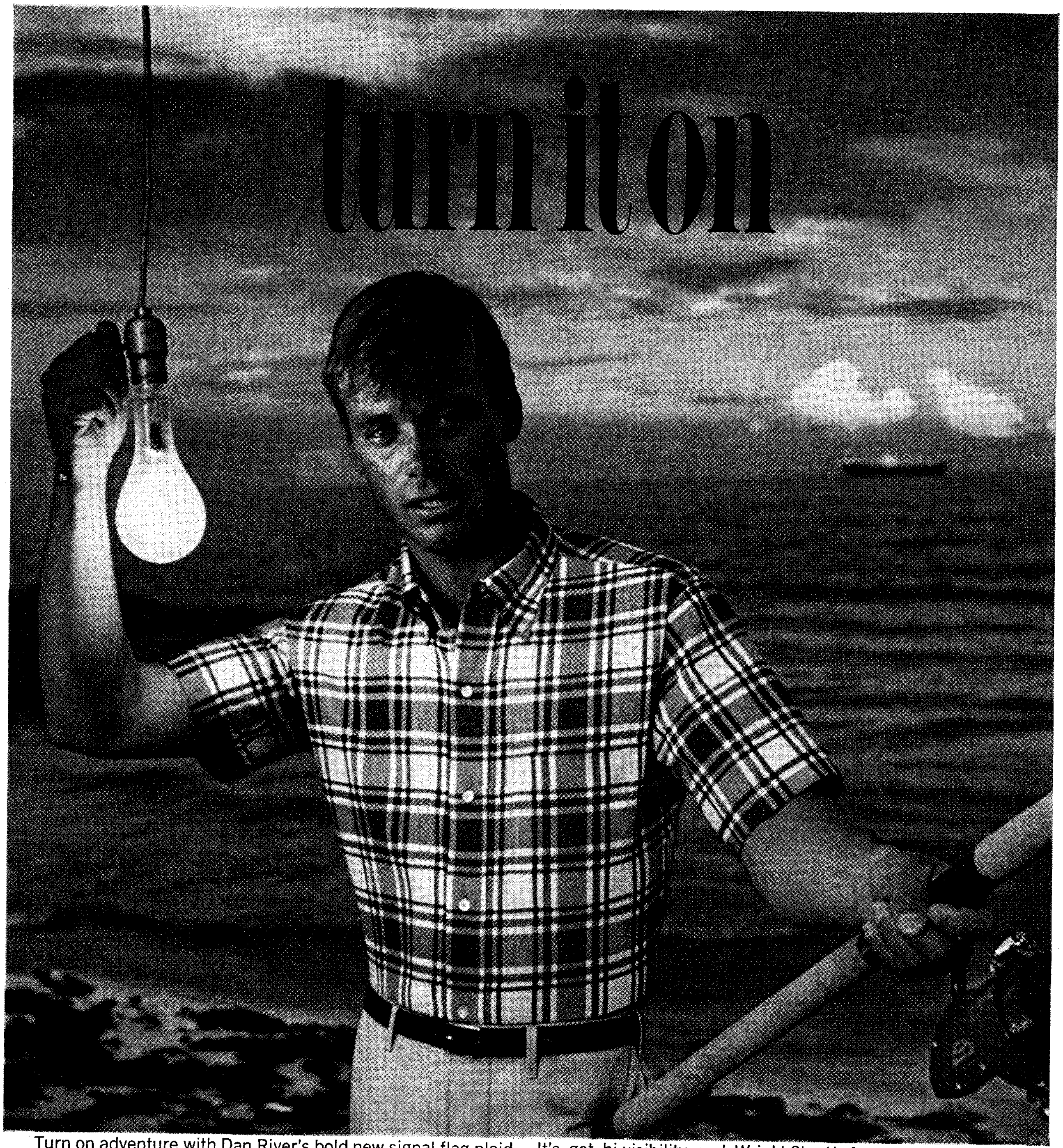
What's more, ours is the only watch in the last 10 years to wind up with three consecutive Swiss Observatory awards for not losing time.

Too bad they don't have awards for saving time.

Shown is The Esquire, a slim Kingmatic Calendar Chronometer Sub Sea at $375 in 18K gold, recipient of many awards from the Swiss Bureau for the Official Control of Watch Performances. Other Kingmatic Calendars, self-winding and water-resistant start at $130.

For brochure and name of jeweler nearest you, write Movado, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York.

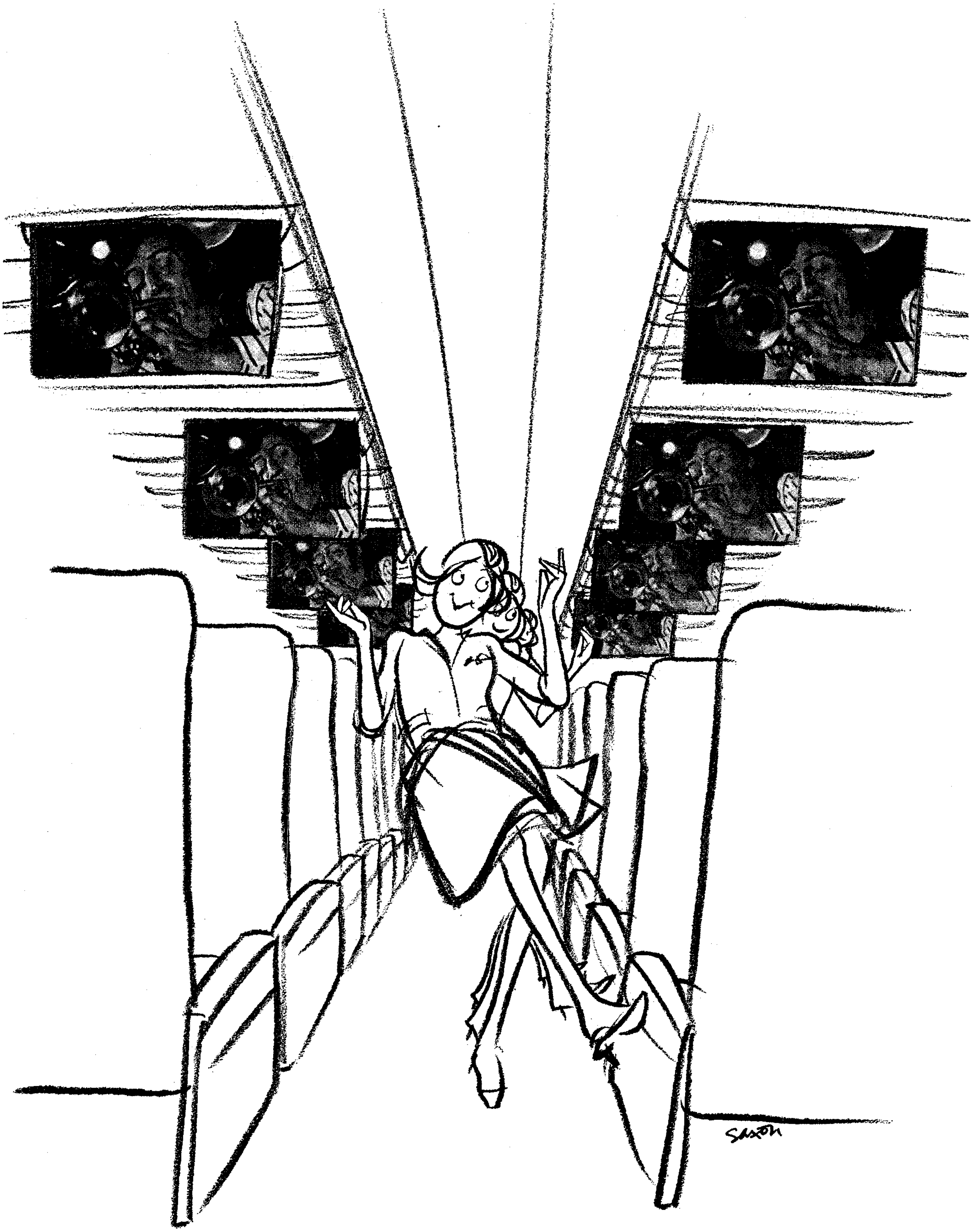
MOVADO



Turn on adventure with Dan River's bold new signal flag plaid. And have fun. That's what our Belvidere™ shirting is all about. It's got hi-visibility and Wrinkl-Shed* for neatness. So run up your flag where the mermaids hang out and turn it on.

with Dan River®

All fabrics designed and woven in the U.S.A. by Dan River Mills, Inc., Danville, Virginia. *Reg. Trademark for Dan River Mills' Wrinkle-Resistant Fabrics.


Saxon

Astro-Color is a service mark of American Airlines

American Airlines proudly announces Astro-Color.

Now we seat you within 5 rows of a movie in color.

Since one screen is enough for the Rialto down on the corner, you'd think one would be enough for us.

But it isn't.

A 707 isn't exactly a theater.

You can't black it out.

Which means some of the color and brilliance of a hit movie are lost on that long trip from the projector to the screen.

Astro-Color does away with that long trip.

We've put 14 Astro-Color screens throughout the plane.

And every one has its own projector—just 18 inches away.

Instead of diffusing the picture, Astro-Color concentrates it on the screen. With all the color, detail and brilliance you expect in the Rialto itself.

And, American seats you "down front" —wherever you sit. Within 5 rows of a screen in coach, 3 in first class.

It took years to develop Astro-Color—and you'll find it only on American Airlines.

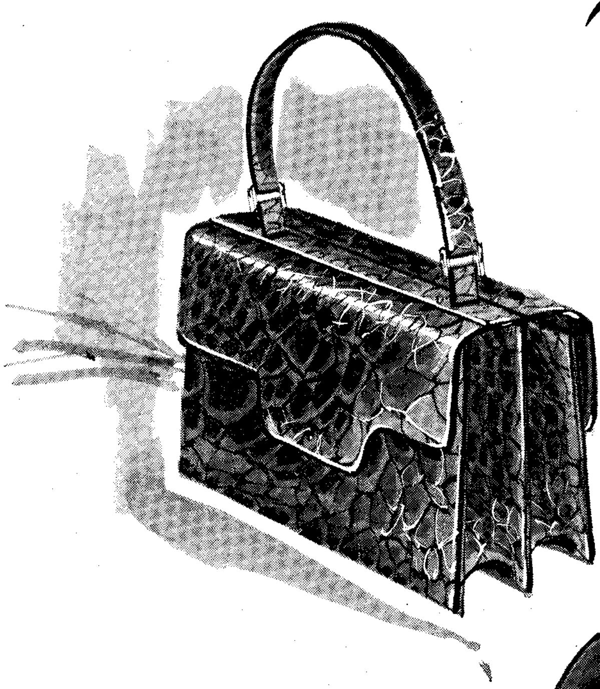
In fact, you can find Astro-Color now on selected transcontinental flights.

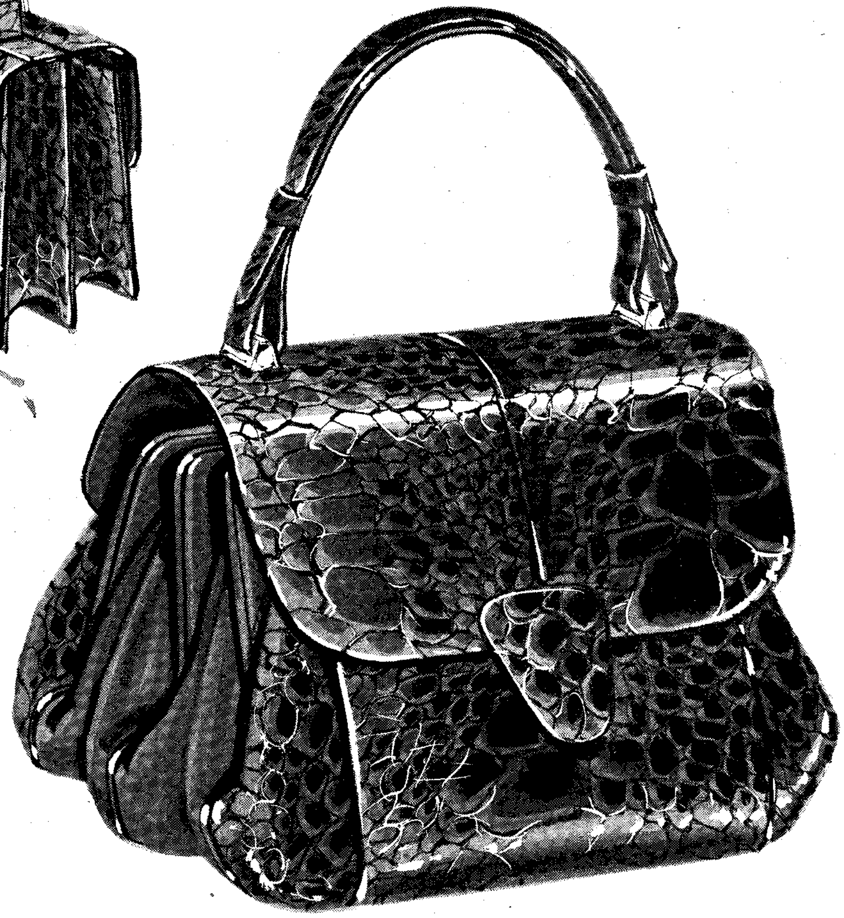
May we show you to your seat?

American built an airline for professional travellers.

(And you'll love it.)

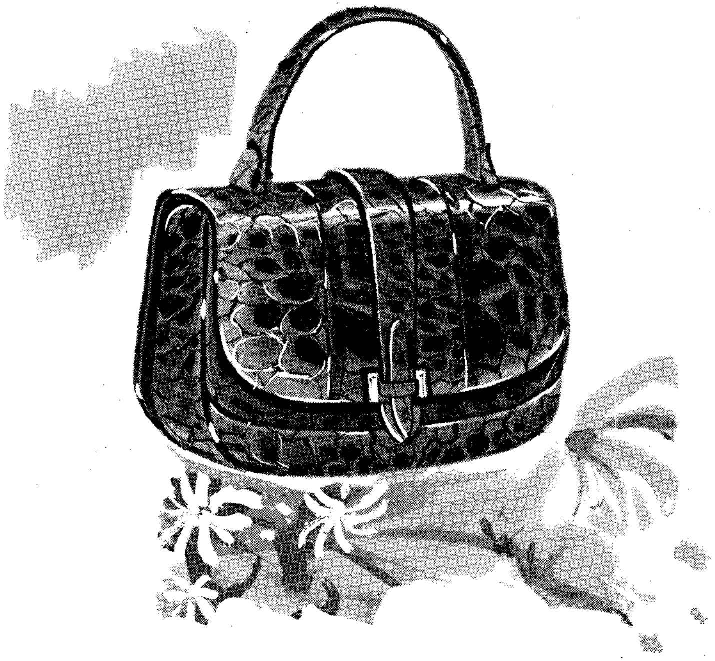
B Altman & Co





Fashion's newest darling... the turtle handbag of polished skins with tiny natural marking, completely leather lined. Small outside, big inside. Butterscotch, brown or black, by Coblentz. From the top: spare boxy envelope 80.00; tri-frame 125.00; vagabond 110.00. See them on our main floor and in our branch stores.

Fifth Avenue's great store is always alert to bring you the best of our changing times...with an unfailing tradition of friendly service. Come see us. B. Altman & Co., Fifth Avenue, and at White Plains, Manhasset, Short Hills, St. Davids, Pa., and Ridgewood/Paramus.

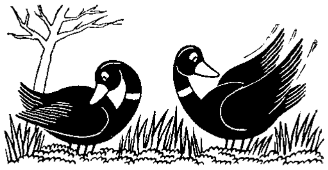


THE NEW YORKER

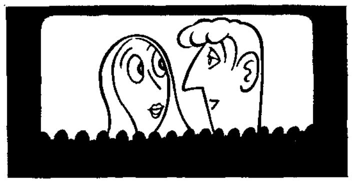
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IN a small circular pond, when the weather is completely windless and the surrounding trees, and even the birds in their branches, stand motionless, the water itself can be observed rotating, with a slight lag in comparison to the rotation that the earth beneath it is making. One sees the water move by watching what one thinks to be the movement of silt journeying clockwise past any point on the shore, or—as on a recent April evening, when we spent a while in such a Connecticut setting—by studying the faintest of shimmers that appear where the black reflections of overhanging tree branches lie on the surface of the pond. There was also, in this April twilight, other movement, more pronounced and more reassuring to the senses than that of the slippage between earth and water. In a marsh half screened by last summer's sedge, a mallard and his mate had stepped out of the water and were preening themselves with slow archings of neck and stretchings of feathers. A dog ran the edges of the pond. The pond mirrored a high flight of blackbirds, who fled from one edge of the mirror to the other as if the dog had flushed them out of the bank on which he was working. The noise of peepers surged and ebbed back and forth across the water, in what seemed a physical movement. When one walked first to the inlet brook and then to the outlet dam, one could see that, in addition to the rotation of the body of water on its turntable earth, there was a ceaseless substitution of new water for old. The final movement of the scene was that of a muskrat—Thoreau preferred the word "musquash"—ferrying produce from the outside swamp to some underwater delivery entrance. All this, we thought as we left—this unnatural half-hour experience beside a pond—is as close to a definition of attainable peace as we are likely to get, whether the year is 1845 or 1967.



THE always unsatisfactory present has been accused (along with a lot of other charges) of breeding a race of spectators. But now, worried and harassed by his role as an extra in the sports arena's cast of thousands, as one of the movie theatre's dark shapes, as a member of television's mesmerized congregation, the American spectator has turned the tables. The new hero isn't out there catching a fifty-yard pass, or up there with Elizabeth Taylor in his arms, or on that platform with the steel bouquet of microphones. The new hero is the crowd itself. Today's star marched by tens of thousands through the streets of New York last week, looking at the sights, trying out its muscles, and admiring itself. A couple of weeks ago, it had a large picnic honoring itself in Central Park. A while before that, it was out for a swim at Fort Lauderdale. All over the country, it demonstrates and walks and riots and merely gathers. And whatever the speeches and the placards and the causes, it seems to be celebrating mainly the discovery of itself. There is irony in the fact that the new hero's textbook is so often Thoreau, or even Gandhi, for a crowd looks not into itself but *at* itself. This crowd seems quite fascinated by what it sees.



Mayor

WE recently made the acquaintance of His Worship Jean Drapeau, Q.C., Mayor of Montreal and the man behind the multifarious wonderland of Expo 67. Mr. Drapeau, who is serving his fourth term as Mayor, having been elected for the first time back in 1954, has broken precedent in having run, and won, as a candidate of neither of the dominant parties in the Province of Quebec—the Conservatives (the minority party, which is mainly Anglo-Canadian) and the Liberals (the majority party, which is entirely French-Canadian). As a young man, in his twenties, Mr. Drapeau, who is now fifty-one, ran for various small offices under the aegis of a party called the Civic Action League; in 1960, he founded the Montreal Civic Party, of which he remains the most important member. The Mayor's surname means "flag" in French—a highly appropriate name for a public figure with so notable a gift for making people rally round him and march with him.

Mr. Drapeau is a well-tailored man of medium height, with a small black mustache, alert brown eyes, and a presence that is commanding without being aggressive. He speaks fluent English and a French that bears no trace of *joual*—an archaic and affectedly rustic way of speaking French that is common to many citizens of the province, of all classes, and that purists are currently trying to discourage. It is characteristic of the Mayor that although he is in favor of autonomy for French Canada, he thinks that such a status should come within the framework of the Confederation; above all, he is opposed to any attempt to bring about a separate state through violence. As Mayor, Mr. Drapeau has presided over a radical transformation in the appearance of Montreal. The old city, if it was not especially beautiful, had a certain red-brick, graystone, low-roofed charm; much of this has been swept away in a veritable flood of steel-and-glass high-rise buildings. The Place Ville-Marie is palisaded with glittering skyscrapers; so is Dominion Square, in whose neighborhood the Victorian Gothic pile of the eight-story Hotel Windsor was once the most conspicuous landmark. One of the biggest projects supported by Mayor Drapeau is a huge steel mill, called the SIDBEC steel complex; another is Habitat 67, an experimental high-rise housing project, which began as a thesis by Moshe Safdie, a brilliant young Israeli-Canadian architect, and is now being financed (critics say at an exceedingly high cost) by the same assortment of government bodies that have backed the exposition. Mayor Drapeau planted the acorn of Expo 67 in 1962, and such are his ebullience and civic salesmanship that the first of the exposition buildings was under construction by 1965. The total investment in Expo 67, by sixty-two countries, is estimated at close to a billion dollars, and twelve million visitors are expected. Some oak!

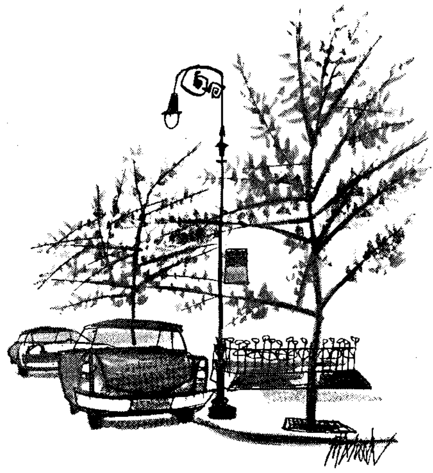
Still another formidable creation for which Mayor Drapeau is given most of the credit is the local Métro. People had been talking about building a subway in Montreal for half a century, but nothing was done about it until 1960, when Mr. Drapeau took the project under his wing. Begun in 1962 and completed last year, the subway is modelled on the Paris Métro; by the standards of the New York subway system, it is a dream of cleanliness, comfort, and efficiency. Benches line the entire length of the platforms, there is a pleasing profusion of escalators, and the wheels of the cars are rubber-tired—a refinement that increases the comfort of one's ride and greatly reduces the level of noise. The fare is thirty cents, which nobody seems to consider exorbitant.

Mayor Drapeau lives in a substantial house in Montreal East with his wife and their three sons, who range in age from sixteen to twenty. He has few hobbies and little interest in sports. He enjoys music, and he is a frequent traveller, inside and outside Canada, but his trips are never mere junkets—their purpose is nearly always to inspect some project that he hopes will prove adaptable to Montreal. A lawyer by profession, Mayor Drapeau is also the author of "Jean Drapeau Vous Parle," a book that was published in 1959 and is currently selling well. It is a terse, well-written, and modest book, in which the Mayor sets forth and defends his political convictions. There is said to be a certain amount of grumbling over high taxes in Montreal, but the Mayor's personal popularity is undiminished, and it looks as if the mayoralty would be his for as long as he wants it.

Revere at the Raceway

LAST week—April 18th, to be precise—marked the one-hundred-and-ninety-second anniversary of the midnight ride of Paul Revere, and we were startled to learn from our mail that a major observance of the event memorialized by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow ("On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;/Hardly a man is now alive/Who remembers that famous day and year . . .") would take place upon the unlikely turf of a neighboring harness track, Roosevelt Raceway, in Westbury. The significance of this observance, according to the track bulletin that announced it, is that recent discoveries ("Recent on our part. The information has been available for a long time," Joseph Goldstein, Roosevelt's public-relations man, conceded) have established that, for all the depictions of the event left to us by latter-day painters and sculptors, Paul Revere could hardly have galloped off on a white Arab stallion to warn the settlers of the British attack. "Almost positively, he paced off on a bay or chestnut Narragansett pacer—in Revere's time the best horse in New England for both sporting and transportation purposes," the bulletin noted. To honor the day and the event, therefore, the track announced a program headed by a Paul Revere Pace and adorned by suitable Colonial flourishes.

Hoping that the flourishes would not include Revere riding in a sulky, we went out to Westbury to witness the pageantry, and were rather agreeably surprised. Paul Revere was represented by George Gayer, a track marshal, who, though grim-faced and clearly uncomfortable in a minuteman's garb, consented to reënact the ride not once but twice. The horse, however, was, in track parlance, a ringer—as a matter of fact, a double ringer. The track had planned to use Tutankhamen, a former New Zealand saddle horse, instead of a Narragansett pacer, but Tutankhamen, for some reason, bolted at the sight of a saddle at Roosevelt, and a palomino replaced him. Twenty minutes before the start of the feature race, the palomino and Mr. Gayer startled a crowd of some seventeen thousand by escorting into the winner's circle the Colonial Ancient Fife and Drum Corps of Bethpage—eleven boys and girls in black tricornes, red jackets, white jabots, and black breeches, preceded by a color guard wearing the same uniform. Several of the spectators elbowing us at the rail indicated that they had been drawn to the track for nonhistoric purposes. "Hey, Paul Revere!" one called. "What do you think of the Four horse in the race?"



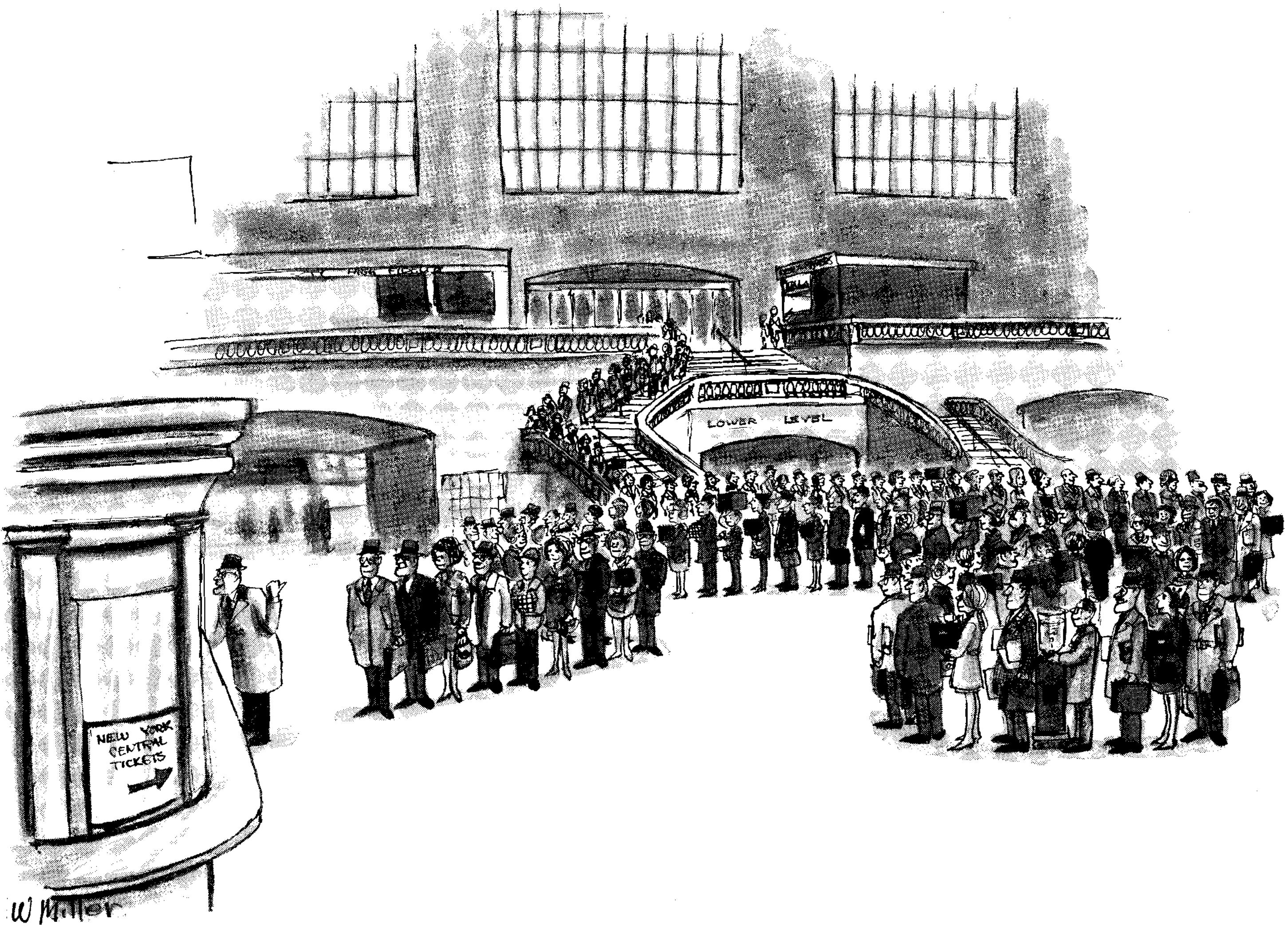
Raising what one of its members described as straight-hole fifes, and striking rope-tension drums, the Fife and Drum Corps broke into a medley of Revolutionary airs as the seven horses that were to compete began working out. A minute later, Paul Revere put the spurs to the palomino and began his gallop. He was recalled a minute later, when officials realized that no one had lit the lantern in the far film tower, which symbolized either Boston's Christ Church or the North Meeting House. (Historians still disagree about the site of the "one if by land, and two if by sea.") The oversight corrected, Revere rode off again.

"The *British* are coming?" a man standing next to us said. "I hope they're bringing my horse."

Nearby, another sportsman, carried away by the unusual events, suddenly came to himself and pushed his way out of the crowd, saying to no one in particular, "I almost forgot to get a bet down."

Another man called out to a rifle-bearing Colonial in the color guard, "Do me a favor, will you? If the Six horse comes up in the stretch, shoot it."

However, even the most dedicated improvers of the harness breed put their programs and tout sheets aside when Kathy Burns, a pretty model, shivering in a red-white-and-blue dress, stepped into the winner's circle and delicately removed a sash that read "Miss U.S. Savings Bonds." And not only the horseplayers were fascinated. It was some time before the operator of the track's spotlight could bring himself to swing it off Miss Burns, so that the crowd could get the full effect of her "astro gown," which lighted up in the dark with sixty-four of what General Electric engineers have named "electroluminescent lamps." Thus illuminated, the dress appeared to bear the figure "76"—a number suitable for a Revolutionary celebration but not for a commemoration of Paul Revere's ride. A number of players at once ran off to play 76 in the Exacta, a form of betting that calls for the selection—at height-



"Three hundred and twenty-seven tickets for Pleasantville, please. We're moving our offices up to Westchester."

• •

ened odds, of course—of both the win and the place horses in a race. The ensuing Paul Revere Pace should have taught these hunch players a bitter history lesson. The Seven horse, Van Rebeck, an eleven-year-old brown horse, won, all right, but the Six horse, Direct Home, was beaten by No. 5, Meadow Tarport. On April 18th, therefore, the winning Exacta number in the feature proved to be a historically felicitous 75.

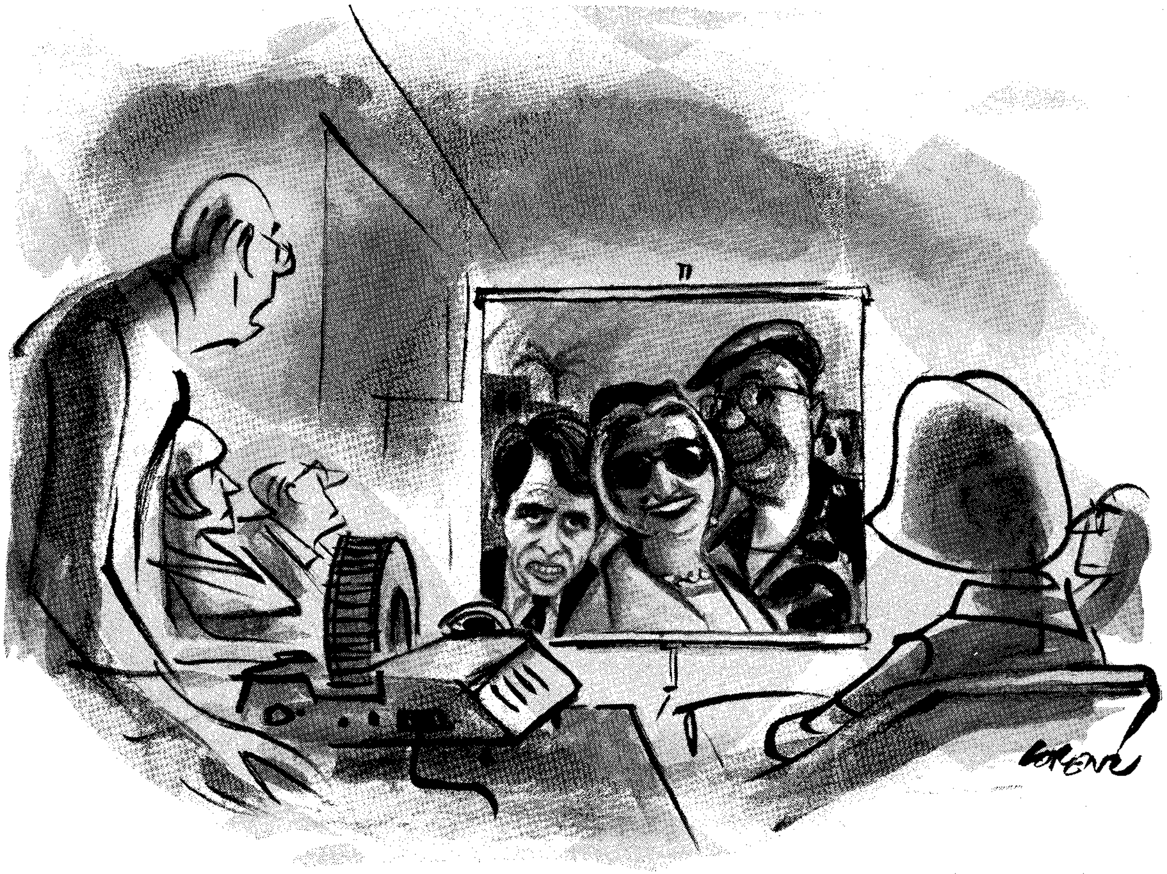
•

OVERHEARD on a Madison Avenue bus, one matron to another: "I love the inside of the new Met. French Provincial, you know."

Long-Winded Lady

WE have heard again from our friend the long-winded lady, who now writes: "This is a Saturday in April. I am living at the moment on Washington Place, between Sixth Avenue and Washington Square Park, and this morning, when I walked out of the house, I found the street completely changed. It is a narrow little street, quite old, with enough small brownstones remaining to show what it looked like once. These days, ordinarily, it is a dirty little street—dirty and neglected and half buried under its two lines of parked cars. In fact, most of the time the street looks like a shortcut to the city dump. This morning, all that was changed. There wasn't a car in sight, and somebody had been along with a broom, and you could see the difference. Free of cars, and cleared of the debris that has been filling the gutters and overflowing onto the sidewalks, the little street looked young and light, even festive. It had taken on its first touch of festivity a few days ago, when official-looking pale-green cards were tied like gardeners' labels to all the trees and lampposts. The cards were police notices announcing that there would be no parking here today, Saturday, because of a parade. This morning, a great many policemen were walking around out in the clean street, and some of them had already fenced off both sidewalks from one end of the block to the other with their low gray-blue wooden barriers. I asked one of them what the parade was about, and he said, 'It's not a parade, it's a protest march.' A man passing by, pushing a baby in a striped carriage, said, 'It's a high-school students' demonstration.' It was a protest meeting against the Vietnam war, a preliminary to the huge demonstration scheduled for a week from today.

"I walked toward Sixth, admiring the clean gutters. At the end of the block, one of the wooden barriers stood in the center of the street, shutting out traffic. As I reached the corner, three small boys came along, walking on Sixth Avenue past the open parking lot. The boys spotted the wooden barrier, standing alone and solid in the middle of the street, and ran over to it and began swinging on it, looking about to see if anyone would tell them to stop. Nobody bothered them, and they took a firm hold with their hands



"Now, here we are again. My God! How did he get in this picture?"

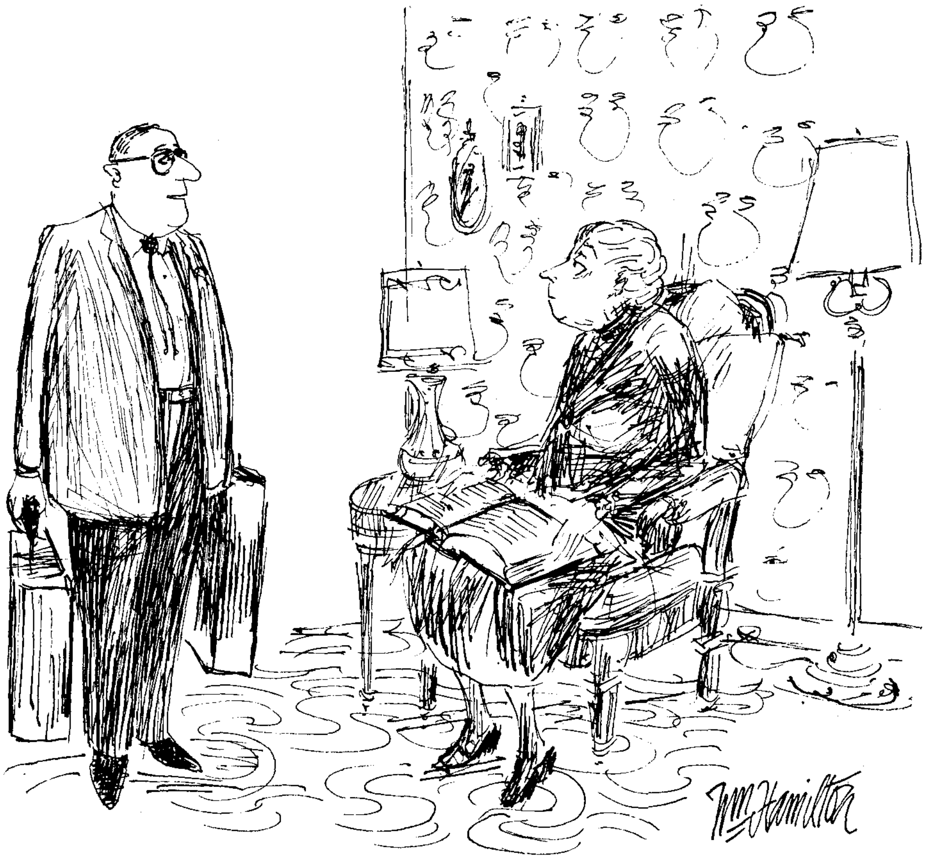
and lifted themselves up high, with their arms stiff, and then swung halfway around, so that they were hanging there upside down, looking at Sixth Avenue and at the traffic roaring past on its way uptown. They turned right side up, lowered their feet to the pavement, and then rose up and swung upside down again. They were grinning and making joyful noises at each other. Their grip on the wood was very sure. It was a good game, but as suddenly as it had begun, it finished. The three of them dropped to the ground and ran off, chortling, into our local bazaar, Lamston's new five-and-ten. I went on my way and did a few errands, and when I got back to Washington Place, there was still no sign of the protest marchers, so I went into Marta's Restaurant, in the middle of the block, for lunch, and sat down at a table that allowed me a view of the street. (Marta's has been going for decades, in the basement of one of the little brownstones here, and when the restaurant is locked up for the night—heavily locked, behind a barricade of iron—it looks as impenetrable as the Bank of England. But Marta's was broken into and robbed early yesterday.) The street outside was as it had been all morning—policemen walking about, and a thin stream of people passing along in the usual desultory Saturday way. I wondered where the protest marchers were.

"Then, when I was finishing lunch, I looked up and saw that the street outside had become crowded. The protest marchers had arrived without making a sound that I had heard, but as I paid my check and hurried out, a voice began to speak from a blue sound truck parked almost directly across from Marta's. The sidewalk where I stood, just outside Marta's, was now swarming with people, all moving along very slowly in obedience to the policemen's 'Move along now' and 'Keep moving.' The policemen looked and sounded as calm and casual as though they were keeping order in a queue going in to see a football game. There was no great press on the sidewalk, no sense of a closely packed crowd. There were people pushing baby carriages, and people carrying bundles of laundry or bags of groceries, and people walking dogs, and some who had apparently come into the block simply to see what was going on. We all shuffled along by the barriers that kept us inside, on the sidewalk, and we stared across them at the protest marchers, all of whom were very young-looking teenagers. I should think their average age was sixteen. They looked very ungrown-up. There were about four hundred of them, half of them standing in front of the sound truck and half of them behind it. The truck faced in the direction of Washington Square Park and flew the American flag. It was a very well-hidden protest meeting. Only people crossing Washington Place at one end or the other could have noticed that there was anything unusual going on. The protest marchers stood together beyond a line of barriers that had now been placed along the middle of the street, dividing it lengthwise, so that there was a clear space, half the width of the street, between the sidewalk I was on and the sound truck. The clear space belonged to the police, and they were careful to keep it clear. The protest marchers stood close together—not packed tight, but close together—and most of them carried or wore a daffodil, and one or two carried enormous flowers made of yellow paper. They were silent. They were wearing the clothes they might have worn to school on an ordinary school day, and if it had not been for their young faces and their bright hair, they would have seemed drab. They carried no banners or placards, but a fancily lettered homemade streamer on the sound truck said 'High School Students Mobilization.' They paid almost no attention to us on the sidewalk, moving along and staring at them. For the most part, they kept their eyes on the blue sound truck.

"From the sound truck a young man was calling for an end to the American involvement in Vietnam. He had dark curly hair, and he wore an open-necked shirt and a woollen pullover. He had the touch of magnetism and the sincerity and the ringing voice that make a good speaker, but he was about half a generation older than the protest marchers, and his speech sounded as though it had been written for delivery to a much older audience. When he had finished, there was a younger speaker—a young man who looked like a high-school senior. He wore a tie and a jacket, and he spoke earnestly and with feeling, but he was too unaggressive to make himself heard very well. And there was a small group of girls, of high-school age, who tried to get a song going. They put their heads together in a huddle and began singing very bravely, but their voices were a bit off and it was impossible to make out the words of their song. They were repeating one phrase over and over, so the sound they made was singsong and vaguely melodious, but the words were lost. The opening words may have been 'A man will' or 'A man must'—something like that. After singing the phrase over a few times, the girls stopped and tried to get their audience to sing along with them. One of them, a small, smiling girl, spoke up, telling the boys and girls who stood watching her that the song was very catchy, and encouraging everybody to join in. Then the little group began singing again, to dead silence, and they gave up and sang no more. Next, a woman spoke who was also half a generation or more older than the schoolchildren. She was severely dressed in pale khaki, and she was vehement and appeared to be excited. She seemed to have learned her platform manner from one of those movies in which somebody tries to incite the rabble to action. Her voice sounded so hysterical that the simple occasion of listening to her became an immediate crisis that obscured any crisis or cause she might be discussing. The protest marchers watched her with no apparent sympathy.

"At the east end of Washington Place, on the south corner, where the old Holley Hotel and Holley Chambers used to stand, there is now a huge New York University dormitory—a towering, well-kept building that has a luxurious aspect, at least from the outside. This dormitory is called Hayden Residence Hall. In their advertisements, real-estate agents speak of ocean frontage—you have to be lucky and rich to get some of it with your house. Hayden Hall is lucky and rich in its frontage. The dormitory faces Washington Square Park, with its trees and grass and footpaths, and one side wall looks down on Washington Place, an interesting Village street even at its worst. On the sidewalk, we were all moving along so slowly, standing still every chance we got, that it took me a little while to cover the short distance from Marta's to a spot where I faced Hayden Hall, on the other side of the street. There were a few people—young men and a girl or two—up in the windows of the dormitory. They are casement windows, and very tall ones, so anybody standing up there can be seen almost full length. The university students standing in the windows could not see the sound truck or the flag unless they leaned quite far out. They stood looking straight down into Washington Place, and they seemed to be getting an enormous amount of amusement out of what they saw. The protest marchers were apparently unaware that they were being watched from above, and they continued to stand obediently where they had been told to stand. I suppose they were on their best behavior, but their best behavior seemed quite natural to them. Suddenly, from above, something hurtled down on the heads of the protest marchers, who scattered in fright—as well as they could scatter, behind their barriers. They scattered and looked at the ground and looked up. They were being pelted with large wads of white paper that had been soaked in water and now lay squashed and leaking on the street. An elderly, dignified policeman dashed over—a high officer, to judge by the brilliance of his uniform—and pointed angrily up at the windows of Hayden Hall. He wore white gloves, and his hand looked very big. Nothing more was thrown down, and after a minute or so he walked away. I left a minute or so after that. I wondered about those students in Hayden Hall. One soaked lump of paper thrown from above would have caused almost as much fright and humiliation as the two or three they threw. Why did they bother to throw more than one?

"Now it is evening, and Washington Place looks its usual self again. The cars are back, parked bumper to bumper in two lines along the sidewalks, and the street has reassumed the shifty, neglected air that is typical of New York streets at night, especially in this area of narrow places. This is how the street must have looked the Friday morning, in the hour before daybreak, when a young man ran along here carrying a sawed-off shotgun. He was running away from the spot, around the corner, where he had stood when he shot away the face of another young man. The dead young man was home on leave from Vietnam. And this is how the street looked yesterday, when thieves smashed their way into Marta's Restaurant, doing a great deal of damage and running a severe risk for the sake of a few packages of cigarettes and a few bottles of liquor and a little money. I remember how the street looked this morning, when it was clean and swept and waiting, while the three little boys whirled round and round on the police barrier."



"Well, Mom, I've decided to leave home and seek my fortune. Thanks a lot for all those years of yummy bran muffins."

SPRING BULLETIN

THE number of college bulletins and adult-education come-ons that keep turning up in my mailbox convinces me that I must be on a special mailing list for dropouts. Not that I'm complaining; there is something about a list of extension courses that piques my interest with a fascination hitherto reserved for a catalogue of Hong Kong honeymoon accessories, sent to me once by mistake. Each time I read through the latest bulletin of extension courses, I make immediate plans to drop everything and return to school. (I was ejected from college many years ago, the victim of unproved accusations not unlike those once attached to Yellow Kid Weil.) So far, however, I am still an uneducated, unextended adult, and I have fallen into the habit of browsing through an imaginary, handsomely printed course bulletin that is more or less typical of them all:

SUMMER SESSION

ECONOMIC THEORY: A systematic application and critical evaluation of the basic analytic concepts of economic theory, with an emphasis on money and why it's good. Fixed coefficient production functions, cost and supply curves, and nonconvexity comprise the first semester, with the second semester concentrating on spending, making change, and keeping a neat wallet. The Federal Reserve System is analyzed, and advanced students are coached in the proper method of filling out a deposit slip. Other topics include: Inflation and Depression—how to dress for each. Loans, interest, welching.

HISTORY OF EUROPEAN CIVILIZATION: Ever since the discovery of a fossilized eohippus in the men's washroom at Siddon's Cafeteria in East Rutherford, New Jersey, it has been suspected that at one time Europe and America were connected by a strip of land that later sank or became East Rutherford, New Jersey, or both. This throws a new perspective on the formation of European society and enables historians to conjecture about why it sprang up in an area that would have made a much better Asia. Also studied in the course is the decision to hold the Renaissance in Italy.

INTRODUCTION TO PSYCHOLOGY: The theory of human behavior. Why some men are called "lovely individuals" and why there are others you just want to pinch. Is there a split between mind and body, and, if so, which is better to have? Aggression and rebellion are discussed. (Students particularly interested in these aspects of psychology are advised to take one of these Winter Term courses: Introduction to Hostility; Intermediate Hostility; Advanced Hatred; Theoretical Foundations of Loathing.) Special consideration is given to a study of consciousness as opposed to unconsciousness, with many helpful hints on how to remain conscious.

PSYCHOPATHOLOGY: Aimed at understanding obsessions and phobias, including the fear of being suddenly captured and stuffed with crabmeat, reluctance to return a volleyball serve, and the inability to say the word "mackinaw" in the presence of women. The compulsion to seek out the company of beavers is analyzed.

PHILOSOPHY I: Everyone from Plato to Camus is read, and the following topics are covered:

Ethics: The categorical imperative, and six ways to make it work for you.

Aesthetics: Is art the mirror of life, or what?

Metaphysics: What happens to the soul after death? How does it manage?

Epistemology: Is knowledge knowable? If not, how do we know this?

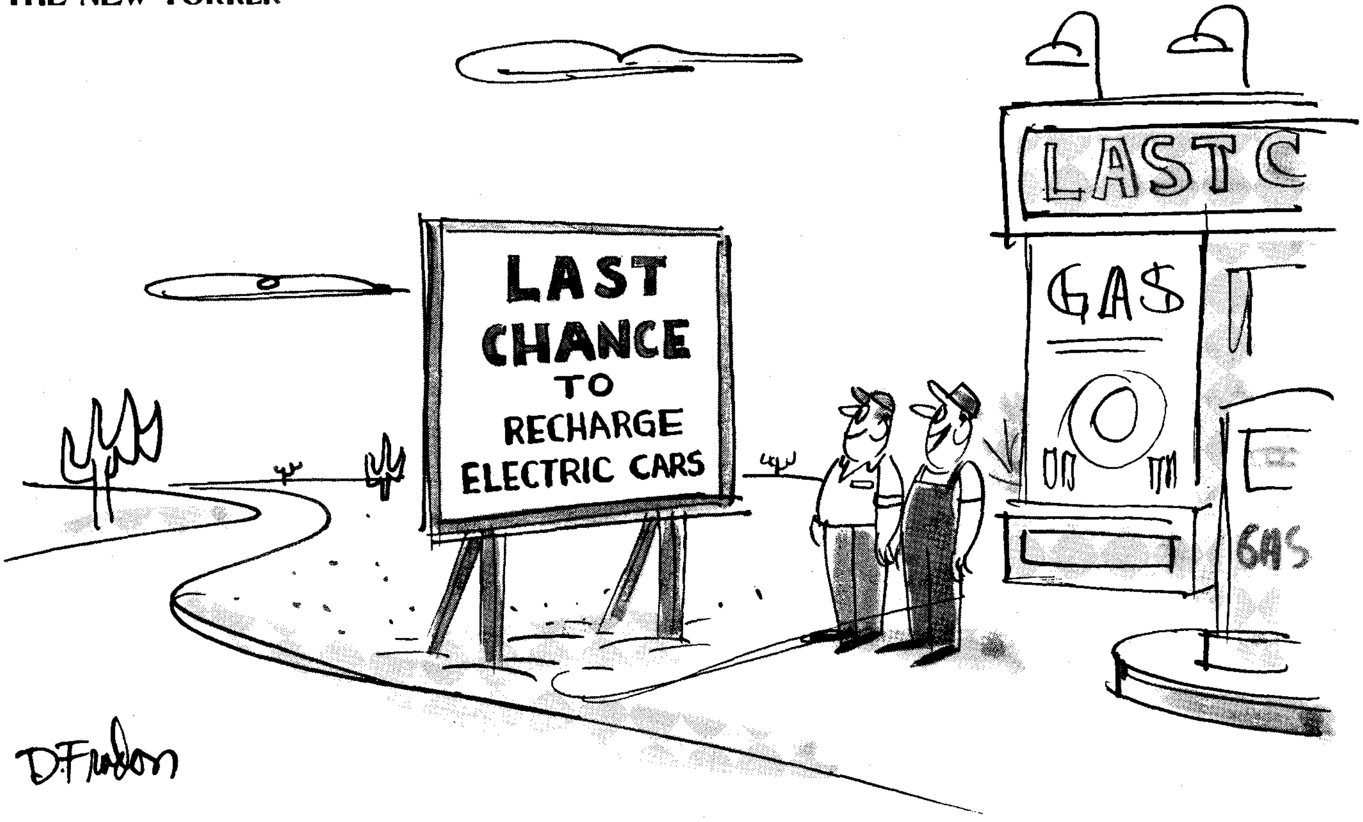
The Absurd: Why existence is often considered silly, particularly for men who wear brown-and-white shoes. Manyness and oneness are studied as they relate to otherness. (Students achieving oneness will move ahead to twoness.)

PHILOSOPHY XXIX-B: Introduction to God. Confrontation with the Creator of the universe through informal lectures and field trips.

THE NEW MATHEMATICS: Standard mathematics has recently been rendered obsolete by the discovery that for years we have been writing the numeral five backward. This has led to a reëvaluation of counting as a method of getting from one to ten. Students are taught advanced concepts of Boolean Algebra, and formerly unsolvable equations are dealt with by threats of reprisals.

FUNDAMENTAL ASTRONOMY: A detailed study of the universe and its care and cleaning. The sun, which is made of gas, can explode at any moment, sending our entire planetary system hurtling to destruction; students are advised what the average citizen can do in such a case. They are also taught to identify various constellations, such as the Big Dipper, Cygnus the Swan, Sagittarius the Archer, and the twelve stars that form Lumides the Pants Salesman.

MODERN BIOLOGY: How the body functions, and where it can usually be


LAST C
LAST CHANCE TO RECHARGE ELECTRIC CARS
GAS
GAS
D.Fradon

“Well, we’re ready whenever Detroit is.”

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found. Blood is analyzed, and it is learned why it is the best possible thing to have coursing through one’s veins. A frog is dissected by students and its digestive tract is compared with man’s, with the frog giving a good account of itself except on curries.

Rapid Reading: This course will increase reading speed a little each day until the end of the term, by which time the student will be required to read “The Brothers Karamazov” in fifteen minutes. The method is to scan the page and eliminate everything except pronouns from one’s field of vision. Soon the pronouns are eliminated. Gradually the student is encouraged to nap. A frog is dissected. Spring comes. People marry and die. Pinkerton does not return.

Musicology III: The Recorder. The student is taught how to play “Yankee Doodle” on this end-blown wooden flute, and progresses rapidly to the Brandenburg Concertos. Then slowly back to “Yankee Doodle.”

Music Appreciation: In order to “hear” a great piece of music correctly, one must: (1) know the birthplace of the composer, (2) be able to tell a rondo from a scherzo, and back it up with action. Attitude is important. Smiling is bad form unless the composer has intended the music to be funny, as in “Till Eulenspiegel,” which abounds in musical jokes (although the trombone has the best lines). The ear, too, must be trained, for it is our most easily deceived organ and can be made to think it is a nose by bad placement of stereo speakers. Other topics include: The four-bar rest and its potential as a political weapon. The Gregorian Chant: Which monks kept the beat.

Writing for the Stage: All drama is conflict. Character development is also very important. Also what they say. Students learn that long, dull speeches are not so effective, while short, “funny” ones seem to go over well. Simplified audience psychology is explored: Why is a play about a lovable old character named Gramps often not as interesting in the theatre as staring at the back of someone’s head and trying to make him turn around? Interesting aspects of stage history are also examined. For example, before the invention of italics, stage directions were often mistaken for dialogue, and great actors frequently found themselves saying, “John rises, crosses left.” This naturally led to embarrassment and, on some occasions, dreadful notices. The phenomenon is analyzed in detail, and students are guided in avoiding mistakes. Required text: A. F. Shulte’s “Shakespeare: Was He Four Women?”

Introduction to Social Work: A course designed to instruct the social worker who is interested in going out “in the field.” Topics covered include: how to organize street gangs into basketball teams, and vice versa; playgrounds as a means of preventing juvenile crime, and how to get potentially homicidal cases to try the sliding pond; discrimination; the broken home; what to do if you are hit with a bicycle chain.

Yeats and Hygiene, a Comparative Study: The poetry of William Butler Yeats is analyzed against a background of proper dental care. (Course open to a limited number of students.)

—Woody Allen

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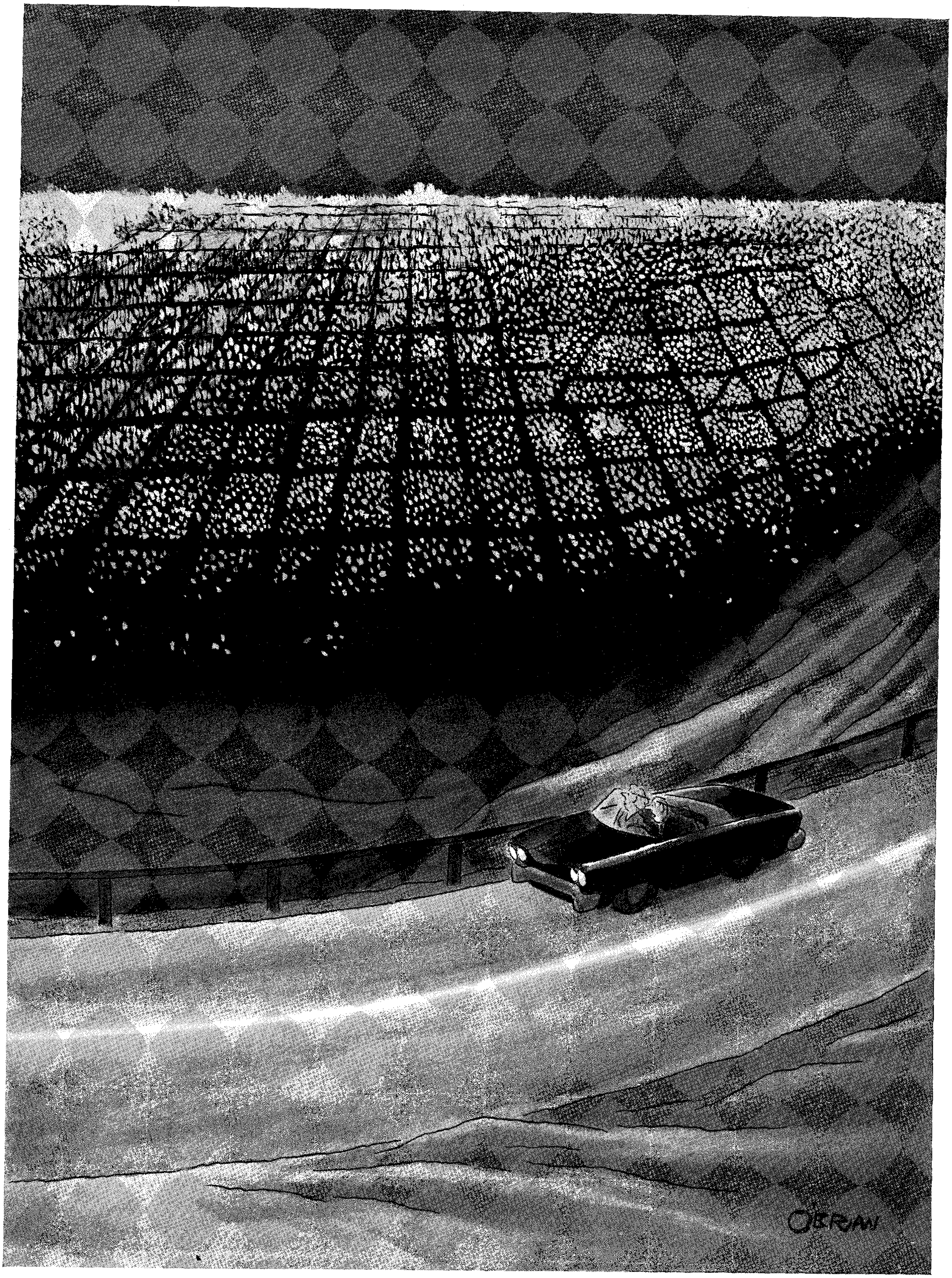
THE STORM

The bird kept singing in the gentian tree,
The lightning failed to strike; I thought the blood
Would rip within my roots, but shrunken sleep
Resolved my chemistry, and in my dreams
I saw the face I would turn into poems.

—Larry Rubin



"Isn't that a wonderful sight! Four million people, safe and snug in their homes, all watching the Smothers Brothers!"

CELTIC TWILIGHT

MICHAEL's project, on file with his junior honors tutor at the University of Edinburgh, was to study "The Superstitions of the Central Highlands," with particular reference to one old couple, the Macdonalds at Croichan, who were to know nothing of what he was up to at all. Michael was taking his Master's degree in social anthropology and wanted a subject for his first field trip, so when, at a party (Michael did not often go to parties), he met a young man who had been orphaned in Glasgow during the war and sent to a foster home in the Highlands, and whose foster parents still lived on the remote croft named Croichan, near Inverness, then Michael grew interested in all this, got more details, and started making plans. He wrote to the local laird, who gave him the use of a derelict gamekeeper's cottage near Croichan, and in April, at the beginning of the Easter break, he took his dog and left Edinburgh for three weeks in the Highlands. He was glad to leave Edinburgh. He had not been happy there.

His project, on paper, may have been "The Superstitions of the Central Highlands," but secretly it was something else—to find some wild and hopeless country, to let his greyhound run loose in it, and to get some peace for himself out of that running. Suddenly, not long after he arrived at the croft, it became something else again.

He had sworn not to let that greyhound, whose name was Phoebe (and who was not in fact a greyhound but a saluki, an ancestor of the greyhound—a dog bred since before Egypt to chase and kill small animals, especially hares, and a dog of ancient and complicated habits of mind), kill things anymore. It was not entirely his conscious decision. For years now, he had been bothered by certain dimensions of himself, only half tuned in but nonetheless persistent and determined, that stuck to him and pushed him around. They made sick jokes and unspeakable puns, but he put up with them. Lately, for some reason, they had become anti-blood-sport. Michael decided that he and his dimensions were moving toward a kind of Buddhist serenity that was easily fractured, especially by hunting, his favorite sport. So he said that he would give up killing, for his own good.

But Michael and Phoebe had been hunters, and campers in wild places, for a long time. They came from California, where Michael had done his undergraduate work at Berkeley. First, he had trained and toughened the young hound by letting her race over the rocky sand of beaches—Half Moon Bay, Bodega Bay. Michael would wander and turn over stones, looking for odd ones, while Phoebe would chase—and keep up with—the circling seagulls. Then, when Phoebe was grown, they went for long trips in the hills, to hunt jackrabbits in the yellow, monotonous grass. So Michael's decision not to hunt was hard on them both. A year in Edinburgh had helped to cool them off and make them thoughtful, but now Michael found, to his mixed delight and dismay, that his real purpose in the Highlands was to kill something, using Phoebe, and to present it to the old man, Callum Macdonald.

He did not, of course, think about that too often. He found it hard enough just keeping awake. This country was forgetful, self-absorbed and jellied in old age; it gave him the pale blueness in the head that comes in high places. Two points only let Michael fix himself in space. At night, in the battering wind, he could see the red lights of a broadcasting tower; that was Inverness. In daylight, he could look north, down to the River Beauly and across it over to the hill that the survey map called Beinn a' Bha'ach Ard. So he knew where he was. He could have forgotten. To the end of his stay there, he was always a little dizzy, a little sleepy.

The Macdonalds lived at Croichan, the next-to-last house on the road, and the keeper's cottage was the last house, so when Michael arrived, Phoebe asleep and out of sight in the back of his car, he drove past their gate. The house and outbuildings stood on a bank above the road, just where the larch woods thinned to willow scrub and open moor. Michael could see one larch tree, windblown into a puzzle shape, bent above the cowshed. Then Michael had driven on, west, uphill, to the keeper's cottage—above the timberline, with no tree there at all.

When he reached the cottage, it was getting dark, but, looking west again, he could make out more scrub, a high fence, and then the real moor, an immensity that the rural postman, who stopped by the next morning, called "west the road." He called it "the hill," too, with a certain formal note in his voice—pacifying immensity, Michael thought, with the ritual phrase. Michael wondered if he was going to find his wild and hopeless country there, and he began to want, very much, to go west the road.

But business came first. Rule No. 1, he had learned in class, was to get the confidence of the natives, so Michael went down to Croichan in the morning alone. He did not want to assault the Macdonalds with Phoebe's strangeness too soon, and, on that first day, he said, quietly, seeing that the old woman was afraid of him, "I hear your husband has been ill, Mrs. Macdonald. Here it is April already. Could I dig up your kitchen garden and plant it for you?"

"We'll no' bother with it this year," said Mary Macdonald, who had, obviously, carried milk pails for so long that she had become just a shape for carrying milk pails—big hands, broad feet, and a bent hollow back. She had a brown wool kerchief round her head.

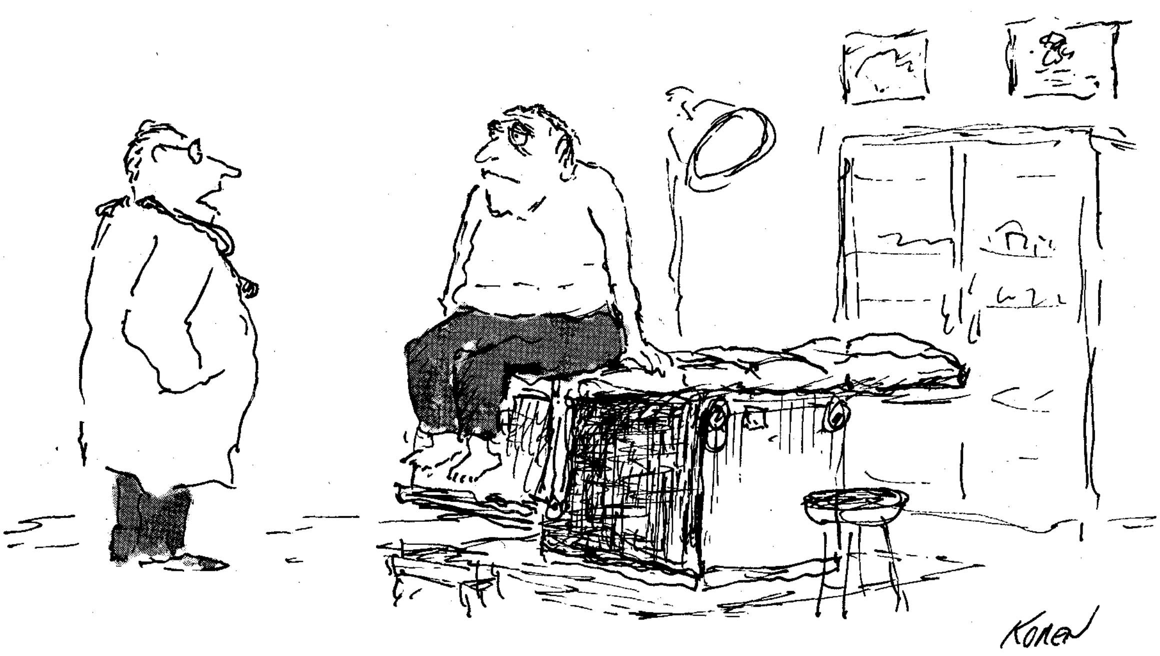
"But I'm up here for the Easter holidays," said Michael. "I wanted to do some hill walking, but I haven't much else to do with myself. Come on."

"Och, well," said Mary, using the Highland substitute for yes, no, argument, or discussion of any kind, and went into the house.

Michael took it for yes, but he couldn't find the spade. He went after Mary—and saw Callum, sitting by the fire, for the first time—but she had last seen it, for sure, in the byre, in 1948. They did no' use it much. It was not in the byre now, or the milkhouse, or the henhouse, but at last he found a wild cat, part of a dead hen, and the spade in an old Ford that was rotting in the farmyard.

So he dug and raked the kitchen garden, after disputing the ground with the rooster. The gravelly patch was half sheltered by the house wall, but still the April wind made his nose run and then blew the drops away before he could get to his handkerchief. On the second day, he fixed the fence, to keep out the hens, and planted turnips, carrots, and Brussels sprouts that Mary found left over in a drawer from last year. Both days, Mary called him into the house five times for the ritual cup of tea, but she would barely speak to him, and Callum—a big man, in a wheelchair—would not look at him at all.

Michael was sensitive, and he knew



"*You're suffering from sensory overload. Cut down on your intake of media.*"

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he had disturbed the webby feeling of peace in that house, so he sat in a corner and kept his mouth shut, feeling the peace rebuild. At last, on the third day, he put the leash on Phoebe and they went down to Croichan, where the larch tree was hissing in the wind. They met Mary dragging a hay bale out through mud and cow dung to the sheep—fat Cheviot ewes that wandered free around the steading. But while Michael helped her all she could do was stare at the dog. Phoebe was shivering, too wretched with the wind and the strange place to notice the sheep.

"Would it be a greyhound?" asked Mary, amused.

"More or less," said Michael. "Not exactly."

"Mercy," she said. "Show her to Callum."

Michael saw that he was really invited this time, and not just for politeness' cup of tea. He went in. Mary stayed outside, to finish breaking up the hay bale. A Highland croft was supposed to smell, romantically, of burning peats, but at Croichan the bottled-gas stove leaked, so the whole house smelled like rotten onions. Callum, sitting as usual in his wheelchair by the fire in the main room, looked straight at Michael for the first time. His eyes were blue, but sore. And, for the first time, he spoke. "What kind of dog's that, then?"

Michael disliked the speech of the Lowland Scots—the uncouth Edinburgh and the whining, guttural Glasgow talk—but Callum's Highland accent pleased him. It was soft, malicious, "Irish," with a quick curiosity in it, like a bird cocking its head. Michael felt nervous suddenly, for no good reason. "A—a saluki," he said.

"Saluki? What's that, then?"

"A runner, like a greyhound. They both hunt by sight, and they're not allowed to put their noses to the ground."

"Are they not," said Callum.

He was a strange man. There was something vague, almost idiot, about him; at the same time there was a glitter in his soft voice, a curious egotism that had nothing to do with his words. Michael felt tension begin to drift around the room. Then Callum decided, abruptly, to communicate. "There was this wee tinker fella," he said. "He was camping down the road here, by Frazer's, nine years ago it must have been; now, he had a greyhound, awful pretty it was, a black one. But it was bad for chasing the sheep. It killed one Blackface ewe. It did that."

Michael kept quiet. Salukis had their own illegal ideas about sheep. There had been salukis and hunters before there had been sheep and shepherds; that was why, Michael had decided long ago, he found it impossible to persuade the Oriental, conservative mind of his dog that hares were prey but sheep were not. And it remained a problem.

"It did no' live long itself, that greyhound. Fochan, the shepherd, he shot it."

Callum watched Phoebe, who watched him, her tail between her legs—a long tail, and longer legs. She had gazelle eyes and a long face and looked something like an Afghan hound, but instead of the Afghan's grotesque mop of hair she had a discreet, moon-colored fringe along her ears and tail. There was nothing to hide the economy and power of her shape. Callum's face was long, but sick and blue, and he had no legs. None of his own, anyway. The big loose body in the chair did not quite match the precision and stillness of the artificial legs below.

"She'll be fast," Callum said.

"Not so fast as a racing greyhound," said Michael, "but tougher. I used to hunt jackrabbits with her in California; they're like hares, you know, only bigger—"

Callum had had enough talk. Without warning, he swung his chair around so that his broad back was toward Michael, whose mouth was still open in the middle of a word. And there he sat, withdrawn into a massive self-confidence that obliterated the room, Michael, Phoebe, the fire, the slamming of the wind on the roof of the house. Michael also sat, trying to be objective and not to be annoyed at the rudeness of a senile old man. He was, however, more than annoyed. Rule No. 2, he had learned, was that primitive people were unpredictable but usually polite.

Mary, the wind flapping at her, came in from the steading and, not taking off her brown wool kerchief, began to make the tea. There was a table in the middle of the room, and she set it with scones, oatcake, raspberry jam, and a lump of pale butter in a glass dish.

"Cheekie is milking at last," she said to Michael. "Her calf was no good; its hind legs would no' bend, you see, so we sent it away. I was churning and churning last night; the milk is no' so good yet for the butter, but I got a bittie. You'll have it for your tea."

"Yes, thank you," said Michael. Acceptance at Croichan, it seemed, was all or nothing. The peace of the house had respun itself, secret, comfortable. "What do you do for milk in the winter, then, if the cow's just starting to milk now?"

"Och, well," she said, "we get the Carnation, in the tins. Callum, come and get your tea."

Ignoring them both, Callum wheeled to the table, but all he got was a square of cheese and an apple, with saccharine for sugar. "Himself has the diabetes," said Mary, sweetening his tea and stirring it for him. She patted him with her coarse hand. "And he has a wee bittie boil on the back of his neck."

Michael was embarrassed. The shynesses and intimacies of these people were on a different plane from his own. The fire on the hearth snapped, flickered up a bit, and began to warm Phoebe, who had been lying in her formal, heraldic greyhound position, like a hound on tapestry; now she unfolded and became pure saluki. She was a dog who had fits of obscure amusement, as if she heard jokes broadcast on a private hound radio set. She rolled over, yawning a crocodile yawn, making a sound half yodel, half groan, wrapping her forelegs around her head so that all the Macdonalds could see was one gleaming eye. Then, joke over, she clattered to her feet and slid her long head against Michael's thigh.

"Hello, snake face," he said. "You're not getting any." He turned to Mary Macdonald. "She wants my scone," he explained. "If she wanted petting, her eyes would be soft and brown, and her nose would run. It always does when she's sentimental. But it's food this time; her eyes are hard and black and round as two buttons. Look."

"Fancy," said Mary. "They are that. How does she do it?"

Callum came back from his thoughts. "There used to be plenty hares up west the road," he said. "It would be a fine thing, now, to see her after one of them."

That was when Michael began to think of hunting again—only, of course, for anthropology's sake, to attract and please this difficult old man. But he had to make sure. "Not if there are sheep on the hill," he said.

"Is she bad with them, then?" said Callum.

Michael knew the danger. He knew that it was not half the crime, in the Highlands, for a man to kill a man as for a dog to kill a sheep. Mary was frightened all over again, as she had been the first day, but now she was angry, too. Michael and the dog had suddenly become a threat to the sheep, to her utmost security. "She must *no'* be chasing the sheep," said Mary.

And Michael found himself quarrelling with her. "I know," he said. "I'm not going to *let* her."

"Fochan, the shepherd, will come for her with his gun," said Mary.

"Let him try," said Michael.

"Wait you," said Callum, mediating from a great height. "Across the road there is a field with a fence. It belongs to Croichan. The horse is dead now that was there. You can let her loose in the field, for the now. Fochan will be stopping by soon; he is the laird's shepherd, but he sees to our lambs as well. When he comes, I will be asking him for you are there sheep west the road. I think the ewes will be there waiting to lamb, but perhaps he has penned them up. Wait you."

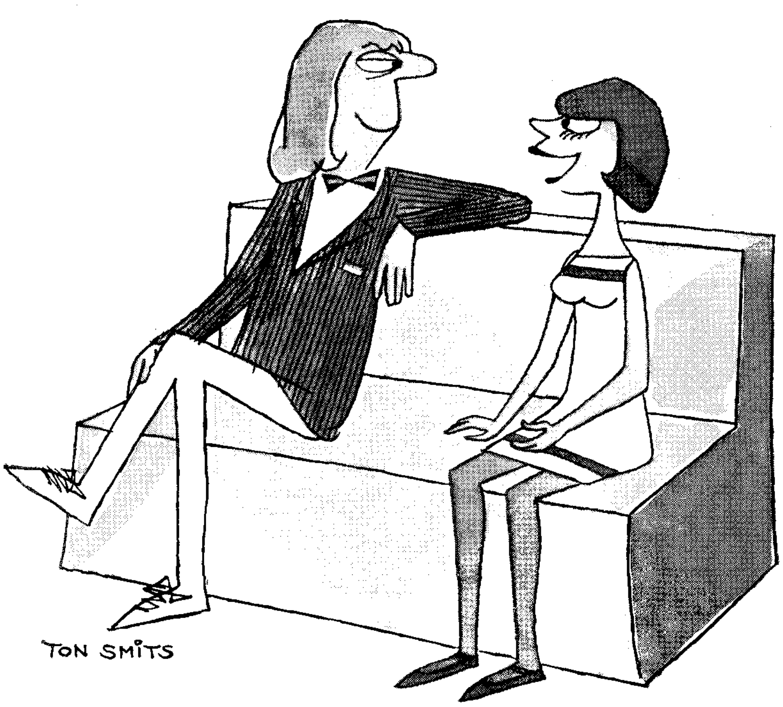
So Michael finished his tea in the silence of the disturbed room, and left before he could make Mary any worse. He would go away and let her confidence rebuild. Now he and Phoebe would have a look at Callum's field.

CROICHAN, on the ridge above the road, overlooked the hills and valley in every direction. Behind the croft to the south were greenish-black fir trees—a forestry-reclamation project. The road itself ran east toward Inverness, west toward the keeper's cottage and the high moors, and below the road, north, was Callum's field, boggy, half wooded, tumbling down to thick forest along the River Beauly. The fence wire was slack, and swung, bellying out slowly in the wind. Michael could not see if the fence at the bottom of the field, along the river, was in good repair, as the trees were too thick, but, hoping for the best, he opened the gate and went through with the dog. The wind dropped, leaving an abrupt and spooky silence. It was evening, with a new moon and a certain pallor on the ground. Not darkness yet; transparency. Michael and the trees became more aware of each other.

He was a little scared. He had always—even before those half-tuned-in dimensions had taken charge of him, pushing him toward an uneasy serenity—been oppressed by an overactive perception of Things. This perception had led him to a personal mythology, a kind of animism. The world, for Michael, was full of Things leading complicated, ritual lives of their own, unfriendly to him. When Michael went hunting, he was most aware of this animistic quality of the world about him. Hunting, he even sought that awareness, because it deepened the experience for him; but he dreaded it, too, because he knew it would lead him in the end to a more primitive belief in magic, and to hallucinations.

As a child, he had liked this communication with Things—ponds, trees, stones. Not now. He could no longer find a way of shutting them out; they distracted him. He spoke fearfully, religiously to himself of Grass and Tree and Stone. And Phoebe played a double role. Hunting, she was his weapon, and so caused his involvement; but she was also his outrider, his interpreter. Phoebe mediated for him with stones.

They went downhill a little way and came into a belt of scrub willow that ran east-west across the upper third of the field. The pen-and-ink branches were scribbled with new green leaves. Phoebe was sand-colored, silvery at the edges, and the branches filigreed



"Your hair looks lovely tonight."

her yellow, Moorish body. As the two went down the hill, the willows grew bigger; then they came into an open valley with three small hills in it, like half heads stuck in the ground. One hill grew grass, the next bracken, and the last heather. A deer jumped out of the bracken and went crashing for the deeper woods along the river.

Phoebe took three great leaps in the air to fix the deer in her sight, then settled into her arching, coursing run. Hunting, she left even herself behind; she was ancient, the archetype, all hounds running. Ten yards behind the deer, she vanished into the trees.

Michael knew that she was too small to kill a deer, that she would lose it quickly in the woods (she couldn't follow even the freshest scent), and that she herself would never get lost—it was her business not to. Her ancestors had been Arabian hounds, accustomed to dealing with deserts. So Michael went on alone down toward the river. He followed a stream, with whinstone steps, shaggy and smelling of moss, cut alongside. Now he was entirely scared; without his interpreter, he began to find the woods too complicated. It was not the sound of owls, the night noises, that turned him at last but the assault of the trees. They were grayish trees, and they did not like him.

Once turned, he found it hard to keep from running, but he made himself walk back up the hill, the skin of his back crawling in a terror that he knew was either primitive or lunatic. He calmed himself with the thought of the moor. West the road, there would be peace and the unity of great space; he would be free from the multiplicity of Things. Maybe even those dimensions, quiet today but always half there, half buzzing and bossing inside his head—maybe they would leave him alone, too, on the moor. If only there were no sheep.

Phoebe, panting and righteous, met him at the gate.

He wanted to see Callum again, so he stopped at Croichan on his way home. Besides, he had his two most important aids to research, a book and a stone, in his pocket, and he wanted to try them out on the Macdonalds—as a catalyst, to draw the tales and superstitions out of these Highlanders. The book was a thin, brown "Prophecies of the Brahan Seer," a translation of the sayings of Kenneth MacKenzie, the seventeenth-century Celtic prophet. The stone was a Seeing Stone. Michael admitted to himself that his feelings about that stone were less scientific and more emotional than they should have been. He had found it three years ago while walking Phoebe on the beach at Half Moon Bay—a smooth, oval blue stone with a hole through one end. Even then, he had known what it was. He had read the "Brahan Seer," and other works on second sight, in which all kinds of Seeing Stones and crystals were described. He had tried looking through the hole several times, but the closest he had come to second sight was a moment when the seascape in the small hole had sharpened, gone pearly, and then, definitely and with increasing speed, begun to revolve. But at the same time he had felt his perception of Things increase to the danger point—something creeping up behind his back—and he had dropped the stone and turned around quickly to be safe. But he had kept the Seeing Stone for his researches.

THE SPANISH STEPS

Poetic title for the sonnet stair
that, from a "prospect" overlooking all
the imperial prose of Rome's decline and fall,
descends, by terraces, to part and pair
and pair again, each spring cascading there
azalea rainbows in such dense array
tourists are awed, for once, to pick their way.

Few, on these lower steps, look up to where,
behind a casement (magic, now, no more),
Keats, as if at Olympia, won his race,
the full course in the time it turned to flowers
with the passing of his spring. This spring of ours
descends . . . no footstep echoing? . . . before
the stairway puts us in our marketplace.

—Hawley Truax

• •

So now he stopped at Croichan and found Mary, in the hissing white light of the paraffin table lamp, filling out Department of Agriculture forms, too busy to notice him come in. She seemed to have forgiven him about the sheep. Callum was sitting, placid, at one side of the fire, and Michael took the opposite chair, with Phoebe stretched out between them. Nobody spoke till Mary reached over the dog and pushed the black kettle onto the fire, to boil for tea. "Was it a nice walkie, then?" she said.

"Fine, thanks," said Michael. "We saw a deer."

Callum returned from his unguessable thoughts. "Did you?"

"Down by those three little hills."

"It would be a roe deer, then. The red deer stay west the road, the other side of the laird's fence. You'll have seen the fence, up past the keeper's cottage."

"Can the red deer really jump so high? It must be eight feet, at least."

"Och, aye," said Callum. "Them stags are awful big, you know. If they got into the corn, there would no' be much left of it. Did she get it, then?"

Michael realized he was talking about Phoebe's deer, and said, "I should hope not. I don't want to land in jail for poaching—and out of season, too."

Callum chuckled, picking his teeth with a long, filthy fingernail. False teeth, too—the National Health prescription, gruesome and elegant in his sunken face. He had probably been given them while he was at the hospital for his legs. Michael wondered why he wore the legs, since he never seemed to get out of his chair, and decided that they were like the teeth—a kind of decoration. He was at least seventy. "There are no' so many deer as there used to be," said Callum. "At all."

Michael had his project firmly in mind, and took this opportunity to set it in motion. "Well," he said, "it's not just the animals, is it? Aren't the people leaving this neighborhood, too?"

"They are that. I mind when every croft on the road had a family," said Callum. "Mind you, even then the children was mostly foster children, Glasgow orphans. We took two. We did no' have children, you see. But now there is only Frazer at Kilduich, with his uncle—he is no' very bright, the uncle—Fochan, the shepherd, at Balmacara, and us. The orphans have gone away, to Edinburgh."

Michael nodded. "And do you speak

Gaelic much anymore?" he asked. Michael could not speak it himself, though he loved the sound of it, and could only recognize and pronounce a few of the words written.

"Och, well," said Mary.

"A wordie now and again," said Callum.

"It is not in me, anymore, to speak the Gaelic," said Mary.

"I guess you'd have to go to the Hebrides to hear it now," insinuated Michael.

"Och, aye," said Callum. The white light of the lamp made his face look silvery, cleaner than it really was. "I'd like fine to see the Western Isles, and them wee west-coast crofties. But I guess I never will, now."

Michael did not know what to say to that. The rural postman had been gossiping to him about "Callum Croichan," how he had been ill for a year, but did he go to the doctor's? Not him. And then it was too late, and himself with the thrombosis and gangrene in both feet. And now there was Callum's brother, at Glen Affric, having symptoms, but would he go and get his water tested? Not him. "These people up here—och, well. *I* come from Inverness, you see," said the postman, superior and proud of it.

Michael suspected that Callum's immobility was of long standing and had little to do with the loss of his legs.

The fire, having boiled the kettle, gave up and went cool, dark. Phoebe was lying in her warm-room position, flat on her side like a dead horse, but soon she would curl up into her cold-room snail position.

"I have a book here," said Michael timidly, taking out the "Prophecies of the Brahan Seer."

Mary laughed at it. "The Brahan Seer? Och, aye, Coinneach Odhar, the daft loon!"

Now, Michael believed in Coinneach Odhar, as she called him in Gaelic, and it hurt to hear her slang him as if he were Frazer's idiot uncle down the road. "But his prophecies came true," he said. "Hundreds of years later."

"Och, well," said Mary, and giggled.

"What about the Battle of Culloden? The building of the Caledonian Canal? They've come true." He looked to Callum for help.

"Aye," said Callum gravely. "So they have."

"A ghost gave him his Seeing Stone, to read the future in. Do you believe in Seeing Stones? I've got one myself. Look." He took out the smooth, oval blue stone, and held it to the lamp. The light grew and glittered in the hole.

"And would it be a ghostie giving it to you?" said Mary.

"I found it by chance," said Michael. "But I haven't seen the future in it yet. Will you?" He gave it to Callum.

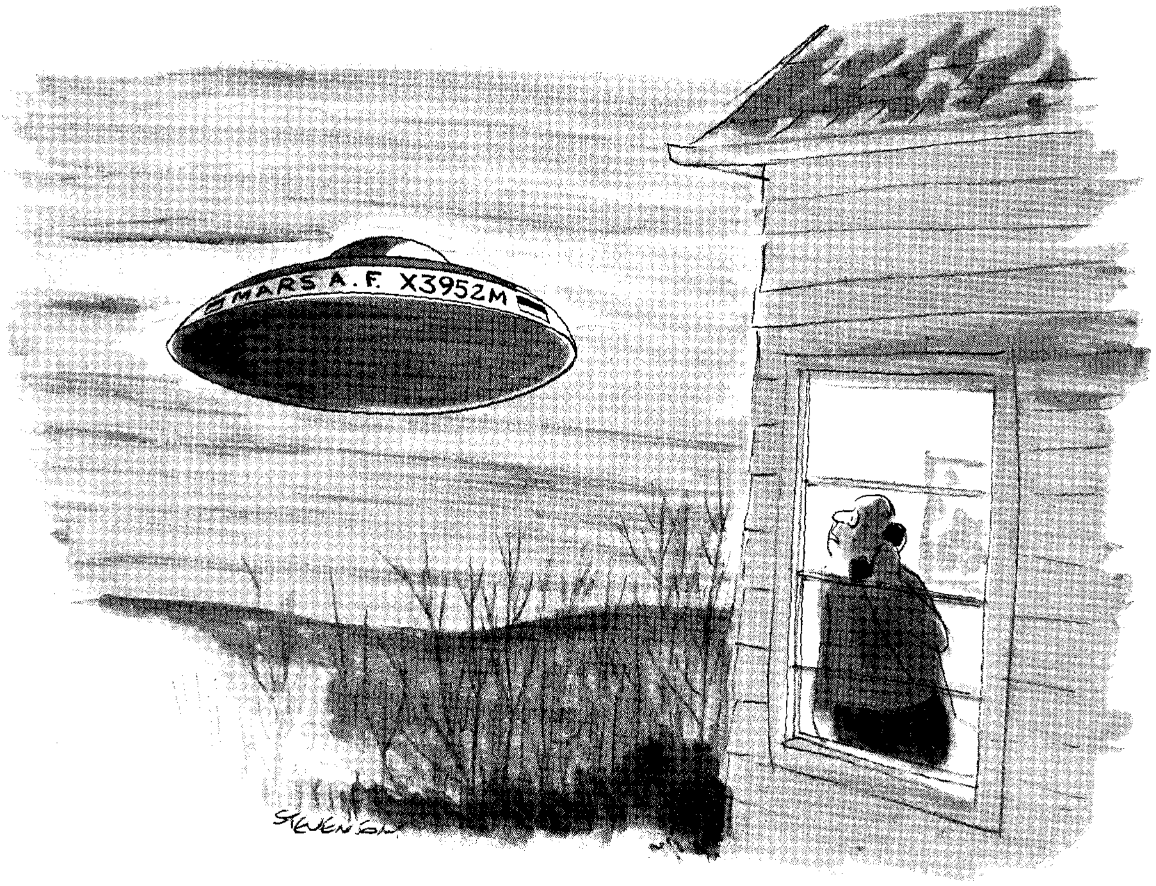
As the old man put it first to one inflamed eye, then to the other, Michael was precisely and horribly split between his scientific detachment and the convictions of his own imagination.

"He is a long time," remarked Mary. "He is seeing the future, surely. Or perhaps he is asleep."

"I'm seeing your dog, down by the fire," said Callum slowly. "Herself is a comic great beastie. And I'm seeing the fire in back of her. Now that is awful pretty, in the wee hole." He yawned and put the stone aside. "I'm wanting my tea," he said.

Walking home in the dark, Phoebe stalking and blurry at his heels, Michael thought that the anthropology, though not so easy as he'd hoped, was shaping up a little. But his personal serenity, in the presence of Callum, was going to hell fast. He felt almost as if he were falling in love with an elusive and exciting woman. Was he turning queer at last? But surely when he went queer he'd pick something better than a dirty, inarticulate old man. No. Callum stirred something—a kind of religious fear—in him. Michael felt dizzy. The road ran west from Croichan to his cottage and again west to the deer fence and the ultimate hill; and all the road seemed to be on a deep black plate, slowly revolving, sliding away from the red-lit tower in the valley at Inverness, turning him toward the moor.

In the keeper's cottage, with the economy of a longtime camper, Michael lit the lamp, lit the cooking stove, warmed up a can of beans for himself and a can of Kenno-meat for Phoebe, refilled Phoebe's water bowl and put the kettle on, for instant coffee and hot-water bottles. Living as he did in Edinburgh digs, with a cold, bony dog and a



"It's a flying object, but it's not exactly an unidentified flying object."

"Hold it, pal! I'm an honest man."

willful, inconsistent girl friend, he had learned more than most Americans need to know about hot-water bottles. If you overfill them, for example, they explode.

Phoebe got one in her bed, he got two. She lay watching him undress, the lamplight touching her in strange ways so that she looked, sometimes, like a demon in the darkish room, with flat glowing eyeholes and a long bird's neck. Then she blinked, and became a dog, and went to sleep. Michael did not go to sleep. He lay in the dark. He could smell Phoebe, and his paraffin heating stove, and himself. He thought about Callum. If he could imagine Callum as a Buddha, that would, at least, be fashionable. But Callum could never be plump, gold, and pleasing. He was livid and grizzly—like the country Michael had seen, briefly, west the road. Michael was in for a different kind of god here. He was in for trouble.

MICHAEL and Phoebe went to see the deer fence close up the next morning—which turned out gray and bitter—and looked through onto the moor, shivering. The laird was responsible for the fence, and it was well-kept, tight-strung wire net, a good eight feet high. But it was more than a fence to keep the stags off the wretched croft lands and on the moor, where the shooting parties could get them. It was a barrier, formal, between places where people did and did not live. Beyond that fence was no tree, no gorse, no bracken or grass. There was no house, not even a fallen chimney or a scattered stone wall. No one had ever, ever lived here.

Heather; nothing else. A sour, twiggy growth, one foot high, not brown, not green or purple, but a livid combination of all three. It wrapped up the hillside like a cold fur, rising on the left to crags of blackish rock, falling on the right, north, to the valley of the River Beauly. The fence made the western barrier of Callum's field, and the willow and timber of the field stopped short there. Ahead, the road, changing to a cart track beyond the gate, ran on through heather to hills beyond hills; that, eventually, was where Michael and Phoebe were going. But Michael, though he wanted the calm and space with all his soul, couldn't face the moor yet. He was shivering, and, besides, he had to find out about the sheep; he could hardly go west the road with his dog on a leash.

They turned back and walked down to Croichan. Callum was in his chair, well wrapped up, on the edge of the bank above the road. Mary had given him a pair of field glasses for entertainment.

"Our boy, the Glasgow boy, sent me these from Edinburgh," said Callum. "He bought them new; he is doing well. Look in them. Mackay, across the river, has two new lambs in his field." He gave Michael the glasses.

Adjusting them, Michael realized that from the bank Callum could see not only the fenced field below but the valley of the River Beauly (the river itself was hidden by trees), the farms and grazing on the other side, and most of the south face of Beinn a' Bha'ach Ard, still webbed with snow. If he turned the glasses west, he could see the deer fence and a good part of the moor.

"Are you seeing? Across the river, by the two trees. They would be earlier than us, down there, with the lambs. Ours have no' started yet."

"You know," said Michael, "I was up at the fence just now, and I couldn't see any sheep west the road. Maybe I could take the dog there after all."

"She must no' be chasing the sheep," said Callum. "Wait you for Fochan."

"I guess so." To change the subject, Michael said, "Do you sit here every day?"

"Och, aye," said Callum indifferently. "When it's no' raining. Will you be going to the house?"

"We'll have a walk first."

As they went through the gate, Michael saw Callum fix the glasses on them and so follow them down the hill. That was why Michael was not really surprised when a hare, with a sound like ripping silk, bolted out of a clump of grass at his feet. Callum seemed so much in charge, so much the incarnation of the place, that he must have produced the hare, summoned it up for his own diversion.

Michael had seen many jackrabbits and—hunting with Phoebe once in the North Riding—English hares, but this was a Scottish blue hare, and for a second he wondered what it was, this stocky, bouncing animal, patchy white, its spring coat a gleaming iron blue. Then he forgot his non-violent resolutions and yelled, "*Phoebe!*" with a squawk of excitement in his voice, "*Hare! Hare!*," and the dog, not ready for hunting so soon, came up like a girl running for a bus, dropping packages, collecting her skirts. Then she saw the black-tipped ears, which were still upright and confident, cruising through a patch of bog myrtle; her eyes went hard and black and she started to run. The hare also saw what was after it—no yapping terrier or imbecile collie—and its ears went down gently, like a black-tipped shawl, across its back. Without seeming to move any more violently, it accelerated and skimmed away into the first willows, Phoebe right behind, before Michael could start to unglue his feet from the ground. The sky was gray, but as the two animals went through the trees a slit of sun turned the branches yellow behind them.

Michael cursed himself for yelling. He was involved again, irrevocably, though he had no more part in what was happening now. He couldn't save the hare, or help the dog. The hare would probably head for shelter, he thought as he ran. It would run for the tall bracken on that little hill. If it tired too soon, it could dodge and twist, confusing the hound and maybe breaking her legs if she tripped doubling back. It could swim the stream. It could go down a rabbit hole, though that would be its last resort, and in very bad taste for a hare. It could lead Phoebe to a fresh hare and so start a relay race that would go on till the hound dropped dead. But if she once touched it, however lightly, it would scream and give up, and keep on screaming till she broke its neck.

Those were the rules. It was a ritual, part of the general agreement made and held by Things, and Michael, almost unwillingly, had committed himself and Phoebe to it again.

Michael panted down into the valley and up the grass-covered hill. He could see the two poised at full speed below him, as if they were hanging still and the valley unrolling alongside. Phoebe gained; the landscape stood still. The hare disappeared. The dog fell, scrabbled up, leaped into the air looking left and right, and uncoiled again as she saw the grass dividing, subtly, ten feet to her left. Then, with awe, Michael saw how well she knew her business. She was no longer chasing the hare. She knew, as he did, that it would be heading for the bracken, and she angled to intercept it. For about thirty seconds, Michael saw his dog working the hare exactly as a rodeo cutting horse works a calf. They seemed to dance and writhe. Then the hare panicked and tried to break past. The hound twisted, snapped, and fell. The screaming began. It was a hoarse, bleating *an-an-an-an*. Hares were provocative, running, but when they were caught they wallowed in their own death. Well, why not, thought Michael, why not yell and make the most of it? I would. There was such a jerking and screaming in the tall grass that he wondered who was killing whom. Then quiet, and the slow curve of Phoebe's tail above the grass.

He walked over, resigned. No blood; she had broken its neck, in the proper way, and he praised her formally, sorrowfully, stroking her and calling her "Hound hare-hunter." He could hear a faint scraping sound in her lungs, and she coughed. It was a sign of overstrain, a small ruptured blood vessel in the lung, a common thing with coursing hounds; it was not serious, and would pass. As for the hare, it could have been any runner, dead—horse, deer, Phoebe herself. They were all alike, these running creatures—angular, economical. The dog had lost interest. It was not her business anymore.

It was, unfortunately, Michael's business now—eight pounds of it, three feet long. Callum had seen the hunt and was grinning, his face pink and almost healthy, as Michael came up the hill with Phoebe wavering behind him. Michael raised the hare in the hunter's way, by the hind legs. Callum took it, pleased, and put it across his lap. He did not say thanks. Urine from the dead hare ran down one of his artificial thighs, and its eyes, open but crusted with dirt, looked at the other.

Mary roasted it for dinner that day, with bacon and a sauce of prophecy—Michael reading the Brahan Seer to them in the warm, meat-smelling room while Phoebe coughed by the fire and Callum, eyes half shut, thought and simmered about something in his own world. Michael offered Phoebe the hare's heart, and as usual she looked insulted until he cut it up small for her. Then she accepted it, out of a bowl. Mary also made an unspeakable soup out of the hare's head and blood, and as it was too rich for a diabetic—Callum was only allowed a small piece of the meat—Michael had to eat most of it. The flesh was like turkey, lean and dry, but rank.

After dinner, Mary scrubbed the wooden table and set out flour, eggs, milk, syrup, and spoons for baking. She made scones daily for bread, without looking, like a touch typist, and baked them over the coals on an iron griddle. She still had the brown wool kerchief on. "It will be hare pie tomorrow," she said. "We will be weeks eating it all."

"It was the hunting I could see again," said Callum. "That was a fine sight, the hunting."

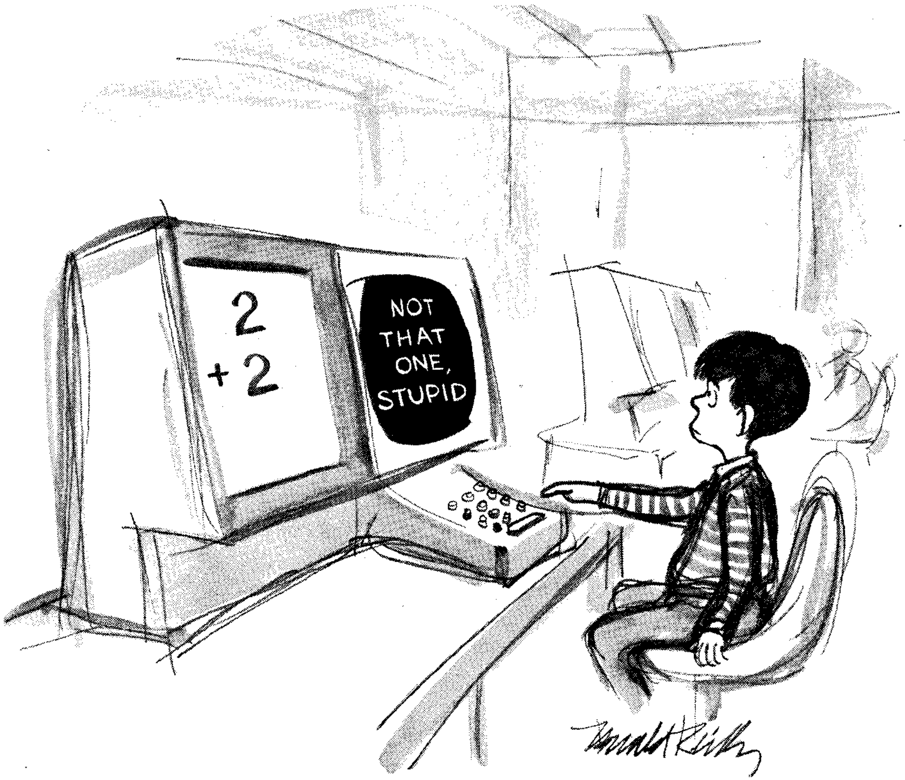
"We'll catch you another," said Michael, sitting by the fire, turning the pages of the thin brown book.

"Och, well," said Callum. "They are not so common now, the hares, as they used to be. You may not be seeing another."

"Coinneach Odhar foretold that, too," said Michael, finding the prophecy he was looking for. "He knew just what was going to happen up here. 'There will come a time when the jawbone of the big sheep will put the plough on the rafters.' Well? That was the Clearances."

"Aye, so it was," admitted Mary.

"When sheep shall become so numerous that the bleating of one shall be heard by



> the other from Conchra in Loch-alsh to Bun-da-Loch in Kintail they shall be at their height in price, and henceforth will go back and deteriorate, until they disappear altogether.”

“True,” said Mary. “It is all tourists and shooting and skiing these days, and even the laird does poorly with the sheep.”

> “The *ancient proprietors of the soil* shall give place to strange merchant proprietors, and the whole Highlands will become one huge deer forest; the whole country will be so utterly desolated and depopulated that the crow of a cock shall not be heard north of Druim-Uachdair; the people will emigrate to Islands now unknown, but which shall yet be discovered in the boundless oceans, after which the deer and other wild animals in the huge wilderness shall be exterminated and drowned by horrid black rains.”

The room was quiet. Then Mary slapped a round of dough on the griddle, quartered it, sprinkled on flour, and put it down to bake. It swelled and steamed, with a rich, warm smell.

“I’m liking the emigration part right enough,” she said. “We have cousins in British Columbia, and two in New Zealand. But I’m no’ understanding that last bittie, about the rains.”

“It was the end of us all Coinneach Odhar was seeing,” said Callum.

“I think it was the end,” said Michael.

Then Phoebe looked up, her ears in a fluff for listening, and Callum said, “It is a car.”

“It is the Land-Rover,” said Mary. “Fochan is that bad a driver; he had the gate off, last time, and he nearly killed the bull.”

When Fochan came in, nobody said hello. They were used to him. He sat in the corner, and Mary gave him tea. He was a bald man with big ears, and the responsibility of the laird’s sheep had shrivelled his face to a look of sullen bad temper. His chief collie (Michael could see two younger ones in the Land-Rover outside) came in with him and lay under his chair, growling at Phoebe, who growled back. The two dogs had been bred for thousands of years, one to kill and the other to keep, and they seemed to take themselves seriously. Fochan had the skill and practice to kick a dog without spilling a drop of his tea. Michael was impressed.

There was the sound of Mary baking, and the crow of a cockerel outside on the midden. Then Callum startled them all by speaking in Gaelic to the shepherd: “*Bheil caoraich air a’ mhonadh an drasd?*”

Michael smiled at the lovely, useless words. Fochan’s dog peered out and sniffed, as if Gaelic smelled new to him, though an older collie would have slept through English and Gaelic alike. Mary giggled.

“Michael has been reading to us out of Coinneach Odhar,” she said, “and himself will be in a moodie.”

So Fochan smiled, humoring him, and answered, “*Tha; tha dha’ na thri thall air taobh an iar a’ Loch Garbh Bhreac.*” But then it took hold of them and they spoke for a while, seriously, but always with the same undertone of wry self-amusement they had when they spoke English. It might have been the counterpoint Gaelic gives to the voice, or the way they felt about their lives. Michael could not tell. Fochan drank three cups of tea and left to see to the sheep.

“Och, we were leaving you out,” said Mary to Michael. “But we got onto the last time we heard the Gaelic spoken. It was Callum’s old Aunt Maggie, her that died ten years ago; it has been that long. They put her into a home, you see—she was daft, she was no’ strong enough to look out for herself—and we were all so scared of her we would no’ go to see her in the home. And when Callum went at last, she was just wild at him, and she gave him such a talking-to in the Gaelic—so that the nurses would no’ understand, you see—and she kept him at it all the afternoon. And himself was just sitting by the bed as quiet as a mousie—imagine himself so scared; she was that bad a *cailleach* while she was ranting—and all he could say was ‘*Tha, tha,*’ until he was brave enough to get away. Och, aye, and he was asking Fochan were there the sheep up west the road the now.”

She made scones as fast as she spoke. Michael could not follow the knead and slap of her hands or the soft patter, like birds’ feet, of her voice. He caught up with her at last and said, “The sheep? Are they? Tell me.”

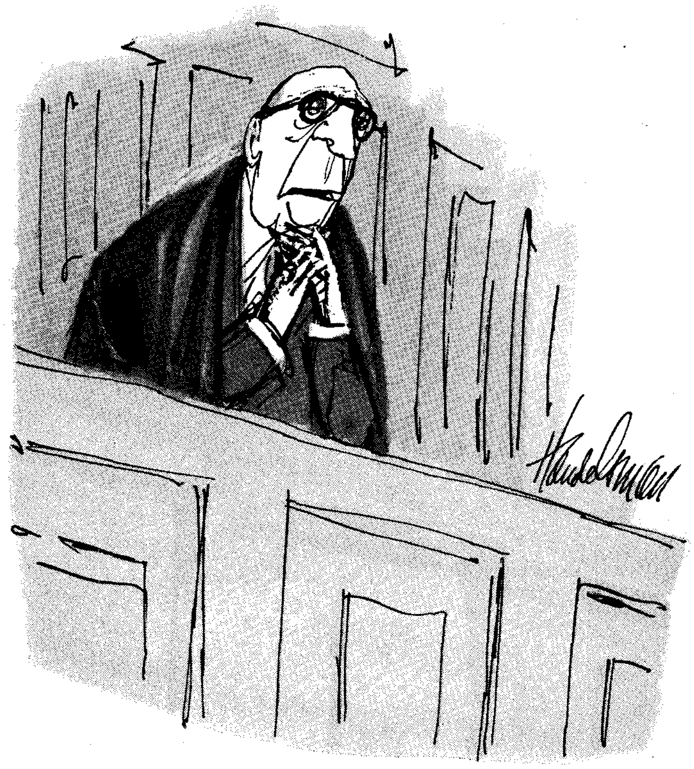
“No,” said Callum.

They hadn’t expected him to speak for a long time yet, and even Mary, Michael noticed, was startled. She dropped a scone off the griddle and there was the reek of burned flour in the room. Phoebe sneezed. What was wrong with Mary, Michael wondered. Could Callum be lying? Michael wished, now, he knew Gaelic.

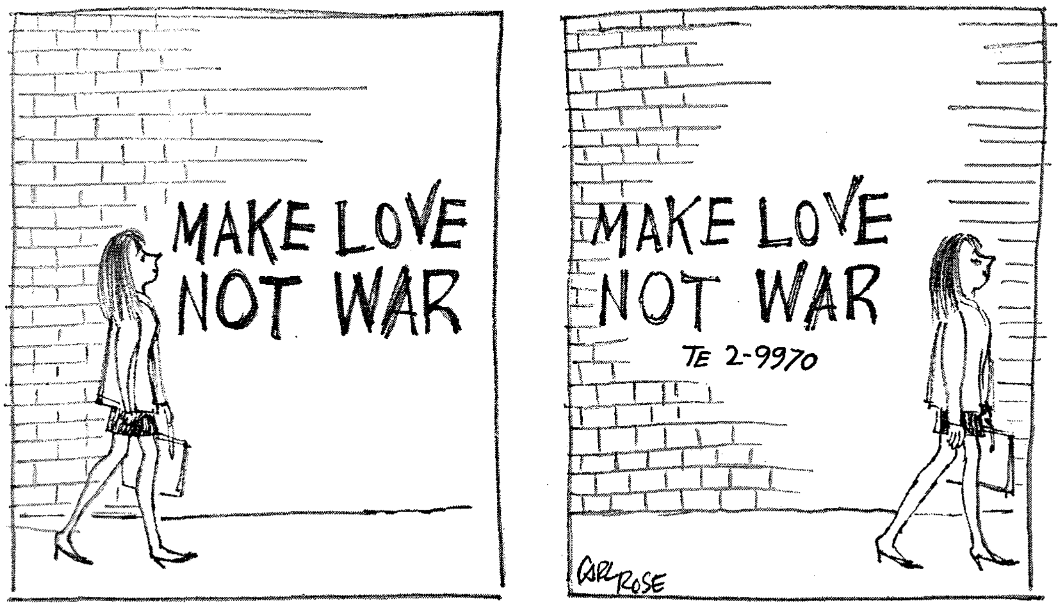
“No,” said Callum in his soft voice. “The sheep are no’ there after all. He has penned them for the lambing.”

MICHAEL had to spend the next morning studying and writing up notes. Once, he looked through the window and saw Mary halfway up the road from Croichan, as if she were coming to visit him, but when he looked up again she had turned back. He admitted to himself that, however friendly she seemed, she probably had not stopped seeing him as a disturbance, a threat, and would not have the courage to come to his house. He went back to his work, until, in the late afternoon, he took Phoebe and, at last, they went west the road.

Callum was out on the bank and watched them, waving, till the road curved uphill on its way to the deer fence and cut them temporarily out of his sight.



“Defense counsel’s motion that this Court disqualify itself as prejudiced has been weighed carefully by this Court. Motion denied.”



Michael and Phoebe went through the gate in the deer fence and he shut it carefully behind him. Michael had seen deserts and sage flats, but they were gardens compared to this moor. In America, the bleak spaces were simply not inhabited *yet*. But he felt something hopeless here, as if people had lived on the edges of the moor for thousands of years without ever having the desire or the ability to live on it, or do anything with it, besides cutting a few peats, or running a few hardy Blackface sheep on the heather, or burying their dead; the survey map showed some ancient burial mounds farther in along the road.

No wonder the people spoke of it in ritual phrases—the hill, west the road. Michael, like most Americans, had seen ads for tweeds and whiskey, but those were pretty—or, at least, romantic—pictures. This was a black, hideous country. Still, it was not menacing and complicated like the woods below. It felt passive, vacant; when Callum withdrew into his half-idiot privacy, it was a place like this he must approach. They went along the cart track. Another gray day. Below Michael, but still in the sky, over the Beauly woods, was one hawk.

Phoebe trotted off, limbering up. She was still coughing, from the strain of her hunt, but a short walk would do her good. There was the bell-like cackle of a grouse, and Michael jumped, thinking it might be a bleat, a sheep. Phoebe chased birds casually, for amusement; she slithered into them, nose down, as if she were rooting them out of the heather. Two grouse thundered up and planed off, squawking, down toward the river. She watched them go. They were not her business.

In a fold of the hill Michael saw a small loch, like a drop of lead under the sky. The survey map called it Loch Garbh Bhreac. That name had a familiar look; perhaps Callum had mentioned it once. But there was such a gap between written and spoken Gaelic that it was impossible to tell. Two miles ahead along the road was Loch Avoch, where the crofters had once cut peats. Tomorrow they would go there, and tell Callum—who had probably cut peats himself there, fifty years ago—how it looked now. The next day, they would go past Loch Avoch, to the hill where there was no road.

Now it was getting late—time to turn back. Up here, darkness started from the ground, as if the heather were exhaling something cold and he was walking into it. He watched Phoebe, trying to invest himself in her running, trying to find some of the peace he had been hoping for—watching so hard that he did begin to feel her freedom, her galloping across the dun-colored, slowly spinning hill. The great sweep of space began to accept him, and became a comfort. He began to lose track of the edges of himself. It was a brief tilt of experience, a spillover of sleep, but for that second he was free of Things, stones, hunting. He was cut loose.

And then, as he approached the deer fence, one of those alternate selves that had been so quiet the past week remarked dispassionately, "There is, of course, a flock of Blackface sheep at the bottom of the hill, and Phoebe is after them."

He looked, and saw the little, moving group of sheep and dog far away, and started to run down the steep hillside, over bogs and heather roots, in crazy leaps, but—as in a nightmare—the sheep and dog refused to come closer. There were eight sheep, white, pregnant, with mottled black legs and heads. They were tripping over their coarse winter's wool. There was his hunting, sand-colored dog. She grabbed the hind leg of the slowest and most pregnant sheep, and, like the hare, it gave up the minute it felt her teeth. It could have easily kicked her away; if it had even turned to face her, she would have backed down. But this killing-and-being-killed was a formal game, played by rules. The sheep, unlike the hare, was silent. It folded up and went to its knees, yellow eyes looking somewhere else in a perfect passive resistance. One of Michael's selves said, "That sheep would be useful in the fight for civil rights. Shall we have a demonstration?" And another murmured, "Ewesful."

Michael was outraged at their bad taste, and also sobbing, for breath and in frustration. The dog would not hear him, or obey if she did. Now she backed off, tugging like a puppy with a sock, and white wool spun out across the blackish ground. There began to be blood. No sound of struggle—the heather was too soft. At last, Michael got there and grabbed at the dog, but that, apparently, was a violation of the rules. Blind and deaf, Phoebe must have thought the sheep was fighting back; in terror, she twisted free and bolted up the hill.

"Idiot," said Michael to everything.

He watched her run; there was nothing else he could do. She was coughing badly now. The air was cold, smelling of mud. Up on the bank where Callum, of course, was, the air would be fresher, even warm. At this distance, Michael could not see Callum—just a glitter of last light on the wheel spokes and on the field glasses. But he knew now why Callum had been watching, and how eagerly. —JOANNA OSTROW

•

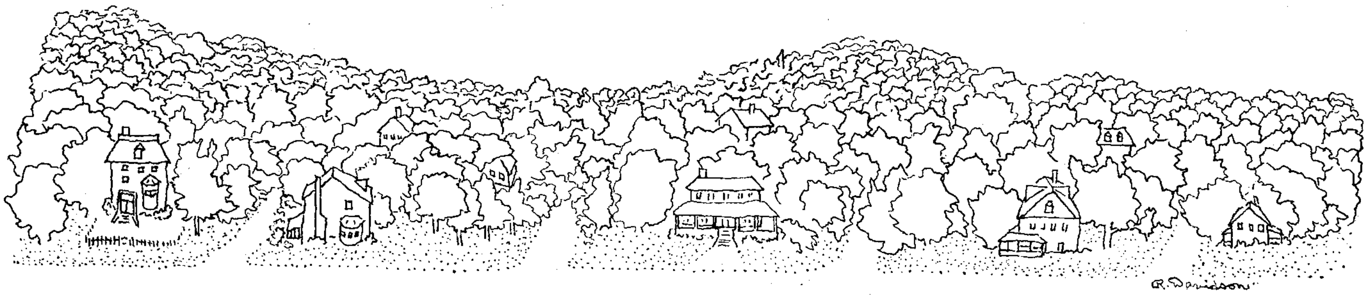
The construction and the method of playing the bass *dyndy* known as *plashprment* reminds us of the mediaeval trumscheit.—"*Musical Instruments Through the Ages*," *by Dr. Alexander Buchner*.

Funny, it hit us just the other way.

PROFILES

A PRELUDE—I

LANDSCAPES, CHARACTERS, AND CONVERSATIONS FROM THE EARLIER YEARS OF MY LIFE



IN the summer of 1914, I began keeping a notebook, which eventually turned into something more like a journal—though it never became for any length of time a day-by-day diary. I never noted the weather or recorded everything that I did but only aimed to catch *sur le vif* things that struck me as significant or interesting. These articles represent a first installment. At this stage, my notations were scrappy, and I have had to fill them in with something in the nature of reminiscences.

Of the two short stories to be included in the third of these articles, "The Death of a Soldier" first appeared in book form in "The Undertaker's Garland," written in collaboration with John Peale Bishop, and "Lieutenant Franklin" in "Travels in Two Democracies." In the notebooks, I have corrected punctuation and spelling, and have occasionally corrected the style in order to remedy some intolerable clumsiness. I do not much recommend for its interest the 1908 record of my first trip to Europe, but I am printing it for the sake of completeness, and because it provides me with a pretext for explaining certain family matters.

FIRST TRIP TO EUROPE
1908

"My Trip Abroad"
Edmund Wilson Jr.
Red Bank N.J.
Presented
By
Miss Margaret
Edwards

[Margaret Edwards, about my own age, was at that time my closest friend in Red Bank. I shall tell more about her later. The diary, bound in leather, that she gave me when I was going away had "My Trip Abroad" stamped on the cover.

I crossed with my family on the North German liner König Albert. At the dock, I bought a riddle book, which must have been British. Two of the riddles, because of their badness, have remained in my mind ever since: "Why is a needy pauper like a man getting down a pork pie from the top shelf?" Answer: "Because he is a pore creature." "What is the difference between a beggar and the Czar of Russia?" Answer: "The Czar issues manifestoes, and the beggar manifests toes without his shoes." This joke book is forever embedded in the memory of my first excitement at going to Europe.

On the boat was William Randolph Hearst, of whose sinister reputation I had been constantly hearing and reading. He resembled the caricatures I had seen of him. Tall and stooping, gray-eyed and gray-faced, he walked the deck by himself.]

May 8, 1908 [My birthday. I was thirteen]
The Azore Islands

In the afternoon we passed three of the Azores. First we passed Fayal, then Peko. On Peko is Mount Peko, 7613 ft. high, the top of which is in the clouds. After that we saw San Jorge, which was very beautiful.

On the tops of the hills we could see palm trees. The houses were nearly all white with red roofs and there were a great many windmills, which looked like large pinwheels. From San Jorge a man in uniform, the American consul, and some Portuguese came out to the ship to get the mail, which was lowered to them while the captain talked to the consul, who wore an eyeglass, through a megaphone.

The people on the Azores are mostly Portuguese (because the islands are owned by Portugal) and are very clean. So clean that some emigrants from the Azores were not allowed to mix with the others, but were given a place by themselves.

The islands themselves are very uneven and mountainous and seem to be surrounded by high cliffs, on which the waves dash very high.

A lady told us she had three sons who had never seen the Azores, all boys.

We passed St. Michael at 4 o'clock in the morning.

May 11, 1908
Gibraltar

Today we stopped at Gibraltar. The rock looked exactly like the advertisement for the Prudential Life Insurance Company. [In those days, it was pronounced *advértisement*, as it is in England, but I now call it *advertízement* and spell it with a z.]

When we first landed there, a lot of men and boys crowded around us selling things.

We took a carriage and drove first to the Alameda Garden, where the flowers were beautiful and the cactus plants grew very large. Some were crab cacti, others looked like feet. Gibraltar is semi-tropical, and the fields are filled with wild poppies and other flowers. After this, we drove around the rock. The streets are filled with Moors, who have donkeys with packs slung over their backs on both sides.

Then we drove through some of the streets and bought things. I bought a little clay bull, Sandy bought some stamps, and mother and Esther bought crazy little baskets. [Sandy (Reuel B. Kimball, Jr.) and Esther C. Kimball were my first cousins on my mother's side, the former fifteen months older than I, the latter a little more than two years younger.]

After that, we went in some of the markets, where we bought some very good dates and baskets.

The Mediterranean looked very calm and we could see Africa and Spain across it.

May 11, 1908
Spain
Linea

After Gibraltar we visited a Spanish village; we had to walk because carriages are not allowed inside.

The village was called Linea and we drove across the neutral ground to reach it.

A guide showed us around. Begging is allowed in Spain and a lot of bogus beggars came around us when we got out of the carriage.

The guide told us that there was a bull-fight every Sunday there.

After we had seen the village and bought some postcards we came home.

May 15-19
Naples

We arrived at Naples Friday. Naples is a very dirty place, full of howling dagoes. We visited the Aquarium, which, though small, has many interesting fish, including several octopi, which we watched a long time.

Saturday we went to Pompeii. And the day after to Capri. I was sick after that [the truth was that I was terribly scared at the prospect of a trip up Vesuvius; I pretended that I was ill and remained at the hotel in bed]—on Monday we saw the Naples Museum where all the best statuary from Pompeii and Herculaneum is. There were busts of all the Caesars and a great many famous statues, including the statue of Hercules leaning on his club, the Venus de [Capua?], the Farnese Bull, the statue of Trajan which is in my history book, and others. After the statues, we saw the mosaics, which we liked best. There were mosaic altars and pictures, one of which was of different animals, one of which greatly resembled a skink. [Sandy and I thought we had made up this animal, which we often talked about, then were astonished to find it in the dictionary. Our skinks had ice-cream flavoring in their tails, which, when we drew them, appeared as cubic bulges.] Also there was a very large one of Alexander the Great. Then we saw the things taken from Pompeii—musical instruments, wall paintings, eggs, grain, olives, latches of doors and other things. The theatre tickets were very interesting: there were skulls for dead heads, violins for orchestra seats, pigeons for the gallery, and round things for the slaves and ordinary seats. There were also fishes no one knows about. In the next room was Pompeii in miniature, which we did not have time to examine because the guide told us that the museum closed in a few minutes. So we had to go away without seeing many of the best things. In Naples we bought a great many things.

May 16
Pompeii

[I had prepared for this visit on the voyage over by reading "The Last Days of Pompeii," which I found intolerably tedious. I was never even then susceptible of becoming engrossed in stories that were clumsily told and badly written, and I have never liked historical novels. "Ivanhoe," which I also read at this time, bored me just as much.]

When we first got to Pompeii, we got a very poor guide, but walked until we got to a little postcard store, where a man telephoned for a guide. We ate our lunch while waiting for the guide to come and when he came we felt much better.

First he showed us the civil forum and the temple of Mercury, where there was a dining table. In the olden time, when the priests had eaten as much as they could, they leaned over and threw up in a trench where there was running water, and began all over again. We saw the public washing place, in which was the statue of the goddess of washing.

The temple of Isis and the temple of Apollo were very interesting. The temple of Apollo has a statue which was used as an oracle. After the people had paid to hear it speak, a priest would talk through a brass tube which went into the head of the statue and made it look as if it spoke.

The house of the Vettii was only excavated a little while ago. It had very beautiful wall paintings and the fountains were in such good condition that they would even play when turned on. Above the peristyle (which is what they used to call the garden which is in the middle of nearly every house) hung masks which used to have lights behind them. Then we saw the house of the golden cupids, which was only excavated a little while ago.

We also saw the cellars of the house of Diomed and the house of Glaucus or the house of the tragic poet, where there is a mosaic of a dog with the

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motto "Cave Canem" ("Beware of the Dog").

After a while we took two chairs which were carried by two men, which we took turns riding in. We finally came back very tired, the only drawback being that the chicken sandwiches were all hide [skin].

We also saw Virgil's tomb in Naples, but did not go to Herculaneum as we had planned.

MAY 17
CAPRI

The day after Pompeii, we went to Capri on the boat. On the way we passed Sorrento, which looked very pretty. When we reached Capri, we first went to the Blue Grotto. The entrance is about 3 ft. high, so we had to lie down in the boat to get in. When we got in everything looked blue, the walls and the water, and anything put in the water turned a beautiful silvery blue.

After the Blue Grotto, we went back to the town of Capri, where we had a very good luncheon. After lunch we took a drive all around Capri.

We passed the Villa of Tiberius and we were going to another little village near Capri when we found it was time to go home.

The water looks all different colors from the shore at Capri.

[It ought to be explained at this point that our European summer was a joint expedition by the Kimballs, the Knoxes, and the Wilsons. My Aunt Caroline, my Uncle Reuel's wife, had been a Knox, and her mother and my aunt's sister Adelaide were travelling with us as well as my aunt and uncle and their children—my two cousins, Esther and Sandy. There was a great deal of going and coming. We were rarely all together for long. Uncle Reuel and Aunt Caroline spoke German and Aunt Caroline French. Esther and Sandy had had a French governess and could get along in French. I was rather envious of them and declared that I did not want to learn French, but would perfect myself in German because it was a more virile language. (In later life, it turned out that German was the language that I was never able to learn really well.) It was one of the jokes of the party that Mrs. Knox claimed to speak Italian, which her family did not believe. They would say, "When we get to Italy, Mother will take care of everything."

Mrs. Knox, like my mother, was a sturdy example of the American women of her generation: very dominating, active, and downright. Her husband, John Jay Knox, had been Comptroller of the Currency for many years, then the president of a New York bank. The Knoxes came from Knoxboro, New York, which is not very far from Talcottville, where my mother's family had lived. I do not know whether the two families had known one another before they came to New Jersey and lived next door to one another at Monmouth Beach, but both John Jay Knox and my grandfather and his brother had gone to Hamilton College, at Clinton, New York. Mrs. Knox had acquired from her husband a considerable knowledge of finance, and she kept up her ample establishment by an adroit manipulation of the stock market. My father used to give her advice, though he never bought stocks himself, since he regarded playing the market as a form of gambling and hence immoral. After her husband's death, in the nineties, she built a big house at Sea Bright, New Jersey. It had a huge room, with a grand piano and French windows on three sides, and at the other end a raised platform on which concerts were sometimes given. Mrs. Knox was fond of music and had friends in the professional musical world, whom she brought down from New York and induced to perform. Above this stage was a kind of balcony, from which she could peer down and see what was going on below. Her household was a special kingdom, self-contained and self-satisfied. Till her youngest daughter married, two sons and two daughters lived with her, and my uncle and aunt lived next door, so that the whole thing composed a family unit, buried away just off the Rumson Road on a kind of little alley called Hartshorn Lane. The Knox sons had vague jobs in New York, to which they would commute by steamboat, but I remember them as almost always at Sea Bright and always seeming dependent on their mother, as were also, a good deal of the time, a son-in-law and his Knox wife. They called each other by their childhood nicknames—Caroline was Tibby, Adelaide Raidy, and the third sister Betty-Betty—and they created such an atmosphere of intimacy that the men and girls whom they married might find themselves a little uncomfortable when they discovered that an effort was needed to accept the Knoxes on their own terms and

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to realize that they themselves could never quite be part of the clan. I always enjoyed seeing them, though everyone not a Knox was a kind of outsider. The young men, who would be drinking cocktails, would always be most charming and amusing when Sandy and I dropped in, and if we seemed to be smartly dressed would address us as Count and Lord Wilson, which latter was my pseudonym for the stories derived from Sherlock Holmes and Raffles series that Sandy and I were writing. I remember that one of them, who had just bought a new suit, delighted me by showing it off in the poses of the figures in the clothing ads: "Spring Suitings for Young Men," etc. The tactless asperities of Mrs. Knox immediately became favorite family jokes. She had said on one occasion to a departing caller who stood and talked in the open screen door, "I'd rather have you come in again than the flies." When, in the twenties, I saw "The Cherry Orchard" performed by the Moscow Art Theatre, it reminded me exactly of something I had known, but I could not identify this with the household of my Virginian relatives, who lived not in that kind of country house but in or near the University at Charlottesville. Then I remembered the Knoxes: the same spirit of family cohesiveness, the same amiable frivolity and futility. It had, for example, been a joke for years that one of the young men had always been under the delusion that there were fish to be caught in a pond on the place but always came back empty-handed. I used to catch baby painted turtles there and keep them in pans of water for pets. The meadows behind the Knox place were full of daisies and black-eyed Susans that grew in the long grass. The charm of this part of New Jersey is always today revived for me by Winslow Homer's little painting, called "In June," of a girl in summer clothes lying in such a meadow, as the charm of the old Jersey Coast—the young women with their parasols on the sandy cliffs—is caught by him in his painting of Long Branch.

The temperament of my uncle Reuel Kimball—he will be described later on—did not lend itself to the Knox family tone, but he became an accepted institution, and would come over to play backgammon or bridge with them in the evenings. When the youngest daughter, Adelaide, married, her husband, André Chéronnet-Champollion, half American but the great-grandson of the well-known Egyptologist who deciphered the Rosetta Stone, turned

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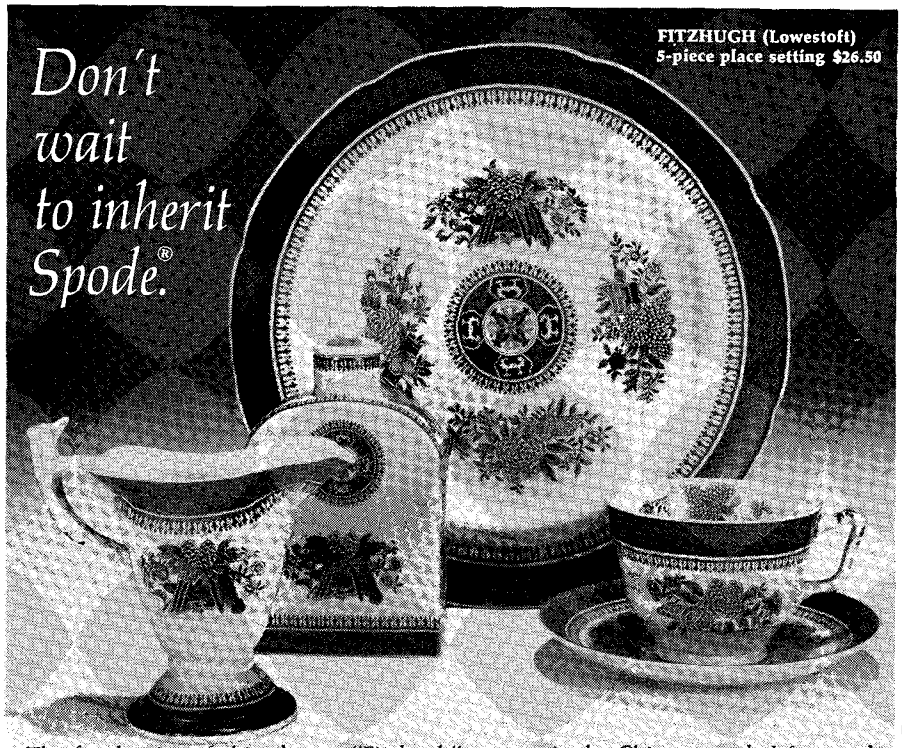

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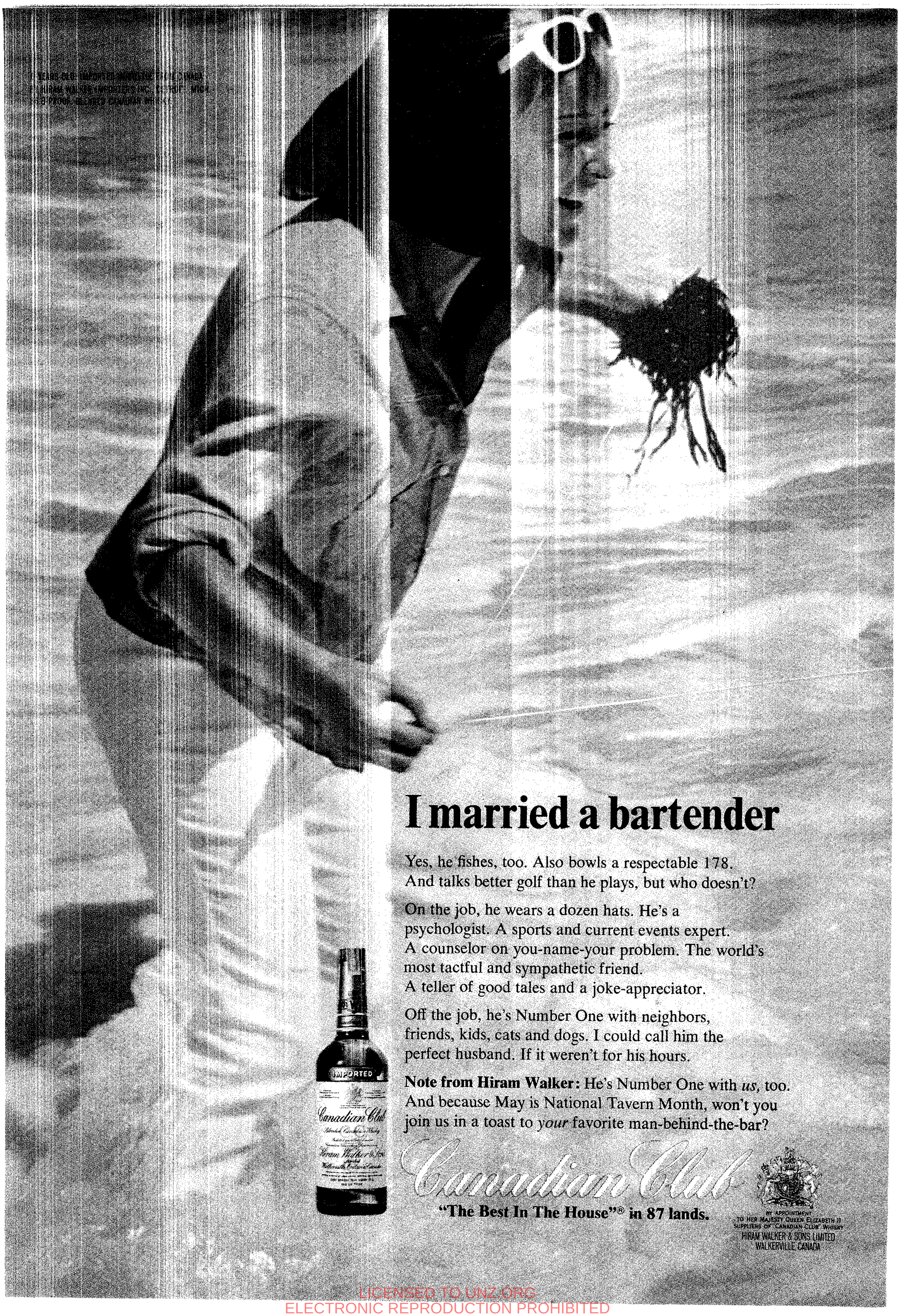

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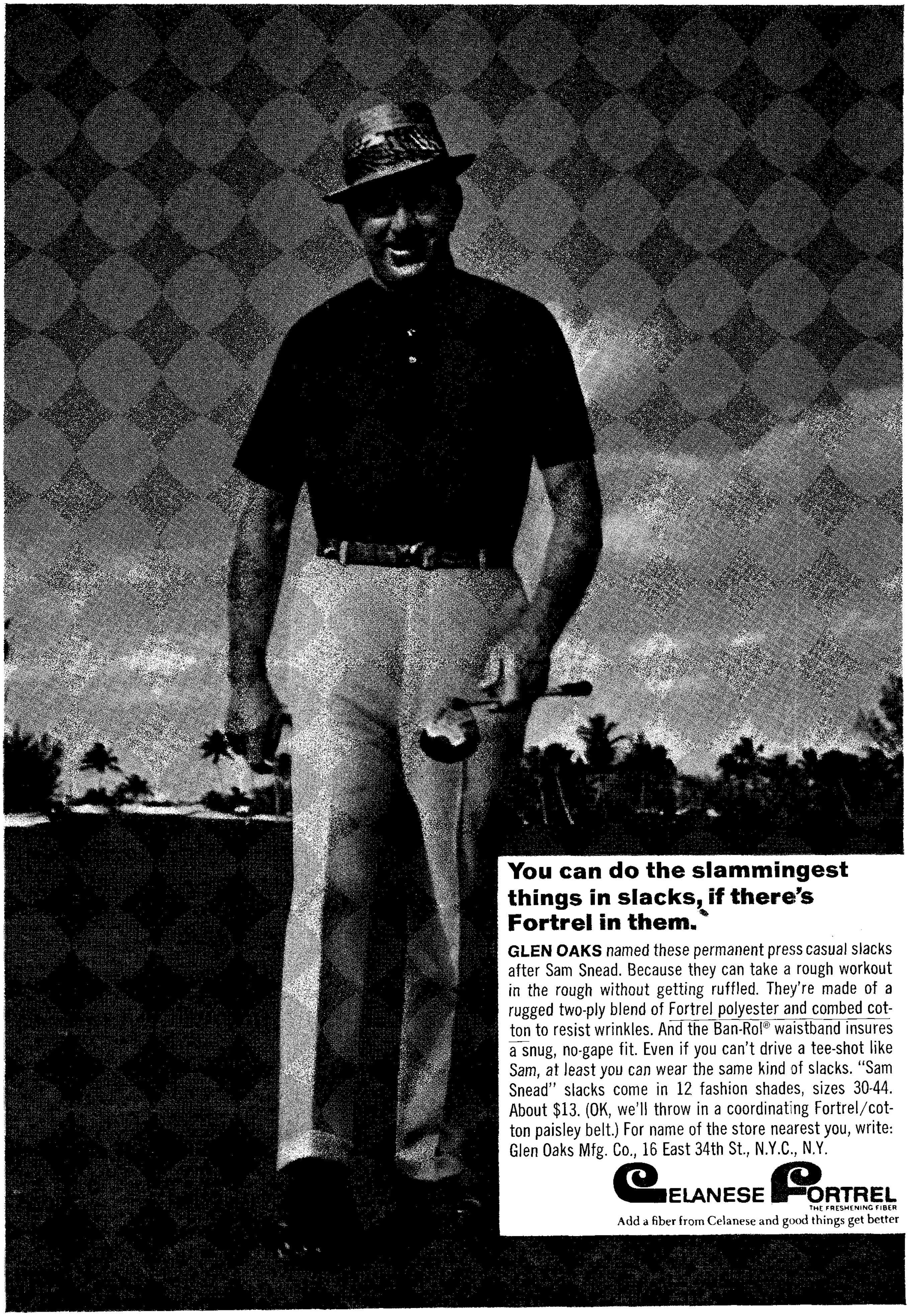

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out, to the discomfort of the Knoxes, entirely unassimilable by them. He was a painter but quite affluent, much travelled, very well read and well informed, and independent to the point of insolence. When the family and their visitors began their conversations and cocktails in the later afternoon, he would continue to sit reading with his back to them. They began by making fun of his mustache, whose shape he preserved when in bed by a device that prevented its getting dishevelled and which they said was exactly like the Kaiser's, but he was soon making fun of them—he would mimic my Aunt Caroline teaching Esther ladylike manners—and could be extremely disconcerting when he resorted to a kind of clowning which I supposed he had picked up in youth in performing with the Hasty Pudding Club. I shall tell more about him later. Adelaide, whom he married not long after our trip, was by far the most attractive of the family. She was dark and extremely pretty—though "pretty" is not really suitable for so proud and so trenchant a personality. She was a great favorite with my father, for whom the rest of the Knoxes—"except the old lady"—were too lightweight and too worldly, and I was later to have for her the kind of admiration of a boy for an older woman completely beyond his reach that can only make him shy and awkward. I remember how much I was pleased by Adelaide's appreciation when I sang her a song from New York:

I'm the only star that twinkles
 on Broadway,
All the other stars are only shines
 they say,
I'm a public benefactress,
I'm a lady, and an actress,
Why, I'm making Leslie
 Carter's hair turn gray:
I remember when Belasco saw
 me play,
He threw up his hands and
 fainted dead away,
Richard Mansfield lost his reason
'Cause I've signed with Hill
 next season,
I'm the only star that twinkles
 on Broadway.

Adelaide was quite unlike her conventional sister Caroline—who as a young girl, severely chaperoned, had studied music in Paris—and, with my mother, would scandalize Caroline in Europe by going out on the streets unescorted. Her ideas were, however, quite commonplace, and in my conversation with her I do not remember hitting off the least spark of response. Recalling that summer in Europe, I was to write about her years later, when I heard that she was having a

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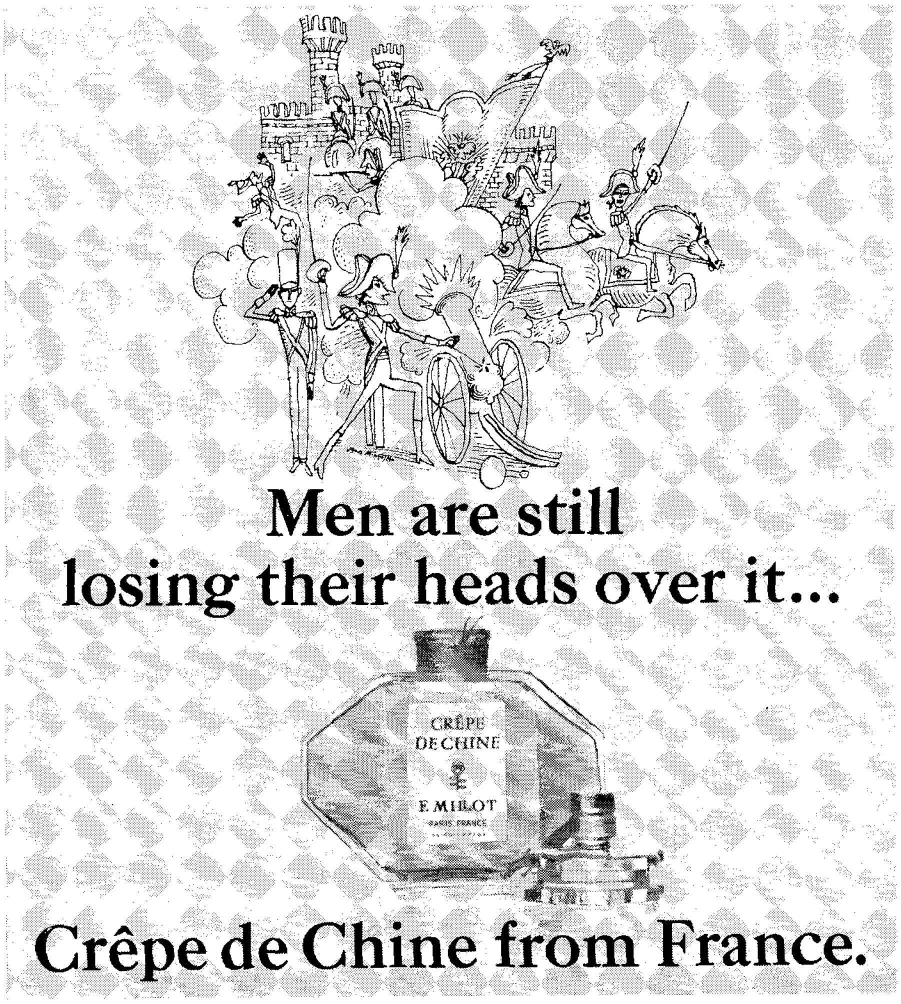
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"breakdown" and had been sent to a sanitarium:

> Her loved American laughter, male
> and clear,
> That rang so young in London or
> in Rome—
> A quarter century gone, my
> fortieth year—
> Is mute among those living ghosts
> at home.]

MAY 19
ROME

When we arrived in Rome we stayed at the Hotel Royal. We noticed how clean it was, which was different from Naples. One of the first things we saw was Saint Peter's, which is the biggest church in the world. It is very beautiful inside. We also saw the Coliseum and the Baths of Caracalla, which were even more interesting. When we first got there, we met Sandy's grandmother, [his] Aunt Adelaide, Uncle John and Aunt Florence. Sandy's grandmother [Mrs. Knox] took us to the Capitol to see the statue of Marcus Aurelius and the dying gladiator. The same day she took us to see the Church of the Cappuccini. Here when a monk dies he is buried in earth brought from Jerusalem. After he has been there a certain time, he is taken out and put in a niche in the wall, and when the bones begin to fall apart, they are used to decorate the walls and ceiling, which are covered with designs of flowers and things all made of bones!

In the fountain of the Trevi we threw a penny and made a wish and we are supposed to come back to Rome again. [Here I express a hope that my pet dachshund is "getting along all right" in my absence.]

Sandy and I found a puppet store where we bought a lot of puppets at two cents each which we had lots of fun with. It was somewhere here that we found out that Sandy's Aunt Adelaide was engaged [to André Champollion]. She got a letter, and the groom-to-be is going to meet her in Venice or somewhere. We saw the Vatican, where the Pope lives. It is full of picture galleries and has a lot of famous statuary in it, which we enjoyed very much. Besides this, we saw the Golden House of Nero and drove out on the Appian Way to the catacombs, which we were shown into by a Monk. We each took a candle and went around through the dark passages.

We also saw two galleries, one of which contained the statue of Apollo and Daphne. Apollo is pursuing her

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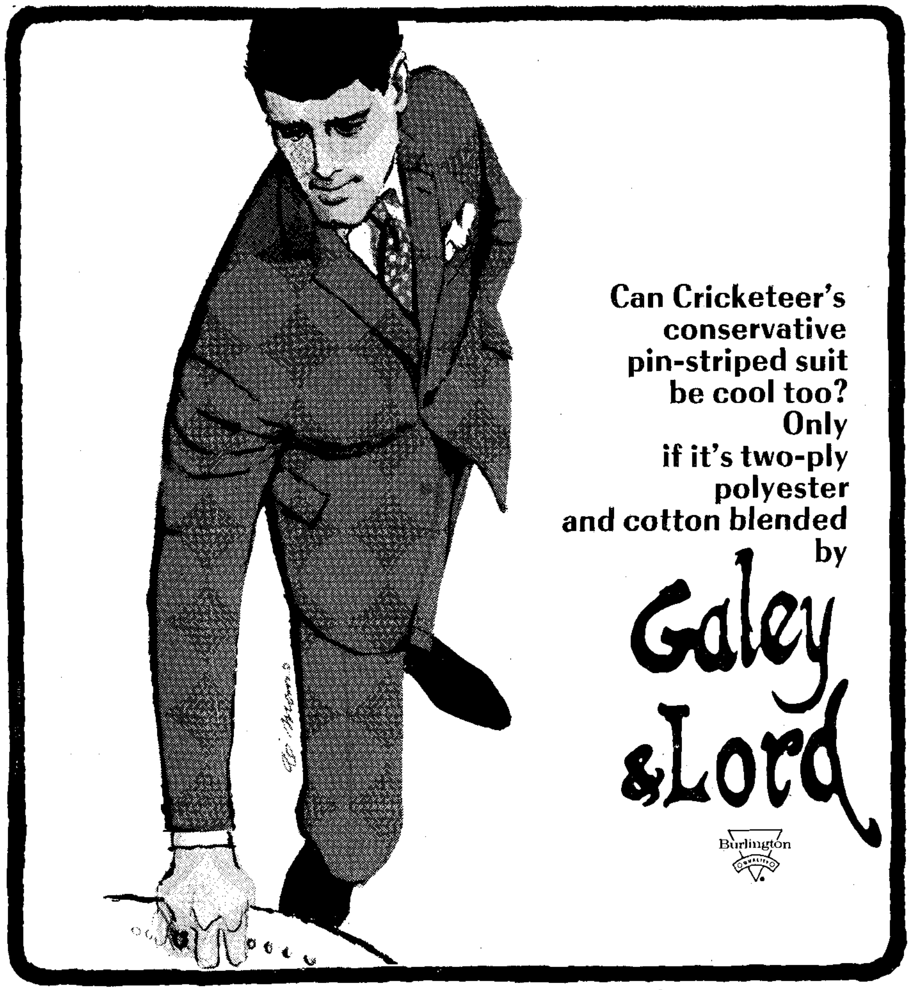
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and she is just turning into a tree. [I often returned to this statue, which aroused my erotic imagination.]

One day we went out to Tivoli.

It is a very pretty place, with lots of waterfalls and things.

The guide showed us the villa of some Bishop or something which had a great many fountains. From there we went to Hadrian's Villa. We had only time to see the aquarium, the vomitory, and several other choice things before we came home.

We came home early because the next train was too late, though Esther teased to come home late so she could eat late dinner.

FLORENCE

We only stopped at Florence for a few days, and we got there just on a holiday. Nearly all the shops were closed and men were all over the streets selling crickets in little cages for good luck.

That afternoon Uncle Reuel took us to three moving-picture shows [one a film of Dante's "Inferno"]. The next day everything was open, and we went to the galleries. One was all most could stand, but Sandy, Uncle Reuel, and myself went to the Pitti gallery, principally to see the Titian of the red-headed girl with nothing on but her hair. [This was my uncle's description of it; he thought we ought not to miss it.]

We saw in the first gallery several rooms filled with pictures of artists painted by themselves, from the oldest to the most modern. This was very interesting. We liked Florence very much, but we were glad to go on to Venice.

Sandy's Uncle John and Aunt Florence had left us in Rome. [These were Knoxes whom I saw only rarely. John had tuberculosis and they lived in some European health resort, where they were said to drink a great deal of champagne, as, I was told, t.b. sufferers tended to do. With their paleness and frailness and fine features, they seemed to me immensely distinguished, and their three daughters, so much quieter than we were, made upon me the impression of young royalty.]

VENICE

At the station at Venice we were met by a gondola, which took us to the hotel. The next morning we went around in gondolas and went to the Square of St. Mark's. This is the public place and at one end of it are tall col-

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umns with the lion of St. Mark's and St. Theodore on an alligator on them. The cathedral of St. Mark's is also in the square, likewise the Doges' Palace and the great clock. This clock of course keeps Italian time with a dial of twenty-four hours. Every hour in the daytime two iron men on top strike the hour on a bell and a door opens below from which comes first Gabriel, who raises a horn to his lips, and afterwards several kings, all of which walk around the balcony into another door.

All night the hour is told by electric figures. The square is full of pigeons, which are so tame that they perch on your hands and hat to eat corn. These are the famous pigeons of St. Mark's. One day we went out in a gondola to the Adriatic Sea, where we bathed. The Adriatic was full of little crabs that you had to be very careful about stepping on or annoying in any way.

Desdemona's house was pointed out to us as we went down the Grand Canal.

We also saw the Doges' Palace but did not have time to see it very thoroughly.

MURANO

The same day we went bathing in the Adriatic, we took the hotel motor launch and went out to Murano, Burano, and Torcello.

At Murano we went to the glass factory and watched them make glass. They made a goblet and a vase while we watched them and ended up with a bomb which was a large glass bubble burst.

At Murano we also saw them making pottery, which was interesting.

BURANO—TORCELLO

From Murano we went to Burano, where the lace factories are. The lace there is all made by hand by little girls who at a certain age are all made to work on making lace.

We watched them for a while and then we bought some lace from them.

From here we went to Torcello, which was the last place.

At Torcello we went ashore; at least Aunt Carrie, Mother, and I did, while the rest stayed in the launch.

There was nothing at Torcello to see except an old church with lots of mosaic in it and an old well, which were interesting.

After this, soon we left Venice, where we also saw the Rialto.

But Sandy's Aunt Adelaide and Grandmother stayed behind to meet

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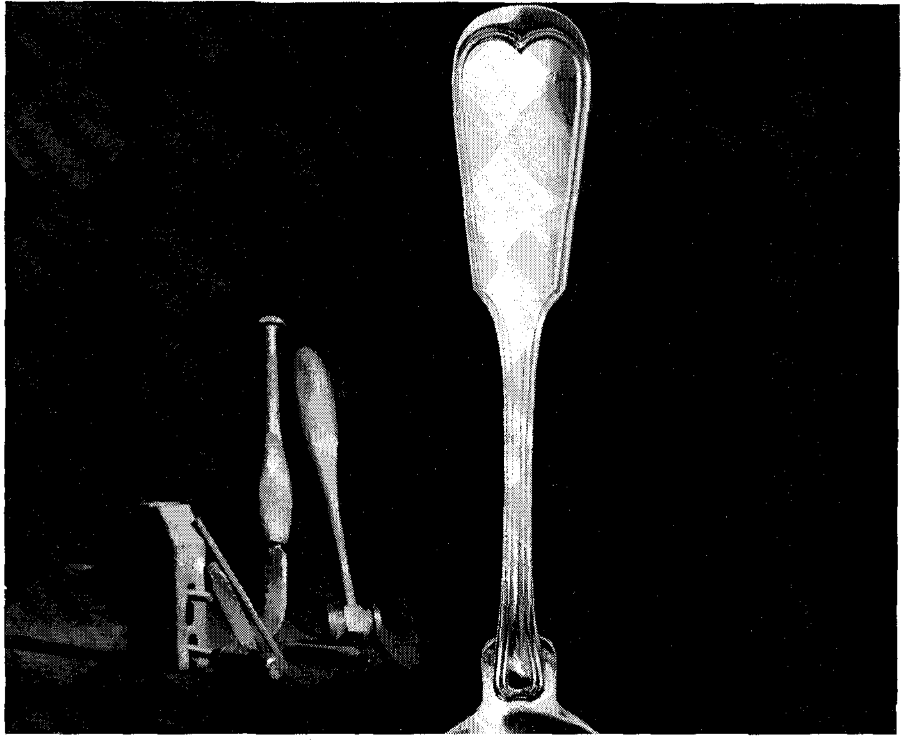

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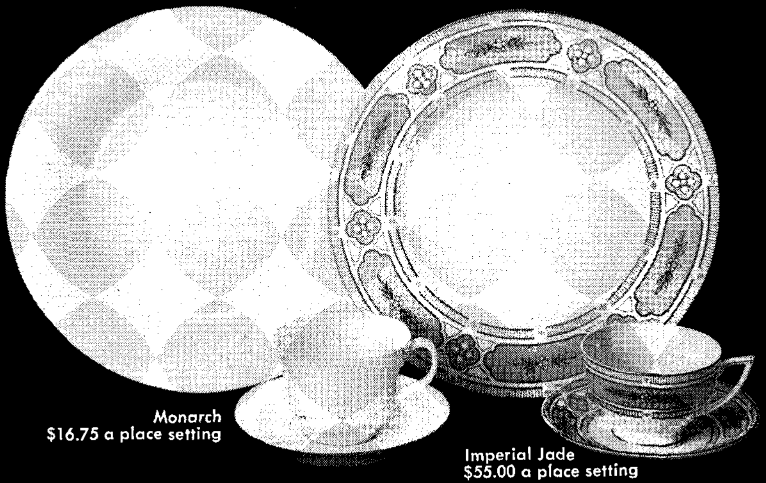

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Mr. Champollion, and they were all to meet us again in Karlsbad.

VIENNA

We got to Vienna just before a great holiday, the Emperor's birthday.

Vienna is a very beautiful city, though there is not much to see there. There are a great many fine shops there, which we went to.

One day Uncle Reuel took us out and we found a sort of small Coney Island, where we went to four or five moving-picture shows.

We left Vienna quite soon.

KARLSBAD

We stayed in Karlsbad a month and enjoyed it very much there.

When we first came, we stayed at the Grand Hotel Pupp, but after a day we found a "Logis" on the hill called the Villa Victoria, Telegraf, and König von England.

Mr. Geller, who owns the place, has a small Heinie dog called Sleepfer. [*Heinie was the name of my dachshund.*] Karlsbad is full of Heinie dogs.

We used to go to tombolas every once in a while. Tombolas are like the game of lotto played on a large scale with prizes.

In Karlsbad they have a cracker about a foot in diameter called Karlsbader Oblaten; they are very good.

Every morning nearly we would go out to the Freundschaftssaal for breakfast [where you ate in the open air].

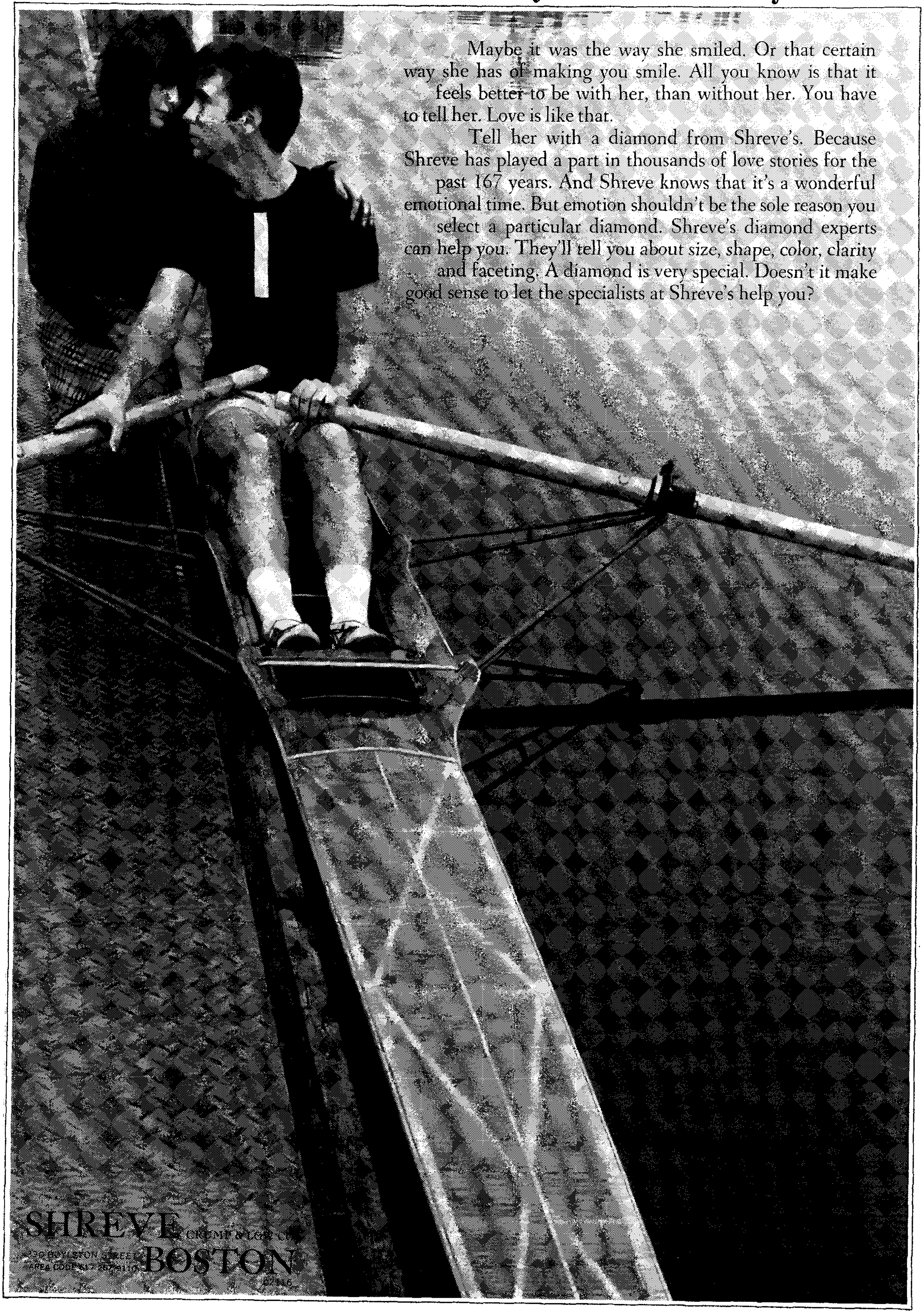
While we were in Karlsbad we went to "The Geisha," and the Karlsbader Orpheum twice.

We took several long drives, one out to the Engelhaus, which is an old ruined castle, and others to Giesshübl, which is where the [Giesshübler] water is bottled, and Hans Heiling, which is a very pretty place with a legend connected with it.

There is music all the time in Karlsbad, and at night Mr. Strauss came down and held a concert. We also drove to Marienbad in an auto.

[I have very pleasant memories of Karlsbad. It was the only place at which we stayed for any length of time. We walked up the little hills and skipped down them. We would save the Oblaten paper bags and have an orgy of blowing them up and popping them—an amusement which we found, however, palled. When we were doing this once on a bench in a park an official came up to us and told us that it was *verboten*. I was curious about the

Just then you could see her as your wife



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sometimes risqué jokes in the humorous weekly *Jugend*, which my Uncle Reuel enjoyed and did not hesitate to translate for us, and in the newsstands I saw exhibited a pamphlet on the cover of which Leopold of Belgium had been drawn with a huge beard that, on close scrutiny, was seen to be composed of the bodies of nude women. I read in a Tauchnitz edition Walter Scott's "Woodstock," to which I had been attracted by the promise of spookiness suggested by the Woodstock ghost and by the lure of illicit love suggested by my having read that Henry II had kept Fair Rosamond there—not realizing that the novel took place in the seventeenth century—but which bored me even more than "Ivanhoe." Another Tauchnitz edition was more rewarding: H. G. Wells's "Twelve Stories and a Dream." In Rome, we had gone to see the tryout, at which the King had been present, of an Italian flying machine which was driven around a race track but which hardly, if at all, got off the ground. Wells's dream was "A Dream of Armageddon," a vision of the flying machines of the future, which ended with these words: " 'Nightmares,' he cried; 'nightmares, indeed! My God! Great birds that fought and tore.' " This made an impression on me. Blériot, a year later, flew across the English Channel.

My father joined us in Karlsbad. He had been suffering from his neurotic depression, and my Uncle Reuel, a physician, had induced him to come to Karlsbad, with the idea of making him relax. When he arrived, he told us of having been waked on the train by an Austrian customs officer with a mustache like a brigand's, and other amusing incidents of his journey. It was the first time, I think, that he had been on the Continent, though he and my mother had visited England. He laughed about these experiences in a wild and almost hysterical way, as I had never known him to do at home. Was it exhilaration at freedom from his legal work, which often bored him—delight at rejoining his family? My uncle's remedy worked. He made my father drink beer at the out-of-doors cafés and listen to the omnipresent waltz music. In these cafés there were orchestra conductors who were invariably advertized as "Waltz Kings." The one mentioned in the diary was a relative of Johann Strauss—perhaps his younger brother Eduard, who, I find, died in 1916. I always thought the "Merry Widow" waltz and the "Waltz Dream" waltz pretty banal, but I loved the "Silly Cavalier" and the

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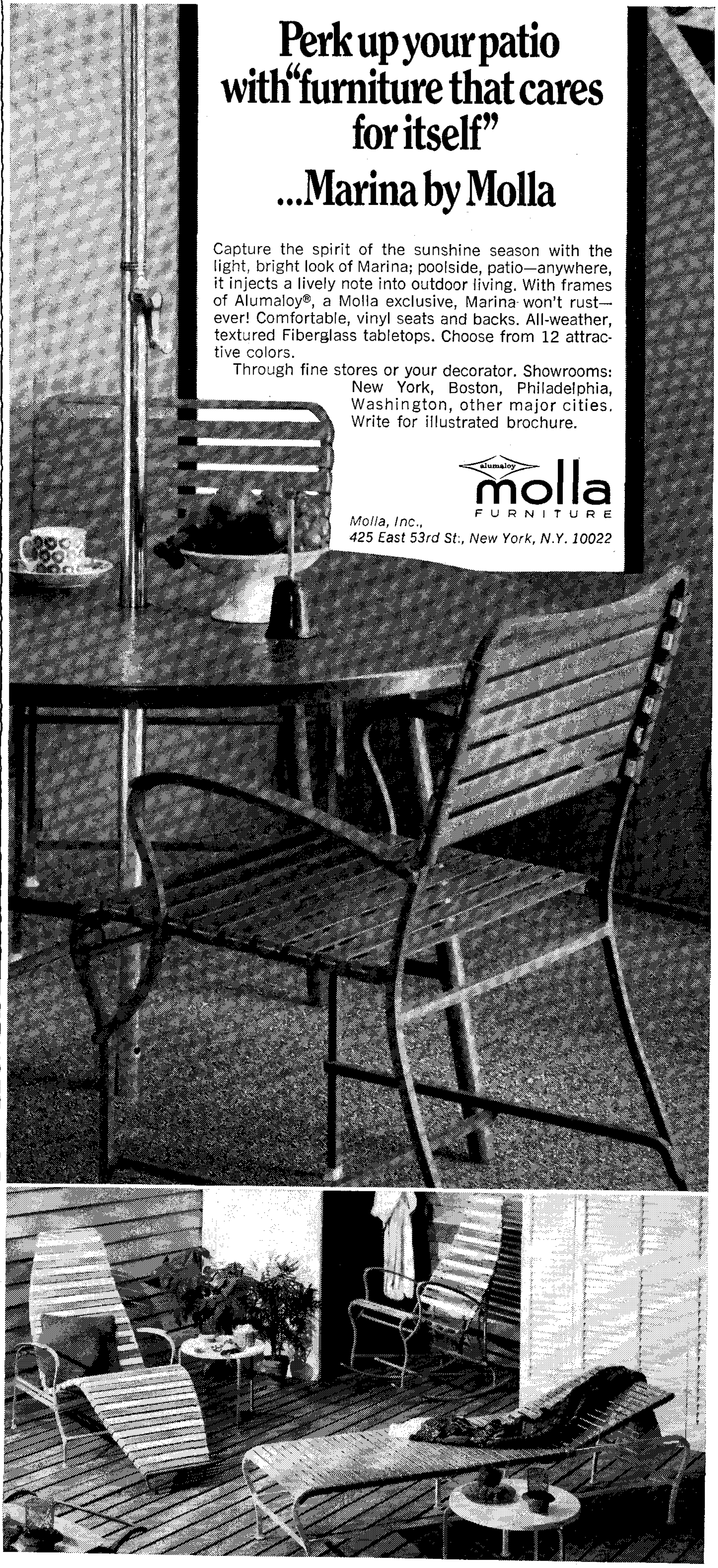
The graphic packaging and promotional designs reproduced in this advertisement were created especially for Champion Papers by Tom Geismar.

Vilia songs from the former and the Piccolo song from the latter.

But this regime of frequenting cafés, which temporarily restored my father, proved fatal for my Uncle Reuel. He and my father were the pillars of the family, highly successful in their respective professions. But my father had his hypochondria, and my Uncle Reuel spells of drinking that seemed to be equally neurotic. These spells came at very long intervals and were carefully planned ahead in a way that now seems to me curious. Uncle Reuel was a terrific worker. He was rather gruff and brusque but was loved by his patients, and I have heard a younger doctor who had known him at his hospital tell of his sometimes sitting up all night with a case that needed attention and appearing unshaved in the morning. His amusements were golf in summer and going to concerts in winter. I believe he cared little for social life. When my uncle had patients to attend to, my aunt, who was very much younger than he, would get young escorts to go to the concerts with her. On one occasion, feeling, in his study, a draft from the front door, my uncle went and shut it and returned to his reading, apparently without being aware that my aunt and her escort were saying goodbye at the threshold and that he had slammed the door in the young man's face. Sandy and I always found my uncle reading, no matter how late we came back from the theatre. He kept up with the medical journals in a way that I was told was remarkable, and when he was done with them he would read German literature. He said that Paul Heyse's prose was "like music." Eventually, he made the discovery of the naughty Viennese novels, and instead of inquiring about the play we had been to or otherwise making conversation when we dropped in upon him late in the evening, he would immediately, with unconcealed delight, translate for us the more risqué passages. But, as I say, this life of unrelieved application would sometimes be interrupted by carefully premeditated escapades. This occurred every two or three years. He would apparently brief his assistant, a much milder kind of man, whom he referred to as "the hairless Bingham"—he himself was thickset and short, with a bristling, square-cut mustache—and made sure that his patients would be properly cared for. Then he would disappear. I could never imagine where he went or what kind of companions he had; I don't remember ever seeing in his house any friend



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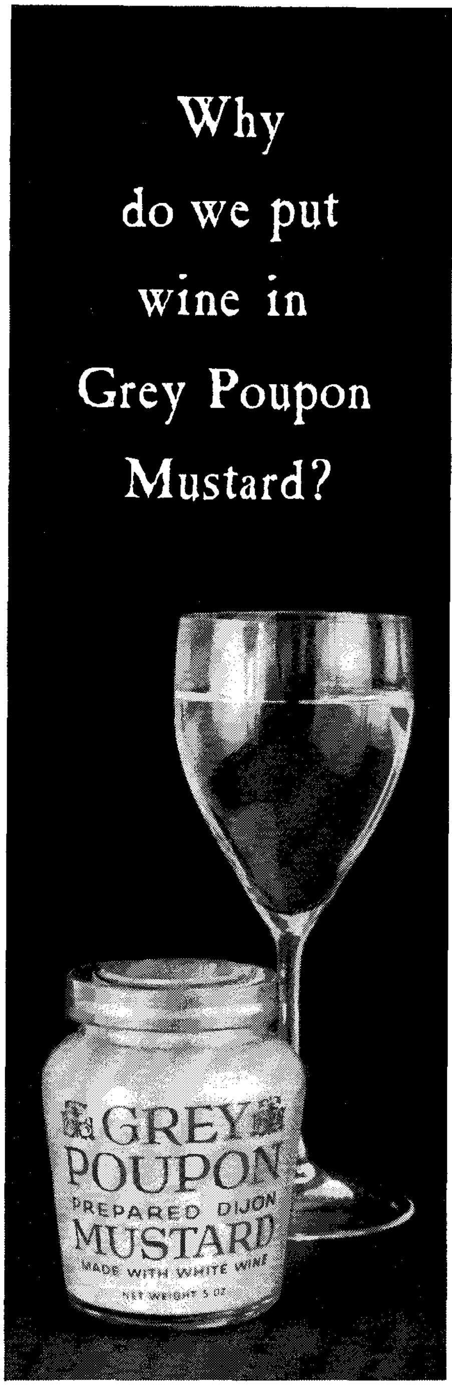

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who seemed the least convivial. But when he was brought home, he would sometimes spend weeks in bed being dealcoholized. I believe that the pressure of having to make money for my aunt's ever-expanding establishment had something to do with these aberrations. At any rate, his therapy for my father of making him a drinking companion betrayed him into one of his sprees. He made a trip alone to Prague, which he reported a beautiful city, and afterward succumbed to drink and was for some time a serious problem. The Knoxes then left Karlsbad for Paris, where Adelaide's trousseau was bought.

My Aunt Caroline was, of course, sorely tried by all this, but I noticed no real friction between them. He had no secretary; she kept his accounts, in which she was assisted by her mother, who, as an expert in financial matters, would guide her in proportioning the amounts of the bills to the capacities of the patients. She dealt with my uncle's collapses with perfect restraint and dignity. Her life was a model of correctitude, which sometimes became oppressive. I remember that the *Social Register* was always in plain view somewhere. She played the violin in a small ladies' orchestra composed of her friends in Sea Bright and Rumson and read a book a week for a ladies' "Discussion Club," without really, so far as I could see, caring much about either music or literature. She always had all the right opinions. She thought Bernard Shaw "a poseur," and when Sandy brought into the house the volume of Shaw's plays that contained "The Doctor's Dilemma," she thought it ought to be kept from my uncle for fear of offending his professional sensibilities. He got hold of the book, however, and was heard laughing heartily in his "office" over Shaw's satire on ephemeral medical fads. For years she would exclaim in horror over the dissonances of Richard Strauss and the anarchy of Debussy, till they became so generally accepted that she was forced to admit their merit. When I discovered Wagner at college and would come back from the Metropolitan full of excited enthusiasm, she would annoy me by her smug attitude that Wagner was a very old story and that it was boring to talk about him. She was good-looking and very well-meaning, kindly and not always narrow-minded, but too unrelievedly preoccupied with doing the right social thing.

When we were staying in Karlsbad, my mother, who was already distressed by my neurotic father, was put under a further strain when my father came back to the pension one night and told her what was happening to her brother. There was little, by this time, in her life, in the way of human relations that could really afford her much happiness, and, relatively young though she was, she suffered from deafness and gout. She had once lost her temper with me before my father had come, then afterward apologized—which was unique in my relations with her and made an impression on me, for she was brusque and gruff like my uncle, and her reprimands were always intended and not due to loss of control. In childhood, she would spank me with a silver-backed brush, which she would then complain had been dented, while my father, who never touched me and was incapable of the faintest brutality, would threaten without conviction that he would whip me "within an inch of your life." I was told by Sandy and Esther that their father, for purposes of discipline, would hang them head-first over the edge of the clothes hamper and give them each "one terrible swat."]

NUREMBURG

Father, Sandy's Aunt Adelaide, and Grandmother, also Mr. Champollion, joined us in Karlsbad. And after a while everyone left except Mother, Father, Uncle Reuel, Sandy, and myself. After a while we left, too, for Nuremburg.

Nuremburg is a very old city surrounded by a wall and a moat, which no longer has any water in it.

At each of the four corners of the wall are towers.

Most of the toys are made in and around Nuremburg and there are many toy shops there, which we visited.

The great sight in Nuremburg is the tower. As you go in, you see a low wall on the edge of the moat, on which are two marks of horse's feet, put there to show the place where a robber chieftain (who was going to be put in the Iron Maiden) had jumped off the wall into the moat and escaped. He was afterwards recaptured and killed.

On the first floor of the tower are many torture machines. There are great wooden petticoats for drunkards and gamblers, a confessor's chair full of spikes, masks for scolding women, wooden collars for extravagant women, a ducking machine for bakers who

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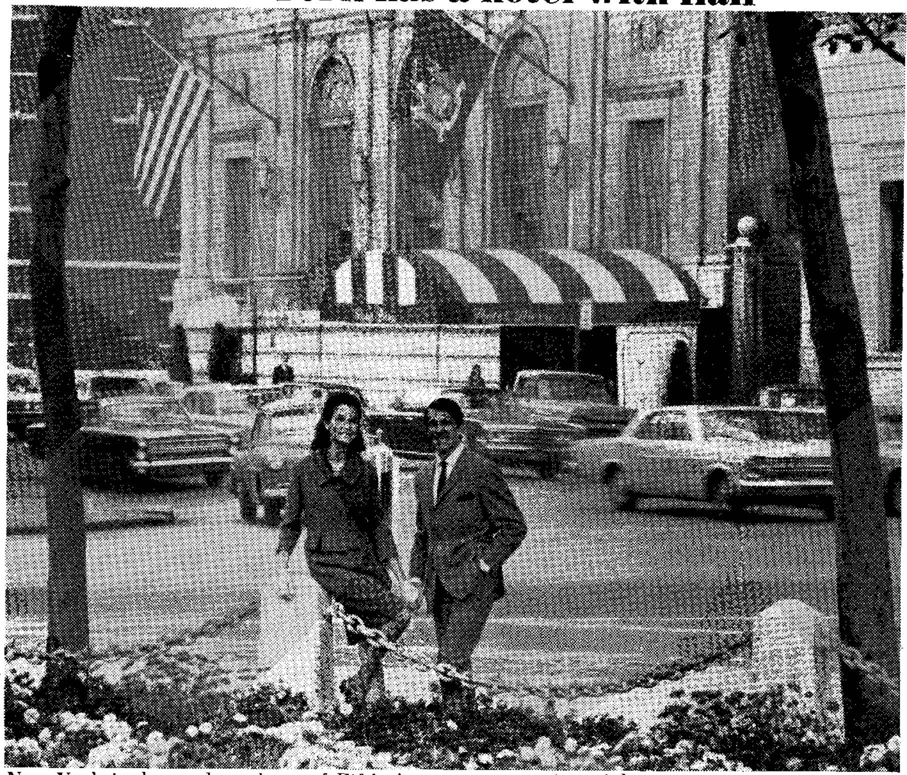

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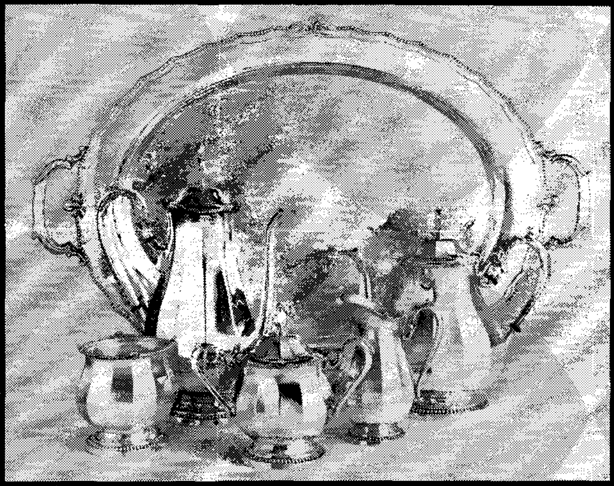

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gave short weight, a rack for stretching purposes, a wheel with a knife blade on it which cut the victim up very small and very slowly, a cradle full of spikes in which the victim was rocked to death, a pear which when put in the mouth swells up to four times its ordinary size, thus slowly cracking the victim's head open, and a flute of iron which was fastened to the fingers and mouths of musicians who played badly.

There were many other things such as racks, stocks, thumbscrews, instruments for putting out the eyes and pulling out the tongue, and a rack for women who fought which compelled them to hold their fists up in the air all the time, weights in the shape of cards and dice for gamblers and cheats, and a sword that had cut off 800 heads.

On the second floor is the Iron Maiden, a great iron cask with a woman's face. The victim is put inside and the door slowly shut. It is full of spikes inside, two of which put out his eyes. This is a very slow torture. When he stops yelling, he is let down into the river by a trapdoor in the floor.

On the third floor are several prisons, one of which has the wax figure of the robber chieftain who jumped over the wall in it and is where he was imprisoned.

On the last floor are suits of armour, old chess and checker men, old playing cards, and many other antiquities.

We also saw the Albert Dürer house, the town hall, and other interesting things.

FRANKFURT

At Frankfurt we met the rest, who had gone to Dresden.

Frankfurt is a very fine city, and we were in a very fine hotel. We went to the Zoölogical Gardens and a circus which was very much like our Hippodrome, and several moving-picture shows. We liked Frankfurt very much.

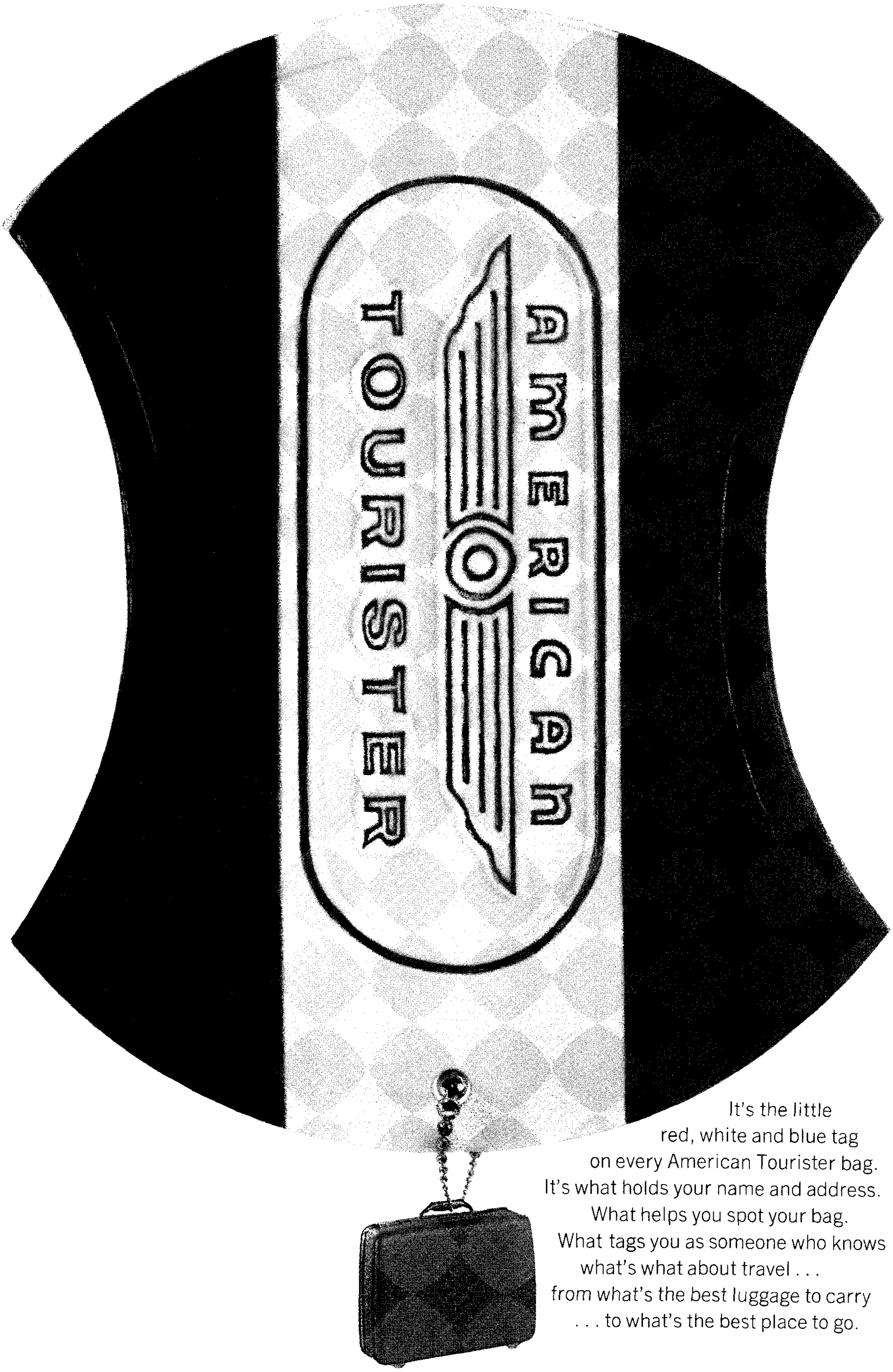
THE RHINE—COLOGNE

We left Frankfurt for Mainz, where we took the boat to go down the Rhine to Cologne in.

We had a pleasant trip down the Rhine, which is lined on the bank by old ruined castles and castles which are not ruined. We passed the Lorelei rock and the Mouse-Tower of Bishop Hatto.

[I had the satisfaction of having been taught "Die Lorelei" by my Aunt Laura and of knowing Southey's poem about Bishop Hatto, which I had enjoyed, as I usually did the imaginatively

what's a whatzit



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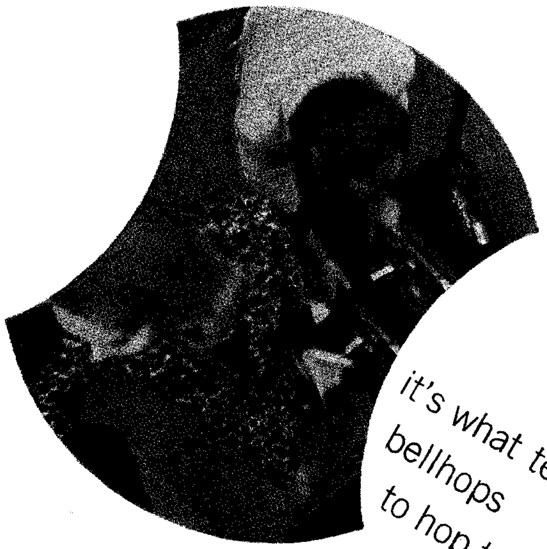

it's what tells bellhops to hop to it

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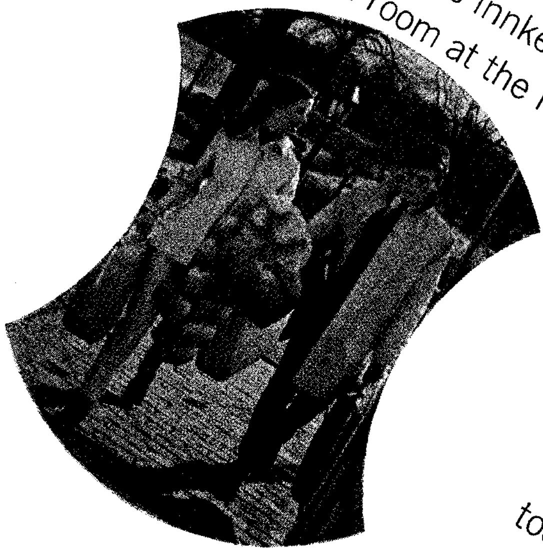
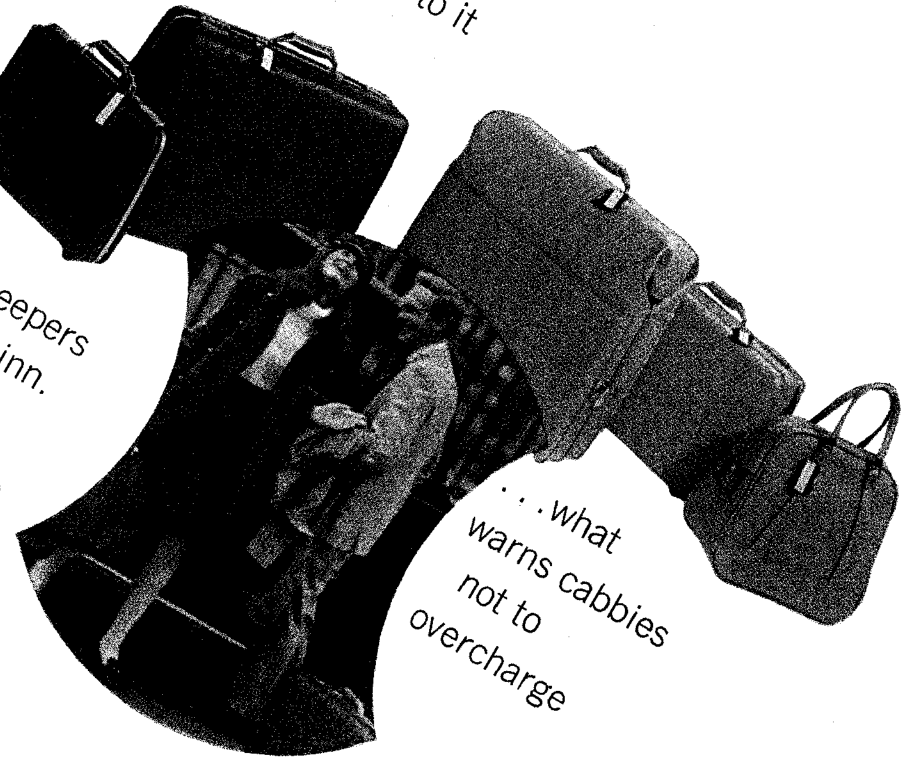
. . . what makes innkeepers find room at the inn.





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From $19.95 © 1967 American Tourister, Warren, R.I. Also available in Canada macabre. I remembered and hummed an old song:

> Be true to me, love, be true,
>   Be ever, ever mine.
> When the war is o'er,
> We'll part no more
>   At Bingen on the Rhine.

There was a beautiful girl on the boat, who inspired in me romantic fantasies. She had long yellow hair, and I associated this with the Rheingold. I was to marry, thirty-eight years later, a blond and blue-eyed woman from the Rhineland. We must have passed, on our trip down the Rhine, Johannisberg, where her family lived. She would have been two years old then. I have derived from this event in connection with that memory—absurdly enough, no doubt—a romantic satisfaction at the realization of a youthful dream.]

At Cologne we visited the cathedral, and the Church of St. Ursula, which is something like the Church of the Cappuccini in Rome, having the bones of the eleven thousand virgins in it.

COLOGNE—PARIS

There was very little to see in Cologne, and it was very dreary there, so we soon left it. Nearly all the cologne is made in Cologne. We left for Paris and got there late at night.

[I stopped keeping my diary in Paris. There is very little fun in Paris for children from other countries. In France—unlike Germany and Italy—not much is provided to amuse the young. Our parents were always going to theatres and restaurants, to which we could not be taken. I first heard then of the Tour d'Argent and its celebrated squeezed duck, and I was tantalized by posters all over the street which said "*Tout nu*" and had a torso of a pretty woman with nothing on but a fashionable hat. We were, however, taken to the Nouveau Cirque, where we saw the famous clown Chocolat, who had been sketched by Toulouse-Lautrec. He had been promised us as a great treat, but I found him disappointing. He must have been rather old by then. Sandy and I found a delightful restaurant in the Rue de Rivoli, where we would order the blown-up potatoes called *pommes de terre soufflées*. We wondered how it was done.

We made a brief stay in London. That was the summer when three, I think, of Somerset Maugham's plays were running at the same time, and I remember the poster for "Jack Straw," in which the face of a man in evening

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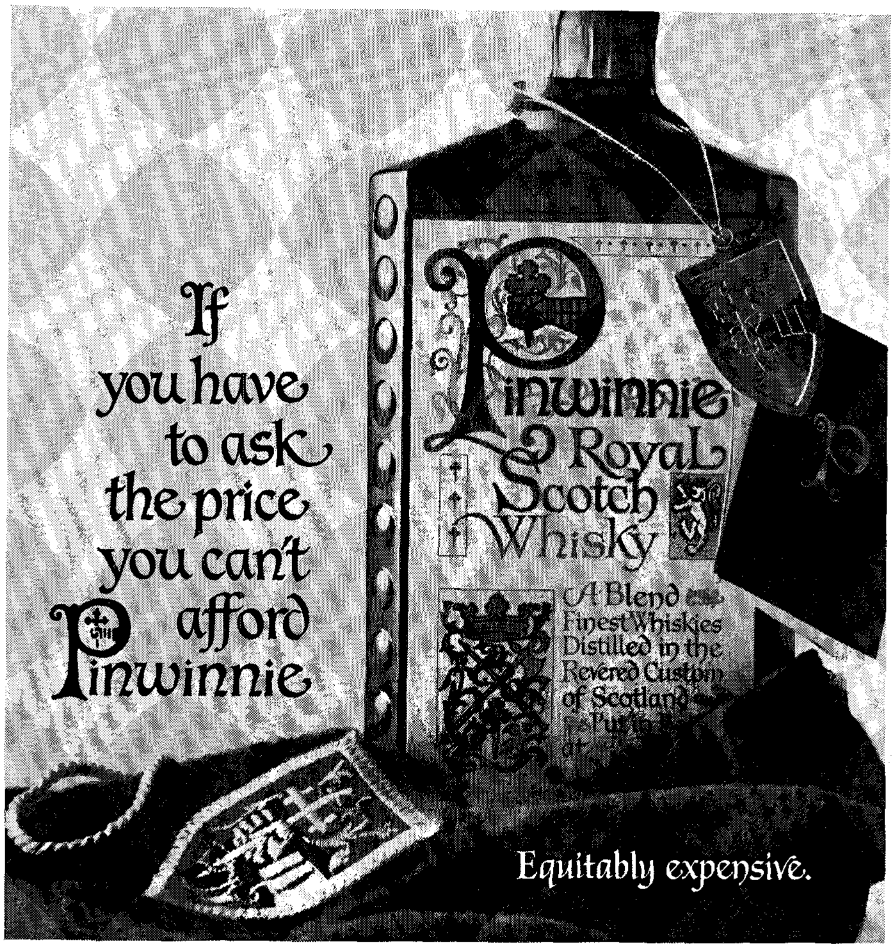
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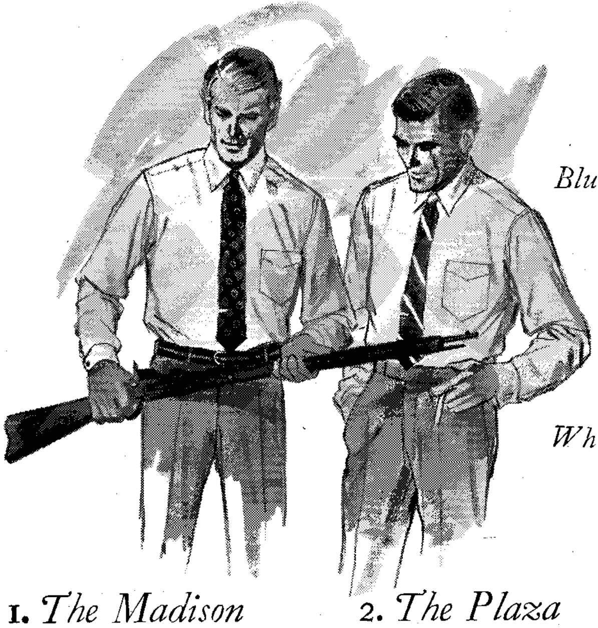

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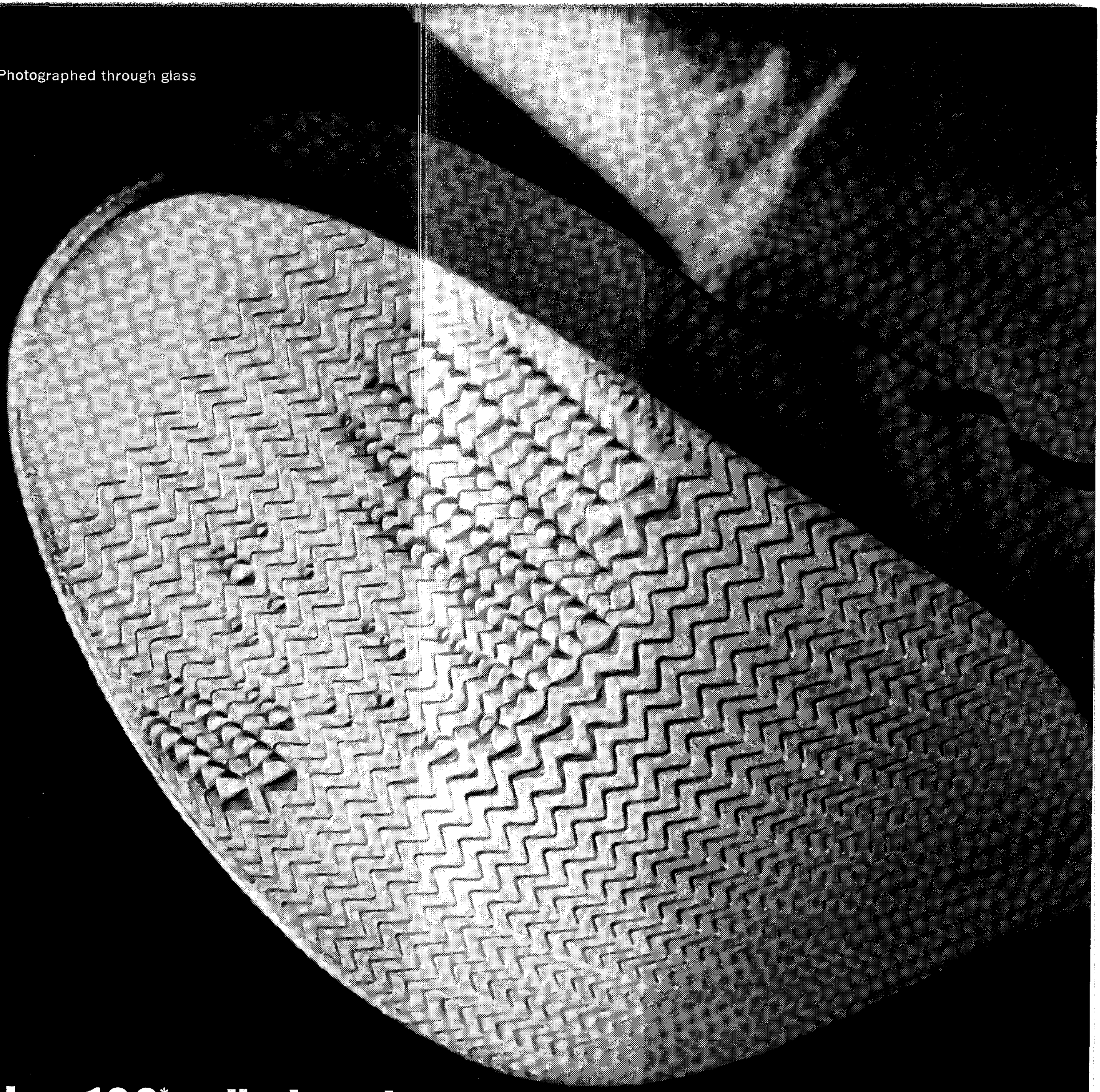
clothes was half lit up by the match with which he was lighting a cigarette. We stayed at the Metropole, and my father was always amused by a waiter who exactly resembled the waiter William in "You Never Can Tell." I eagerly bought *Punch*, which was still in its period of elaborately descriptive captions, and I visited the mummies in the British Museum. I saw the Maskelynes' magic performance and bought some magic apparatus, which included the linking rings—an old trick that is easy to do but is still being performed by professionals.]

FAMILY

IN all my early life, before I went away to school, I was preoccupied with the members of my family as I imagine few young people can be today. The fact was that I knew almost nobody else, that my relatives were extremely varied, and that most of them seemed to me interesting. I was surprised when, after college, a friend of mine spoke of the effort it had cost him to get away from the bleakness and dullness of his family, for my parents and my grandparents and my uncles and aunts had been the molding influences of my early life. The male members of the Wilson and Kimball families were mostly successful—or modestly able—preachers and lawyers and doctors, and I knew they had their doubts about me, and that in order to prove myself I should have to show that a writer could become a successful professional. I was much gratified the other day when a reviewer gave me this title.

I have already, in "A Piece of My Mind," given some description of my father and, in a sketch called "At Laurelwood," written of my Kimball grandparents and my Uncle Paul at Lakewood, New Jersey. But I should add here, to balance the Rumson end, some account of other members of the family. My Wilson grandfather and grandmother were from Newburgh on the Hudson and elsewhere in Orange County. The first Wilson had come over from Londonderry in the eighteenth century, equipped, according to the family legend, with nothing but a fishing rod and a silver onion watch. My grandmother was part Dutch. My grandfather, Thaddeus Wilson, had a long incumbency as minister of the Presbyterian church in Shrewsbury, New Jersey. He had graduated from the Princeton Theological Seminary, where his brother had previously studied. But Andrew Wilson did not last at the Seminary. Like the father of Wil-

Photographed through glass



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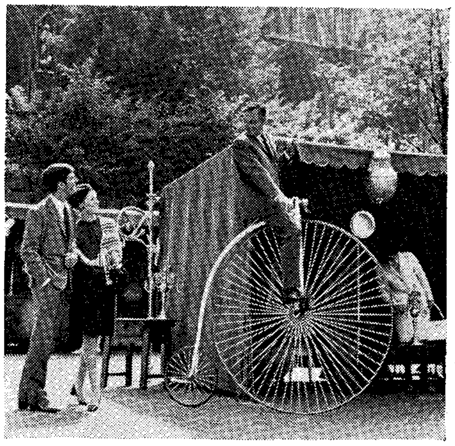
liam and Henry James, he was revolted by its fundamentalist doctrine and very soon gave it up. I do not know how my grandfather got through. He was certainly not a severe Calvinist. My father once spoke of his tolerance, his unwillingness to blame anyone harshly. I never heard my grandfather preach. When my parents went to church, they would leave me with my grandmother, who would read me the Bible and instruct me. She was said to have been handsome and, in her limited way, was, I think, perhaps more "intellectual" than my grandfather. She amused herself in the evenings by going through the higher mathematics. I did not enjoy my sessions with her, because she put moral pressure on me as nobody else did, and I stood very much in awe of her, but they had for me a certain value because they provided my only clue to what the old Calvinist religion had been. My Virginian and Rumson cousins had been brought up as Episcopalians, and my Wilson grandmother told me that Episcopalians were "worldly" people—as the result of which, when I visited the Kimballs and was taken to church at Galilee, New Jersey, I felt a little of the thrill of doing something forbidden. The service, like all services, was boring, but one did not have to listen to a long Presbyterian sermon, and, on the part of the congregation, there was a nuance of fashionable style that one did not find in Shrewsbury. It was not till I was very much older that I realized that my mother was entirely non-religious and that, after her father-in-law's death, she continued to go to his church because my father—without having, I think, much religion, either—felt an obligation to support it. My great-great-grandfather Kimball, who had married a Mather and come from New England to upstate New York, had carried on the Mather tradition with an intemperance not wholly acceptable to the liberated New Englanders there who had emerged from their cramping communities and had the run of a vast country just settled. My great-grandfather, though not a preacher, continued in the dogma and the discipline of his father, but my grandfather, having suffered from it in youth, completely threw over this doctrine and the habits of living it imposed. As a physician, he had the scientific point of view, and none of his children, except perforce my mother, was ever known to go to church or to show the slightest interest in religion. It was one of my mother's fears that her funeral would be conducted by the

Western Europe



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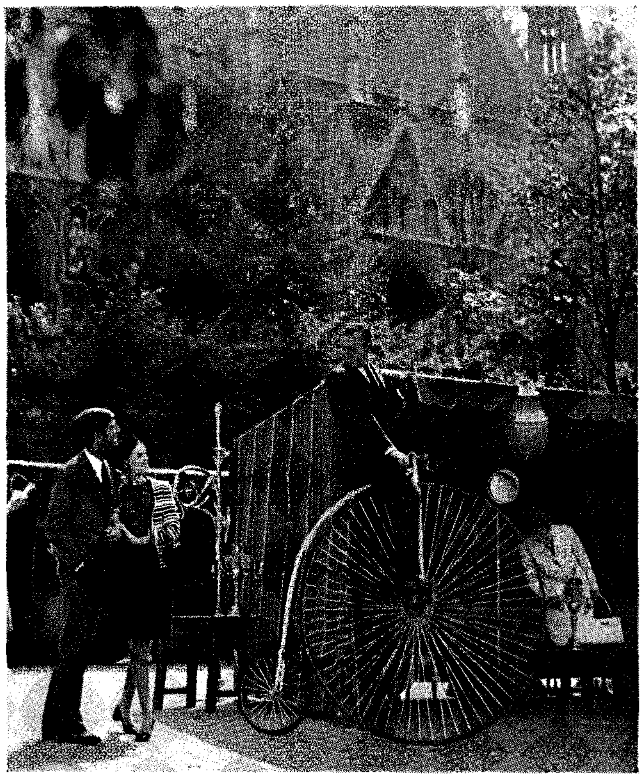

The antique market, Brussels.

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local Presbyterian minister, and in one of her last illnesses she refused to see this local minister. He sent her flowers in the hospital, but she had them given to the cook. When it got to the point in this country when people questioned and rebelled against Calvinism, it was rejected with a real detestation; no one who had been oppressed by it wanted ever to hear about it again. When my grandmother thought I was old enough, she began bringing pressure to bear on my mother to have me taught the Presbyterian catechism. My mother, however, was horrified when she examined the strictly orthodox catechism that I suppose my grandmother had given her, and found that it began by declaring that the non-chosen would be sent to eternal torment. She procured a modified catechism and had me learn the answers to a few of the early questions, but I never got beyond this, and she never tried to make me go further. She was able to tell my grandmother that I had been studying my catechism.

My mother and father, in that part of New Jersey, belonged to a kind of local gentry that seems to have been pitifully sparse—the people who had large farms and had been there since the eighteenth century, the doctors, the lawyers, the preachers, and a military family, the Van Vliets. There were very few people that one could marry. I have been told that my father was in a desperate state of mind about getting my mother to marry him. I think that he must have been attracted by her positive, self-confident, determined nature, because he had been used to depending on the support of his mother's strong character. It should be noted that in spite of her austere faith she had always indulged her children. But my mother, I think, married my father only because there was no one else. Aside from their professional parents, they had nothing whatever in common, and the longer they were married, it seemed to me, the more they became estranged.

A more depressing illustration of the paucity of choices in that part of New Jersey was the marriage of my Aunt Laura Kimball. It was a kind of tradition in old-fashioned families that there had to be a spinster daughter who stayed at home and took care of the parents. With the Kimballs, this role fell to Laura. She had adored my grandfather to such a degree that she never quite recovered from his death. She continued to live with my grandmother, and they amused themselves by making trips together to Europe and to California. But after my grandmother's death it was

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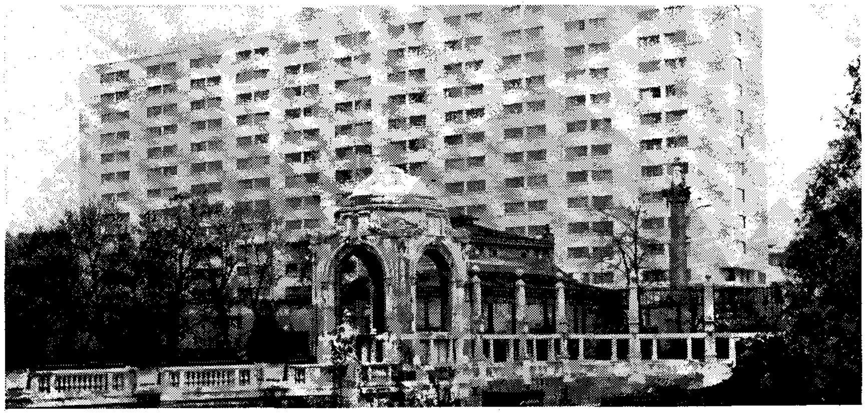

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impossible for Laura to live alone, and her life came to consist of a series of visits to her family and her friends. This became very painful. She would walk around our dining room wringing her hands, and occasionally had fits of hysteria. She was by far the most literary of the Kimball children and one of my favorite relatives. I learned a good deal about books from her. She had the remnants of my grandfather's library and would give me volumes from time to time. For as long as I can remember, she had been courted by Charles Corlies, a former neighbor in Eatontown. He was the only eligible man for her, and he took her for a drive every Sunday afternoon and came to see her when she was staying at Talcottville, the village in upstate New York from which my mother's family came. He had even less in common with her sensitive poetic nature than my parents had with one another. His family, originally French, were an old one in that countryside. They had for generations owned a large farm, which, up to Charles's day, they had more or less profitably cultivated. But Uncle Charlie—for he eventually married my Aunt Laura—had no taste or talent for farming. He was always having failures and fires, and his poultry yard was robbed with impunity. He was always deeply in debt. The place had an old stone smokehouse covered with red trumpet vine, and a brook clogged with watercress. The house was a veritable museum of old-fashioned furniture and ornaments. Mrs. Corlies, Uncle Charlie's mother, had made beautiful wax fruit, which was exhibited under bell glasses, and curious pictures of Biblical scenes, put together from bits of paper and tinfoil. There was the only example I had ever seen of the formidable large-scale "parlor," which was kept with the shades pulled down on its great highboy and marble fireplace. The old Mr. Corlies survived, a taciturn and morose old man, of a kind that I had also seen at Talcottville, who resented the younger generation and was capable of blighting comments. It had been a sad blow to Uncle Charlie that his father would not let him go to Princeton, like the Kimball and Wilson boys, but had made him stay at home on the farm. He himself was not at all a bear like his father, but had the manners and dress of a country gentleman.

When my Aunt Laura finally yielded to the logic of her situation and married Charlie Corlies, she had difficulty in adapting herself. There were the silent, immovable presence of his father and her husband's reluctance to

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allow her to change any arrangements that had been sanctified by his mother. The two men had been living there so long by themselves that they hardly knew how to accept a woman. Nevertheless, one side of the house was remodelled, with more windows and a fireplace, and my aunt did her best to imbue it with some of the cheerfulness and brightness of my grandmother's house at Lakewood. She had an upstairs room to herself, in which she installed her books, which would never have fitted in with the antiquated library below, long entombed behind high glass doors. She now referred to herself deprecatingly as "a farmer's wife." She was too old to have children. I made a point of going over to see them, for I felt an obligation to my aunt, and I would find them, after the old man's death, sitting silent on the front porch, obviously at odds and with nothing to say to one another, while the darkness closed down on the country street, on which they had no close acquaintances. Uncle Charlie, who had no local friends and only one close cousin, who was married to a clergyman and came to see him every summer, seemed to relapse, as the years went on, more and more into a moroseness like his father's. My father was so depressed by this household that he gave them a Victor phonograph, which they put in the parlor on an old grand piano, where it seemed out of place and its music an intrusion. When their financial situation became even worse, they sold the highboy for a thousand dollars to the American Wing of the Metropolitan Museum. My aunt died before her husband, and he died not many years later, in a state not much short of bankruptcy. All his and my aunt's property except some that he had left to his cousin—I think the good old china and silver—was dismally sold at auction to satisfy Uncle Charlie's creditors. My mother, to her pain, saw my grandmother's wedding dress sold, but rescued for me an object I had always admired—an elaborate model of a steamboat made in his boyhood with a jigsaw by Uncle Charlie.

An example of the unfortunate consequences of marrying someone not eligible was provided by my Aunt Adeline. To the indignant disapproval of her brothers and the tragic distress of her father, she eloped with a man from Shrewsbury whom all her family looked down on and disliked. His family owned a certain number of acres, but they ran a slaughter house, and this in itself would have been enough to put them beyond the pale. The curious thing is that at first her husband seems to have given my Aunt Adeline a very good time. He took her to Florida and Europe, and bought her many objects of luxury. Though when she talked about him later with her sisters she referred to him as "the foul fiend," I always had the impression that her memories of him were rather tender. He abandoned her at some point, in any case, with four children and no means of support. My father arranged a divorce and got her a job teaching music in the Red Bank public school. The whole affair remained for me mysterious. I saw the husband only once, when he had come back to Shrewsbury to the Stilwell property, now about to be sold, in order to attend an auction of his family's remaining effects. He had a big white mustache and spoke with a lisp, and struck me as having once been the type of flashy, unreliable adventurer. The children I knew well. Two of them—the boy and the eldest girl—had an allowance of artistic ambition and imaginative susceptibility that was not—except perhaps in Sandy—to be found to that degree in any others of my Kimball cousins. The boy, George Stilwell, was stagestruck from his earliest youth and used to make his sisters act with him in the basement in plays of his own creation. My father, who loved the theatre, later got him a job with Charles K. Champlin, a former sign painter and resident of Red Bank, who had built up a successful stock company that toured the provincial cities. George used to tell me of his playing the lead in "The Count of Monte Cristo." In the scene that followed the shipwreck, he would have to crawl along on the stage, under the waves, which were strips of cloth undulated by stagehands in the wings. He would stick his head up between them from time to time, and finally, with his lungs full of dust, arise as if on dry land and, restraining his coughs, splutter out, "My name is Monte Cristo, and the world is mine!" He pleased me by giving me some stage mustaches that were attached with blobs of wax. But he was in general something of a problem. He was a ham both off and on the stage, and the Rumson Kimballs dreaded his rare visits, when he would pay gallant compliments to Aunt Caroline and always address our Uncle Reuel as "sir," as if he were playing a role in some formal old-fashioned play. He later made himself a place in the company of Robert Mantell, the stock-company Shakespearean

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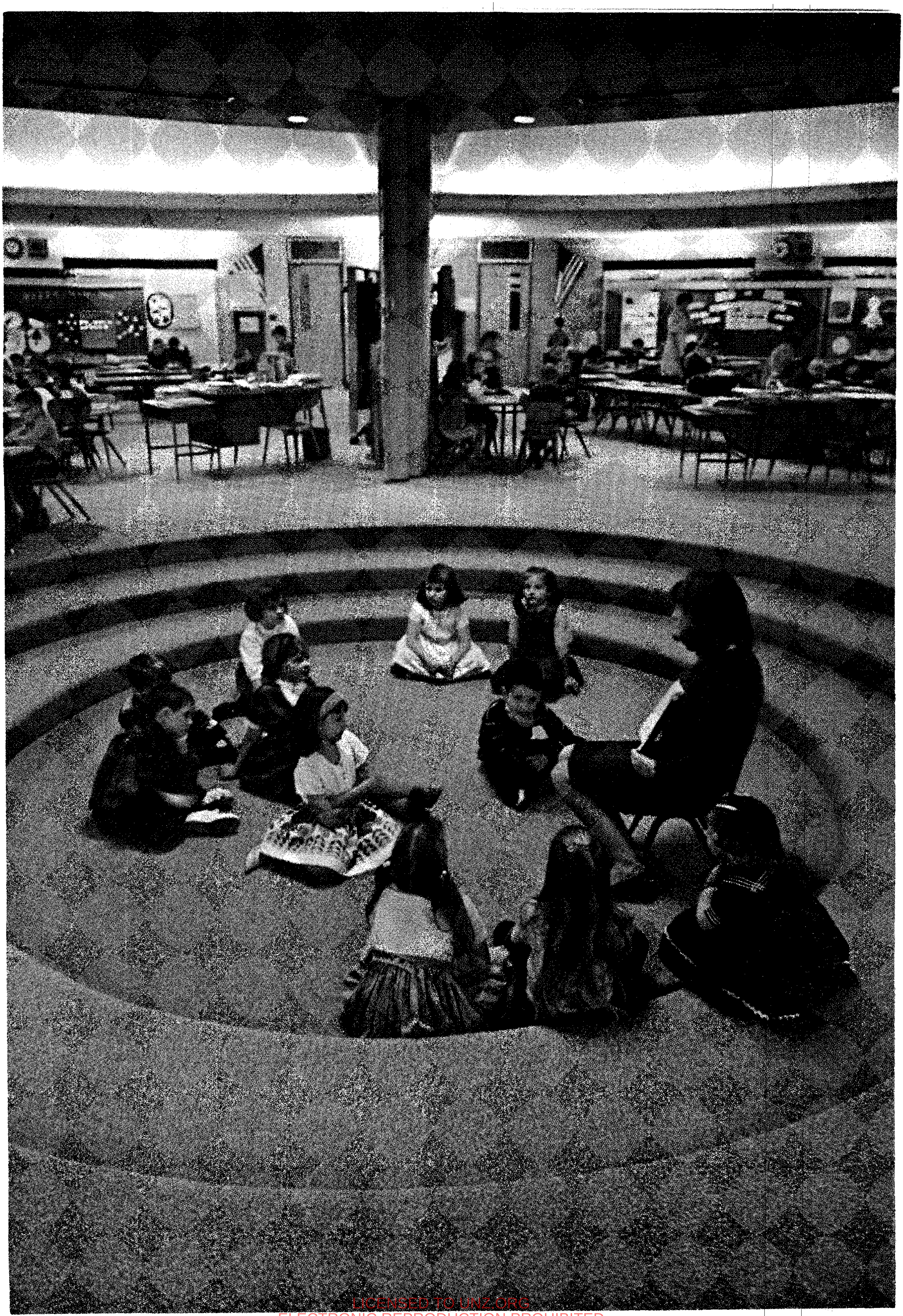

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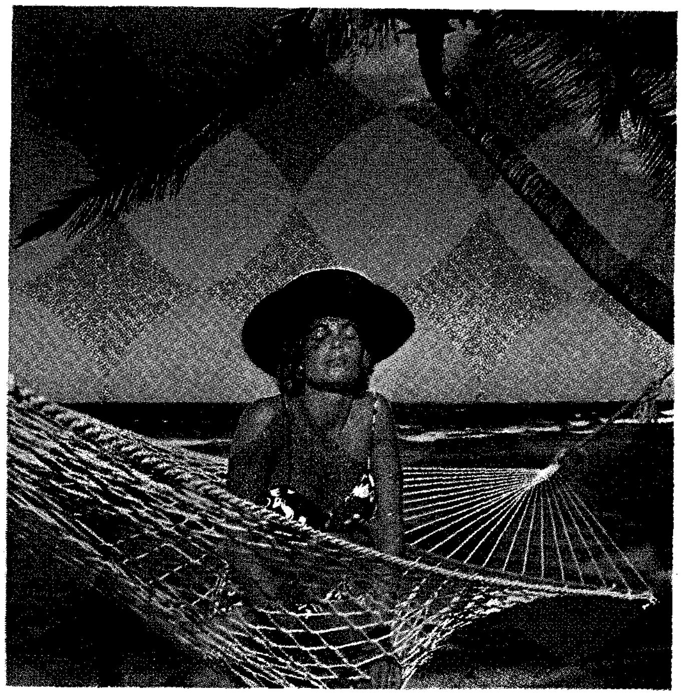

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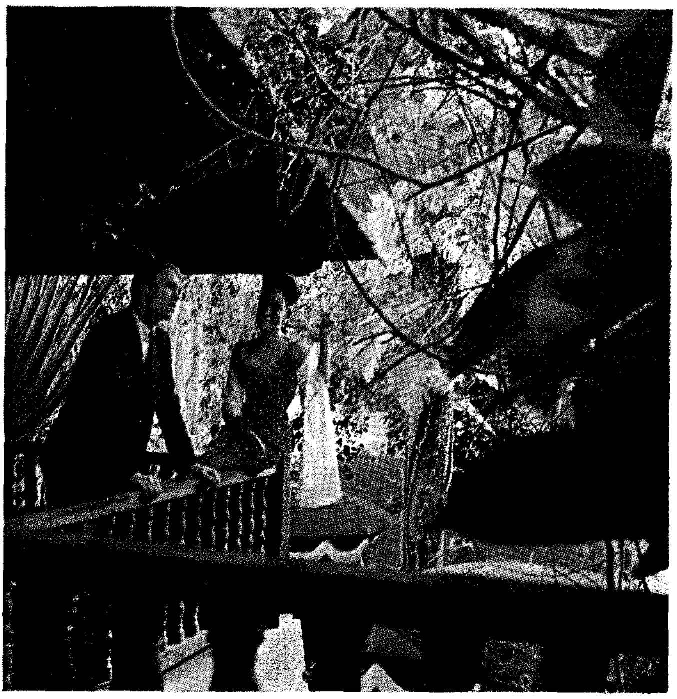

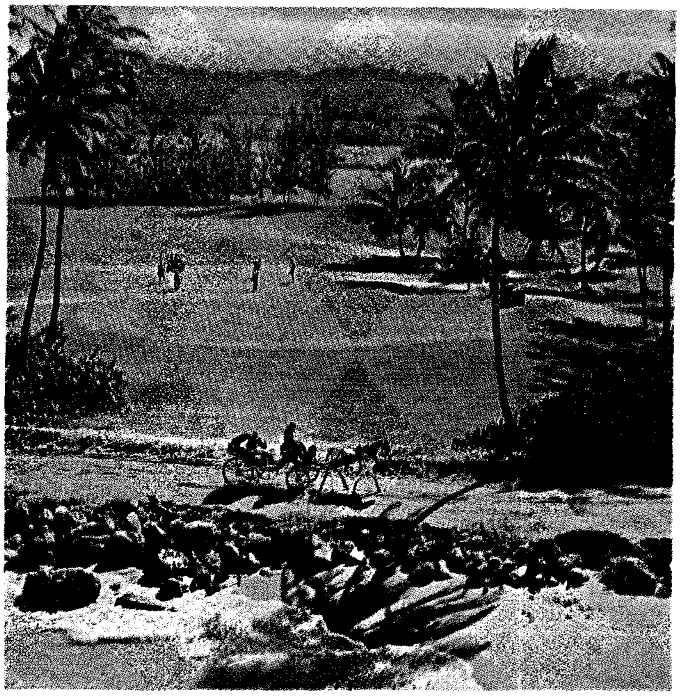

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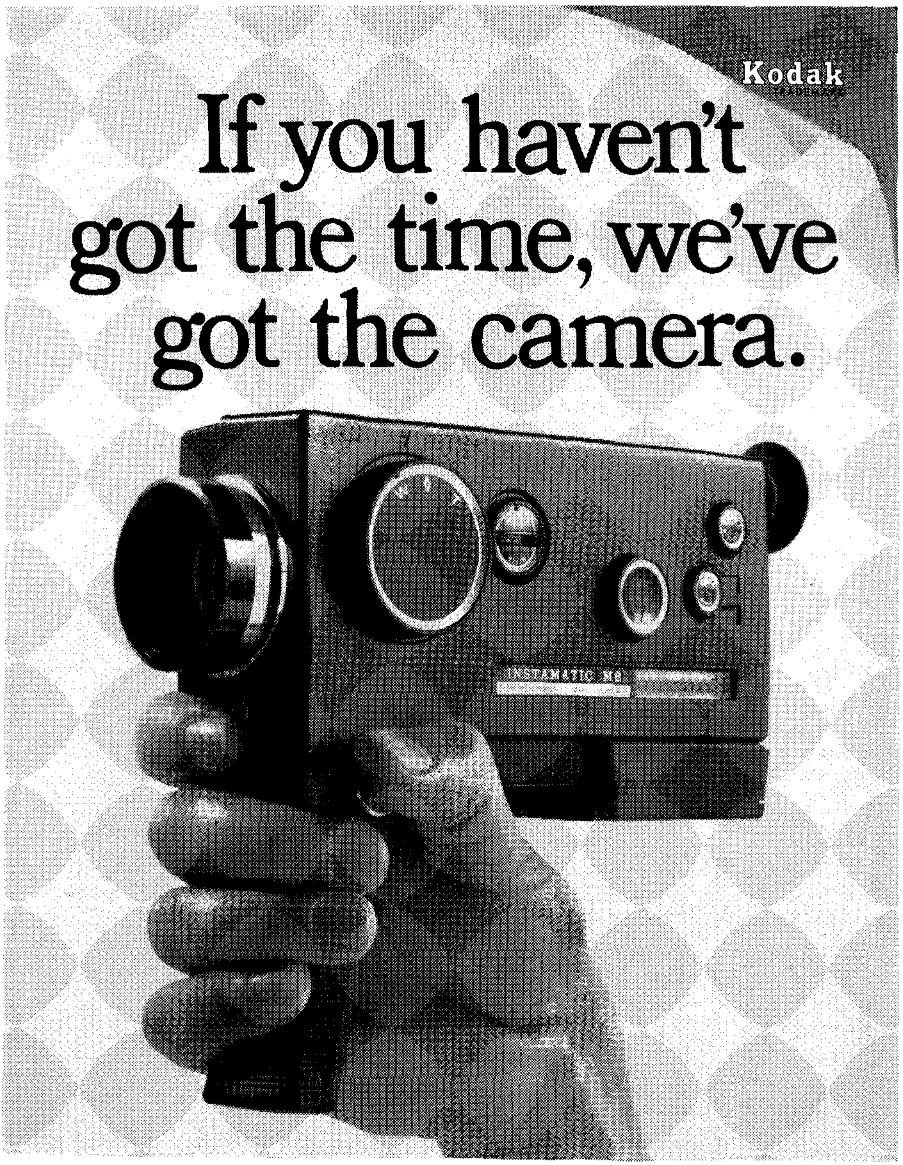
actor, in which he was, however, confined to very subordinate parts, such as Paris in "Romeo and Juliet"—in such a role, he appeared quite handsome. His only real success, just before he died, was the result of a curious accident. Arthur Hopkins was then casting a sort of expressionist play called "Machinal," in which a wife either murders or runs away from her husband. George was tried out by Hopkins and—not wholly, it would seem, by intention—made the husband so stupid and exasperating a figure that all the sympathy of the audience went to the wife, and George got excellent notices for a comic characterization.

The eldest of the Stilwell girls, Helen, was exceedingly handsome and clever. In my childhood, I found her fascinating, because she was always willing to amuse me. She drew me dragons and other imaginary monsters, sang me English music-hall songs, read me Mrs. Gamp and Uncle Remus, and amazed me by being able, after seeing a musical comedy, to come back and play the whole score by ear. She scandalized some of the family by living in New York as a "bachelor girl," which then required audacity. She made a living as a journalist both by writing and by drawing, and eventually married Gene Carr, who was probably, as a draftsman, the best comic-strip artist of his time. This, again, did not please the family, but was rather exciting to me, since I followed the "funny papers" with enthusiasm. Helen Stilwell had all the dominating drive which I associate with the women of my Grandmother Kimball's family, and I think that she proved too much for Gene. He was small, high-strung, and rather neurotic. He seems to have got on better with a second wife, for he lived with her to be seventy-eight. The next sister, Dorothy, was the one of the children most liked by my aunt's other relatives, who were embarrassed by George and disconcerted by Helen. My Aunt Adeline's two older brothers had outlawed her after her marriage and never willingly saw her again. But the pretty and well-behaved Dorothy was popular with everybody, and a favorite of my Uncle Paul, a fashionable doctor in Lakewood, with a great eye for pretty women. Dorothy married a civil engineer, with the kind of conventional good looks—broad shoulders and square-cut features—that one saw in the men's clothing advertizements, who had just graduated from Rutgers. This pair were then considered reliable, but they later followed the fashion of the twen-



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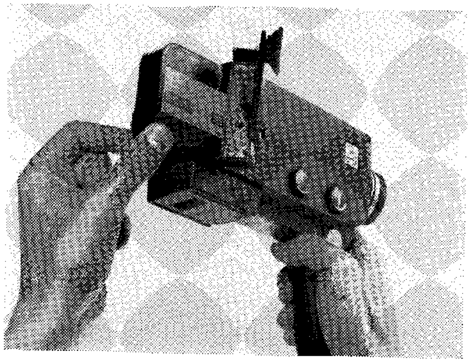

ties—got divorced and both married other people. The third of the Stilwell sisters, though nearest my own age, was the one with whom I had perhaps least in common. At one point, she was considered in danger of becoming rather out of hand, and my mother, with a view to discipline, had her sent to a Catholic convent school. What Adeline actually needed in order to fulfill herself was to see more, not less, of the world, and when she later got the hang of New York she married a succession of wealthy men, some of whom died and others of whom she divorced—she was married five or six times—and was left a wealthy woman. At one time she had a broker's office, with a line to the Stock Exchange, in which she handled her own investments. Her prosperity was an excellent thing for her mother, who had been teaching music all those years and sitting, among remnants of her early travels, in a rather badly kept house, taken care of by a bent old Negro crone. This cook had a pet parrot, and my aunt—strangely undismayed, I thought, in contrast to my harried mother and my unfortunate Aunt Laura, by anything that happened to herself or her children—extracted from her ménage and her vulgar neighbors a good deal of jolly humor. Since her daughter was now in a position to send her money and presents, she was no longer a poor relation. These presents, although expensive, were sometimes quite inappropriate. One was a diamond bracelet, which my aunt could hardly have had occasion to wear. When somebody in the family asked her about it, she said that she never wore it but carried it around in her bag, "and Nelly knows about it." Nelly was my mother, who liked to control the objects of her benefactions, and the bracelet was a talisman of liberation.

I SHALL stop this family record here. I know how boring and confusing it becomes to read about family connections. A whole other side of my early life I shall leave, in this installment of my memoirs, untouched: my memories of upstate New York—Lewis and Oneida Counties, in which my mother's parents had lived and in which we spent every summer. This was something entirely distinct from, and by me much preferred to, New Jersey. It is one of the points of triangulation without which it would be impossible accurately to locate myself in the world in which I grew up. But I have touched on the subject else-

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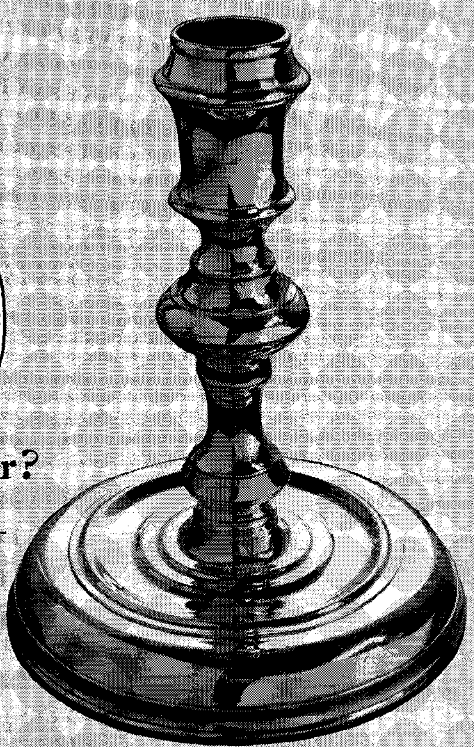

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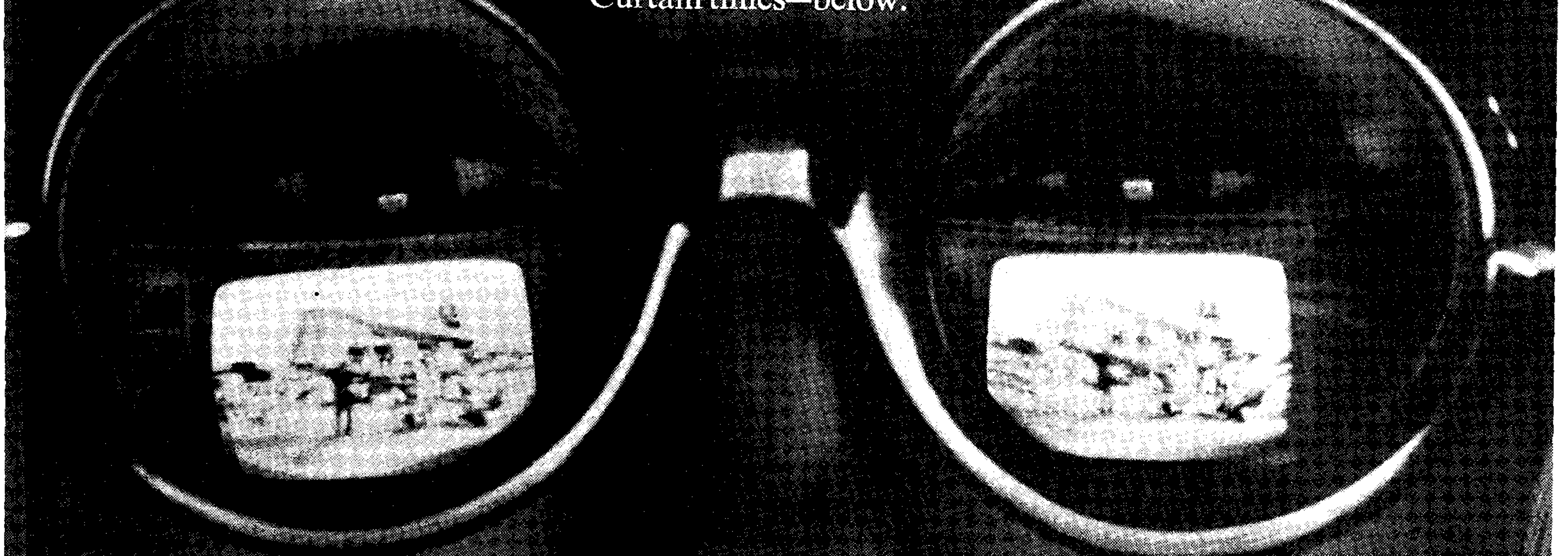

Zero Hour. Zero Mostel in a one-man show includes some "roles I wish I'd played." Monday, May 1 (10-11 pm)

The Crucible. George C. Scott and Colleen Dewhurst in Arthur Miller's drama of the Salem witchcraft trials. Thursday, May 4 (9-11:15 pm)

The Human Voice. ABC Stage 67: Ingrid Bergman in Jean Cocteau's one-character play. Thursday, May 4 (10-11 pm)

The Legend of Mark Twain. David Wayne in a depiction of Twain's life through his writings. Friday, May 5 (8-9 pm)

The 21st Century. Standing Room Only; The Mighty Atom; The Futurists; The Communications Explosion. Sundays, May 7, 14, 21, 28 (6-6:30 pm)

Carousel. Robert Goulet, Mary Grover and Charlie Ruggles star in Rodgers and Hammerstein musical. Sunday, May 7 (9-11 pm)

The Pursuit of Pleasure. An examination of America's new "fun morality." Monday, May 8 (10-11 pm)

The Old College Try. Study of what it takes to get a higher education today. Tuesday, May 9 (10-11 pm)

The Colgate Comedy Hour. Starring Eydie Adams, Kaye Ballard, Mel Brooks, Phyllis Diller, Nanette Fabray, Bob Newhart, Carl Reiner, Nipsy Russell, Dick Shawn, Allan Sherman and Rowan and Martin. Thursday, May 11 (10-11 pm)

Boston Pops Concert for Children. Arthur Fiedler conducts Saint-Saens and Britten works. Sunday, May 14 (6:30-7:30 pm)

Jack Paar and a Funny Thing Happened on the Way to Hollywood. A satirical look at the film capital of the world. Sunday, May 14 (10-11 pm)

Summer Focus. ABC News premieres a series of hour-long documentaries on current problems, such as the draft, air pollution, drug addiction, northern ghettos. Thursday, May 18 (10-11 pm)

The 1967 National Drivers Test. An updated version of the audience-involving test. Tuesday, May 23 (10-11 pm)

The American Image. America as seen through the eyes of artists, drawing on the resources of the Whitney Museum. Friday, May 26 (10-11 pm)

Ivanov. Sir John Gielgud and Claire Bloom star in Anton Chekhov's drama. Tuesday, May 30 (9:30-11 pm)

Regularly Scheduled Programs Monday through Friday: Captain Kangaroo/Today/Sunrise Semester

Tuesdays: CBS News Hour

Thursdays: ABC Stage 67 (Last broadcast May 11)
Summer Focus (eff. May 18)

Saturdays: Captain Kangaroo/Sunrise Semester/Wide World of Sports/Vietnam Weekly Review

Sundays: Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up and Live/Directions/Bullwinkle/Camera Three/Discovery/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/The Catholic Hour/Issues and Answers/National Professional Soccer League Game of the Week/College Bowl/The Frank McGee Report/The 21st Century/Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

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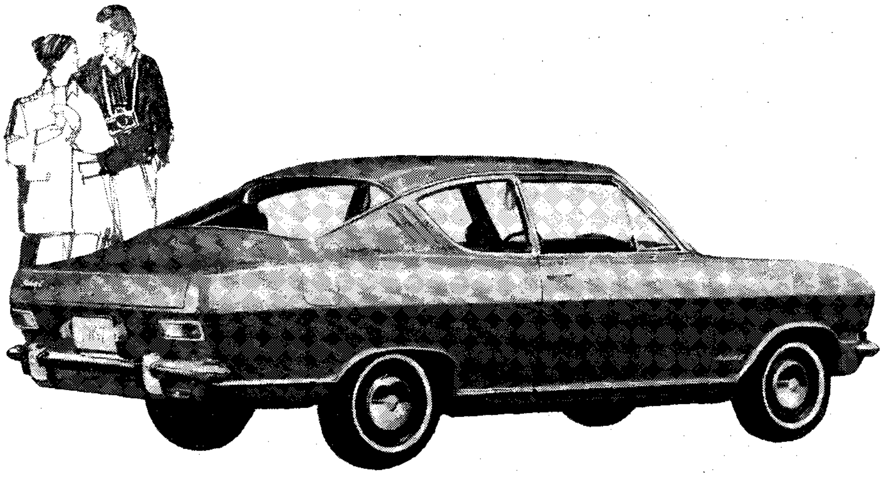

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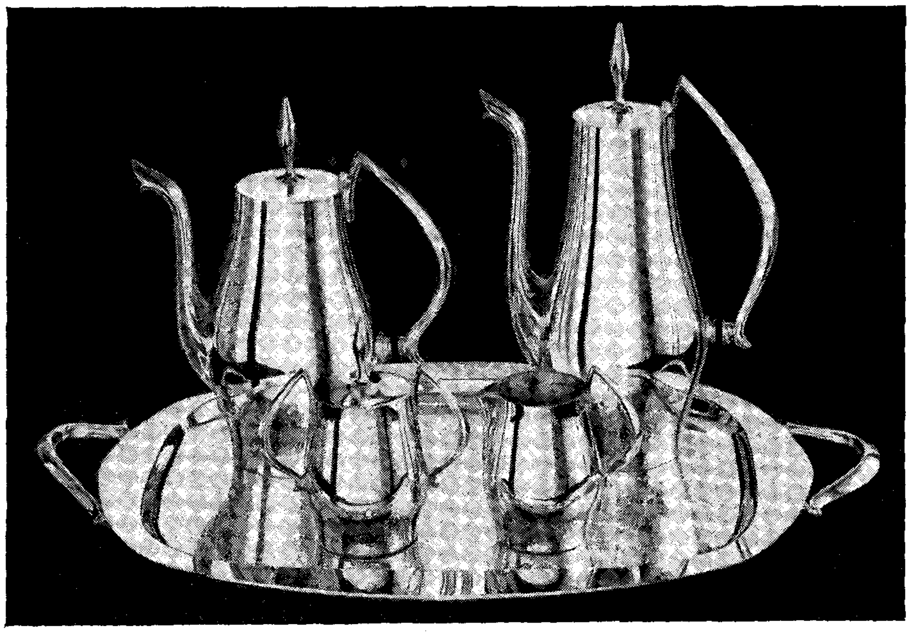

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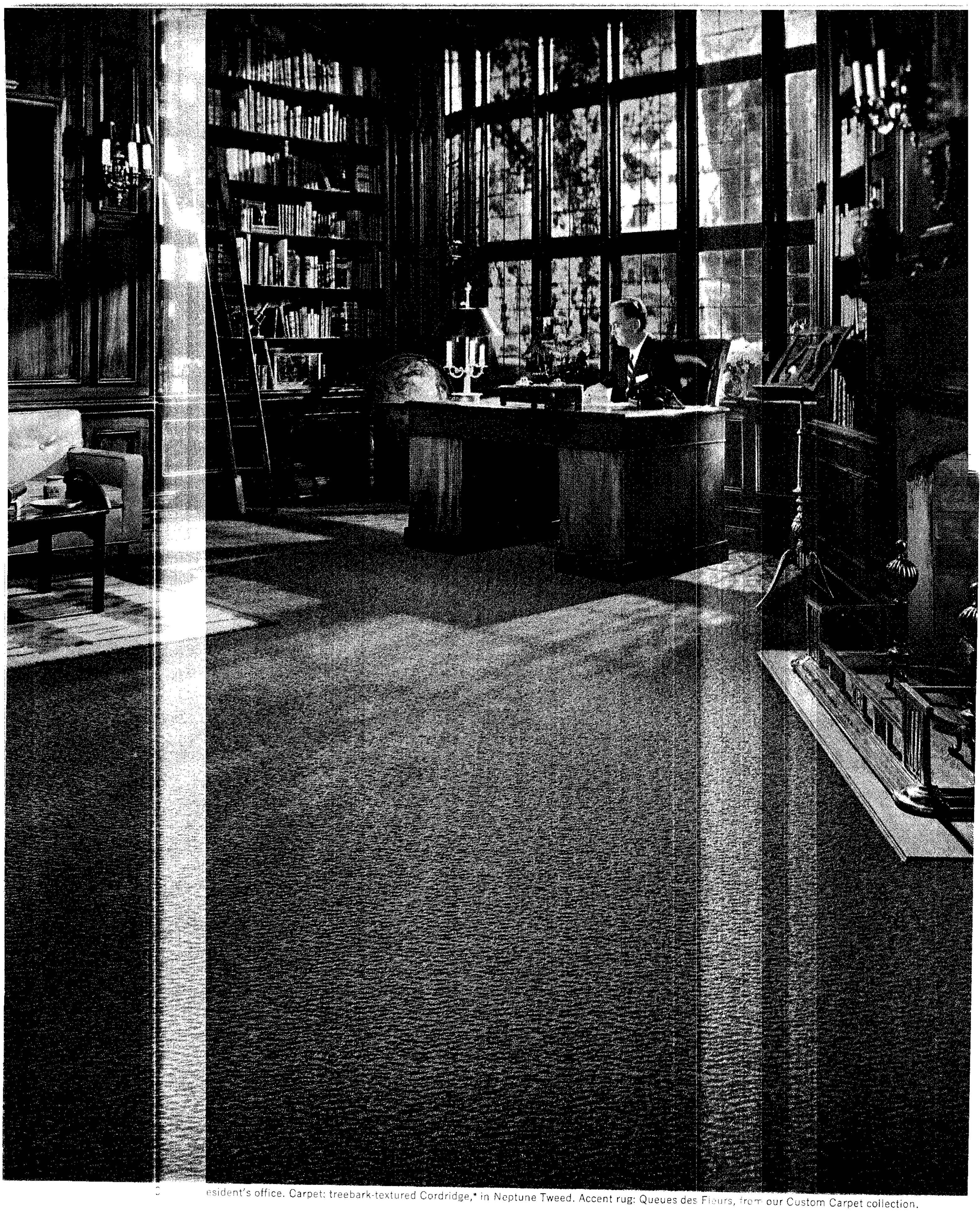
where, and I hope to deal with it further in a book devoted to that region.

SCHOOL AND COLLEGE FRIENDS

I REMEMBER that, one afternoon when I was bicycling down Prospect Hill, at the foot of which our Red Bank house stood—it was just before I went away to school and must have been after our trip to Europe—I said to myself, "I'll eventually have friends with whom I'll have something in common." I was not, to be sure, without friends in Red Bank, but they were far from sharing my interests. Margaret Edwards, now Mrs. Walter Rullman—who gave me the "My Trip Abroad" diary—was the one I found most sympathetic. Her father had been a painter, and she herself had artistic ability and had been sent to a good boarding school. But at a given point I was stopped from seeing very much of her and her sister by fear of the imputation of playing too much with girls and by her mother's tactless remark: "You're going to marry my daughter, aren't you?" My cousin Sandy had up to that time been my only really close companion. We were much together in the summer both in New Jersey and in Talcottville, and when the Kimballs were in New York, during the winter, I would visit them in the holidays. In childhood, before we could write, we dictated stories to our Aunt Laura, who sewed them into little books. Thereafter, we wrote and illustrated a series called "The Adventures of Colonel Mellow," read more or less the same books, put on plays in a toy theatre, made humorous phonograph records on wax cylinders by means of what was called a "recorder," and, with Esther, enacted charades. When the Fourth of July came round, we were much occupied with fireworks. In those days, one got fascinating catalogues which advertized rockets, "flowerpots," and other things, with such fancy names as Gerbes and Devil Among the Tailors. We would send for selections of these, and were very soon taking them apart and recombining their elements in order to see what would happen. We invented what we called a Pazazza—a name we had taken from the comic strip of the Katzenjammer Kids. It consisted of a flowerpot shell, into which we had put rocket and Roman-candle balls with a certain amount of gunpowder and, I think, red and green fire. It did not go off when we lit the fuse, and, after waiting a long time, we eventually became so reckless as to stand over it and drop in matches. It sud-



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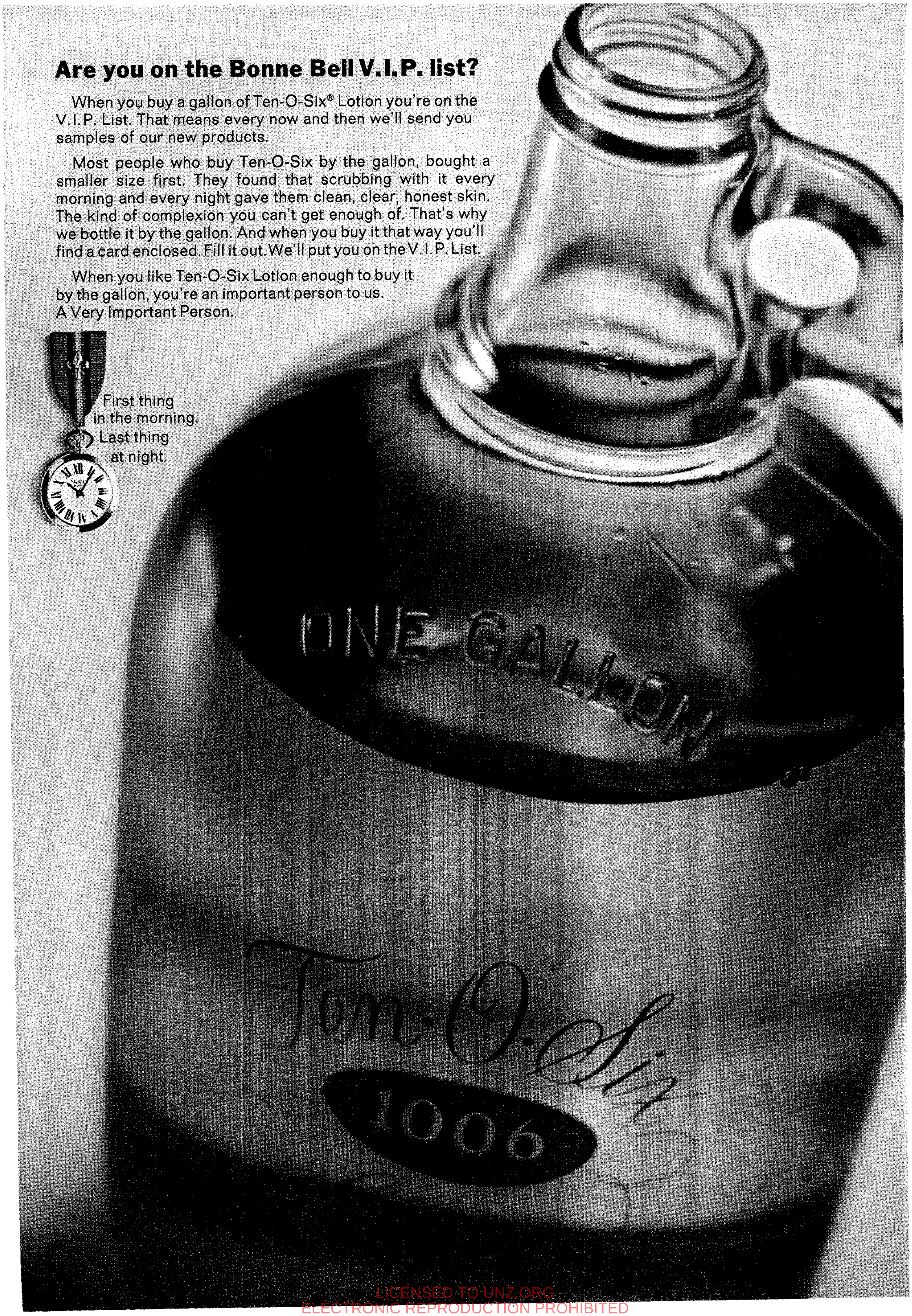
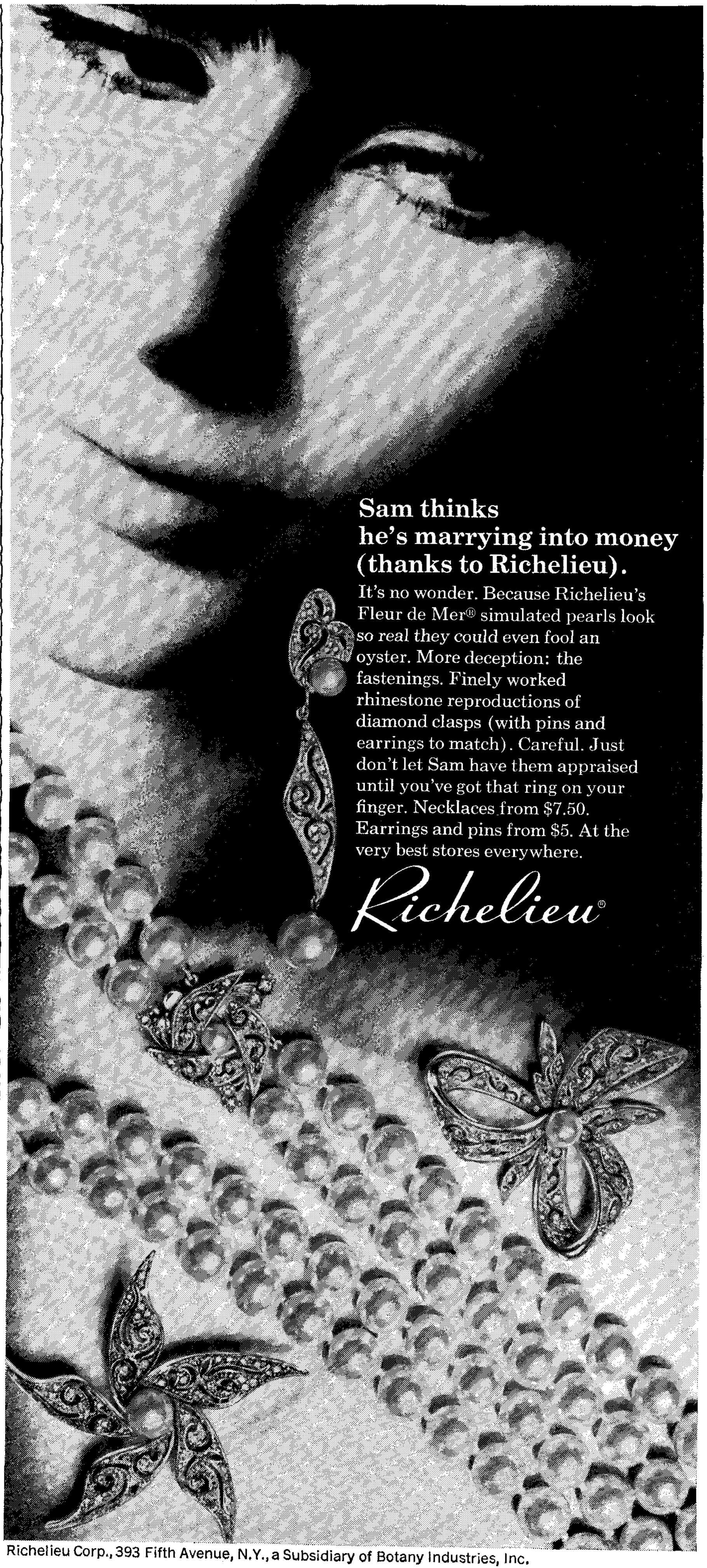


denly erupted in our faces. Poor Sandy was worse injured than I. His father had to remove countless cinders from his eyes. I completely lost my eyelashes and eyebrows. But this turned out to be an advantage; my eyebrows before had been pink—I was red-headed—and scarcely discernible, but they now came in heavier and darker.

Through Sandy, I was made surreptitiously acquainted with Havelock Ellis's "Studies in the Psychology of Sex," the circulation of which was at that time supposed to be restricted to members of the medical profession and which my uncle, as a doctor, had been able to acquire. I thus at an early age, when I had had no sexual experience, was already pretty thoroughly informed about the phenomena of sex, and the case histories in fine type at the back of the volumes became as familiar to me as, at a somewhat earlier age, had been Andersen's fairy tales or the "Arabian Nights." These volumes are never nightmarish, as I afterward found that Kraft-Ebbing was. The most outlandish of the "deviations" never results in horrors. The Vicar of Little Tiddlingham (I improvise), in spite of his misbehavior, remains Vicar of Little Tiddlingham still; the versatile British officer—this is one of the actual histories—who tells of his exploits in many countries and at the end gives a list, in order of preference, that extends through the vegetable and animal worlds and persons of both sexes, beginning with a humble melon and ending with "a woman, a friend, and a lady of my own class," never fails in his duty or forfeits his rank. The whole atmosphere of Ellis is reassuring.

When Sandy was staying with us in upstate New York, as he usually did in the summers, and my father would take us to Canada, he got on better with my father than I did. He always had something of the courtier, and my father liked to be admired. At the time he was Attorney General of New Jersey, Sandy made rather a point of referring to him as "the General." But Sandy was fifteen months older than I and went to prep school a year before I did, and this alienated us from one another. Before I went away myself, I resented the unfamiliar school slang that he brought back when I saw him in vacations. He was sent to St. Paul's and I to Hill. It was thought that Andover and Exeter, to which my father and uncles had gone, left the students too much on their own, and that Hill, which had in that period a great reputation, was better for the more sensitive and the less mature. In comparison



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with the seriousness of Hill, where they were always insisting on the importance of a high-minded object in life, and which was supposed to maintain such high standards that if you passed the Hill examinations you could get into college with top grades, the products of St. Paul's that I saw at Princeton—including by that time Sandy—seemed to me rather frivolous. At Princeton, in different years and belonging to different clubs, we saw little of one another. With his usual easy urbanity, he gave me, on my arrival, a little briefing, explaining, for example, that in introducing friends to one another I should always refer to them as "Mister" rather than give them their Christian names. But in general we did little more than greet one another on the campus.

When I myself went away to school, I did find congenial and interesting friends. My first year was rather difficult, as first years at school are likely to be. My roommate and I had been assigned to the same room because his father and mine had been classmates at Princeton, and we were not at all suited to one another. My marks were so bad that I was not allowed to go home for a weekend, when I had set my heart on getting away to my family from the unfamiliar pressures of school and to seeing the young people race sleighs on the thoroughfare from Shrewsbury to Red Bank. My introduction to Hill had, besides, begun with an unpleasant incident. My mother, with characteristic lack of tact, had called me "Bunny" when she brought me on, and at a first get-together in my rooming house this was taken up by the boys. I tried to fight everybody who did this, but was outnumbered, and the housemaster broke it up. I have been saddled with this nickname all my life. When I later asked my mother why she had called me that, she gave me the even more embarrassing explanation that she used to say about me as a baby that, with my black eyes, I "looked just like a plum bun."

But in the spring of that first year I had a story printed in the school magazine. I later became an editor, and the editors and contributors of the *Hill School Record* had a stimulating effect on one another and were encouraged by the highly intelligent masters. We had hilarious meetings in one of the classrooms. In my Fifth and my Sixth Form years, I was having so good a time at school that I hated to go home for the holidays and spent a large part of the summers visiting my friends. This continued after I got to col-

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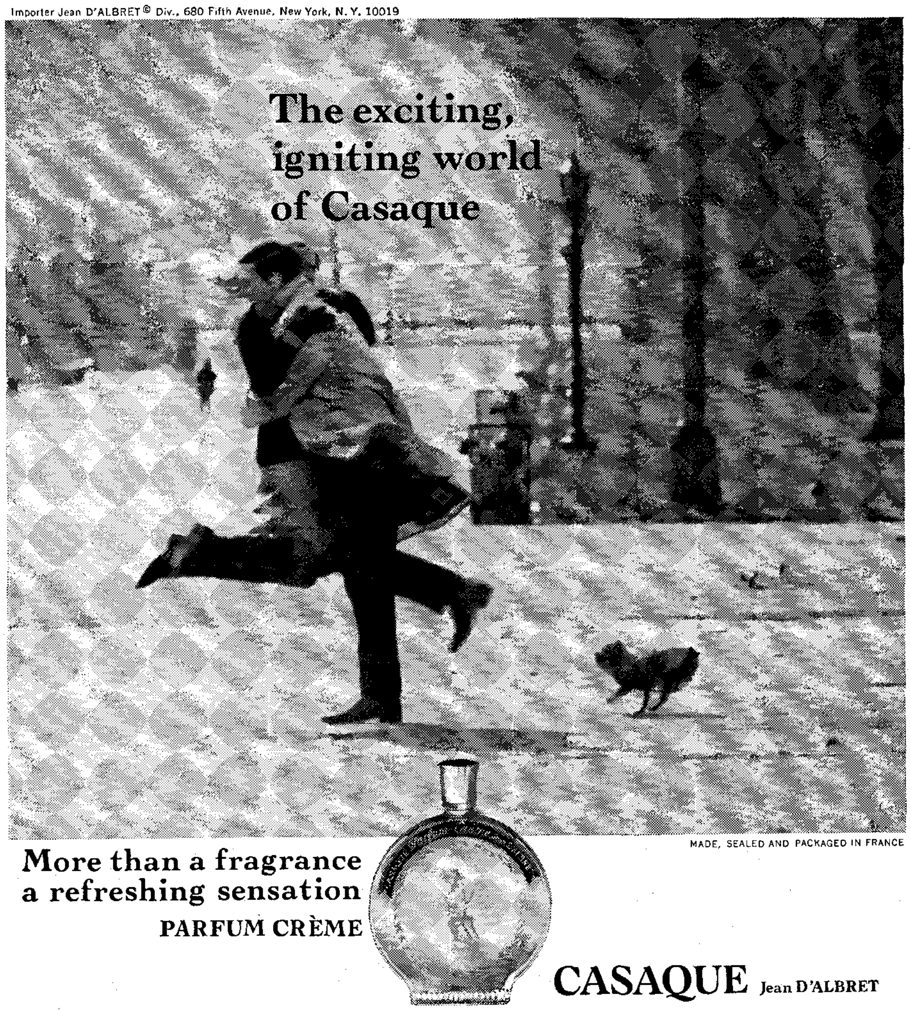

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lege. The atmosphere in Red Bank was oppressive. My poor father was usually absent, in eclipse in some sanitarium for what were then called "neurasthenics"—he did not even come to my college graduation—and though I felt very sorry for my mother, I found it terribly difficult to talk to her, partly because she was deaf and partly because we had so little to talk about. On my journeys back to Red Bank, I used to make notes of topics about which I could communicate with her. One of my most desolating memories is a spell I had to spend at Red Bank when my father was at home with a nurse and my mother was taking a vacation from him. He would talk about nothing but his ailments and would ask—an impossible question—whether I thought that his career was finished. One had very little success in attempting to divert him to anything else. When, in the part of upstate New York from which she had come, I met this nurse not long ago, after not having seen her since then, and she reminded me of our previous acquaintance, the pang of revulsion I felt made me realize how completely I had blotted this experience from my mind. I seem to have accepted every invitation that gave me an excuse to be somewhere else, and when there was nobody available to visit—one summer when my parents had gone abroad in the hope that travel would revive my father—I spent a solitary interval at Talcottville, where I bicycled and read and went every afternoon for a swim in Sugar River.

Since I have given already, in "The Triple Thinkers," in a memoir called "Mr. Rolfe," some general account of the Hill School, I shall limit myself here to brief notes on the various milieux which I discovered with attentive interest in the course of these visits to my friends. As I have said, I had known hitherto almost no one but the members of my own family, and such marginal persons as surrounded these in their habitats of Red Bank, Sea Bright, Rumson, Lakewood, Shrewsbury, Eatontown, and Talcottville. My first intimation of the fact that there existed other self-contained worlds had occurred when my mother took me on one of her annual March holidays to Atlantic City. I made the acquaintance there of a family of amusing children who were staying at the same hotel and took part in an entertainment—I recited "Paul Revere's Ride"—which we gave in the basement for the grownups. It was revealed at some point to my little companions that I came from Red Bank, New Jersey, and they ran at

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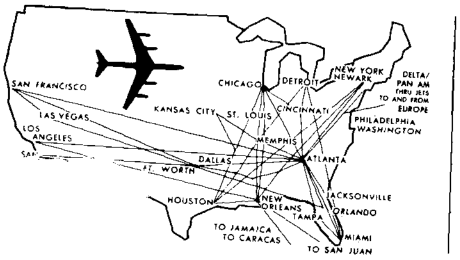
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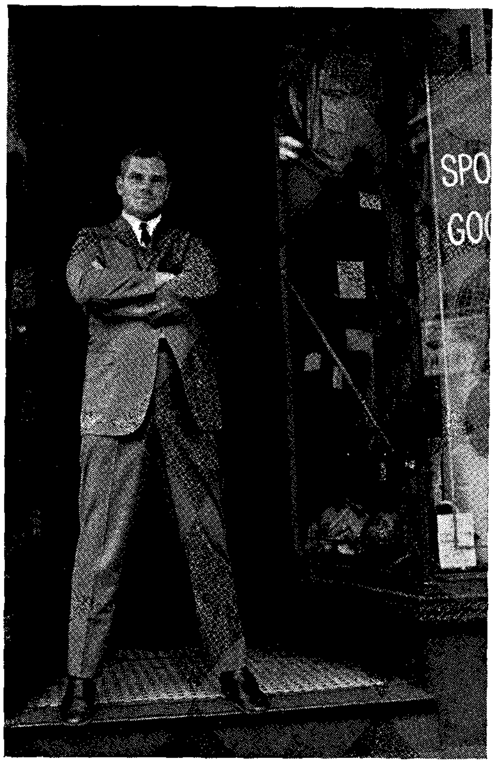
“I was a mesomorph–without knowing it.”



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Sig liked the sound of Michaels/Stern suits for mesomorphs. Sent off card to Henry Rankin, up there at Michaels/Stern & Company, for names of stores near him that sold them. Got prompt letter back, went into store. Came out very satisfied.

That's Sig on the left, looking pleased with himself. Have his sales gone up since Sig started wearing his new Michaels/Stern Bottle Green suit? We don't know. But Michaels/Stern's have.

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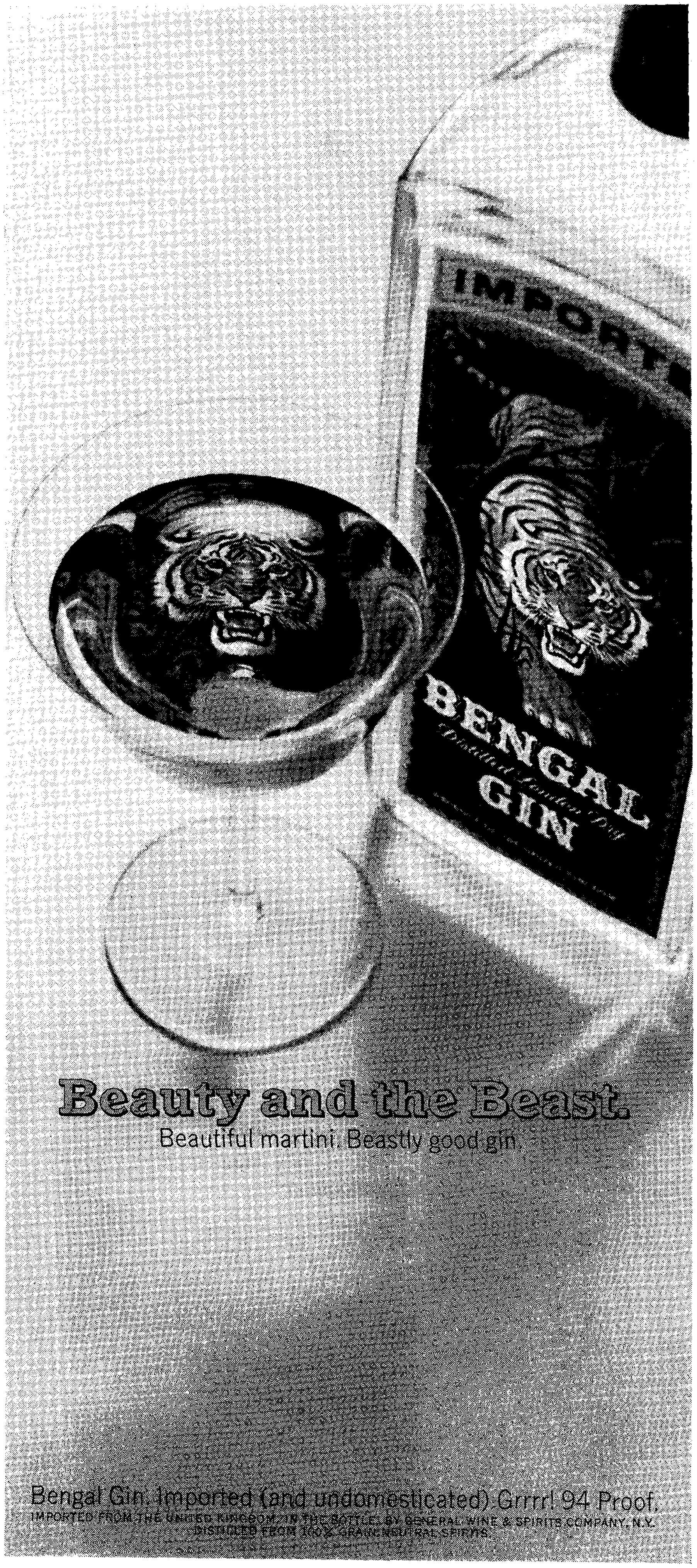
once to their mother. "Never mind," I heard her say. "He may be a very nice boy even if he doesn't come from Philadelphia." This seemed to me strange at the time, for I had never known Philadelphians, but I later on learned that to be one excludes almost everyone else. I had never known anyone in New York except the Kimballs and the children of their friends, and when I began to meet other New Yorkers I came to realize that the Kimballs moved only in a limited circle, which, outside the Knox family connections, seemed mostly to consist of the families of my uncle's medical colleagues. Their relations with the Jews first revealed to me the peculiar and uncomfortable paradoxes of the then Jewish-Gentile relations. Several of the well-known New York Jewish families were friends as well as patients of my uncle's, and they often entertained the Kimballs, inviting them to their concerts and other affairs. The Kimball children were forbidden to make jokes about Jews—of the kind about which, at that time, the Jewish readers of *Life*, then a humorous weekly, sometimes wrote to protest, since the Jewish characters in these jokes were invariably made to talk like Weber and Fields. But Aunt Caroline used to complain that she could not repay this hospitality because she could not invite people to meet their Jewish friends. I remember she once told me that one of them was one of the most attractive men she had ever known, and it was evident to me that these cultivated Jews were so far superior to many of their neighbors as to overcome her natural snobbishness. When I came later to know some of them in New York, I saw that they constituted a strong intermarried group of well-to-do and well-educated families, often active in public affairs—a sort of Jewish counterpart to the world of old Protestant New Yorkers who were well-to-do or, if not, "belonged" through their family connections, and who occupied positions of responsibility.

Typical specimens of this latter group were the De Forests of Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island. An older sister of Larry Noyes, my second and more successful roommate at school, had married Robert De Forest, a lawyer, who had his hand in all sorts of railroad, banking, and charitable enterprises and who was for years first a trustee, then president of the Metropolitan Museum. At the De Forests', everything was perfect: house and grounds, pictures, furniture and dinners. The only questions that seemed to disturb them—and that only in a



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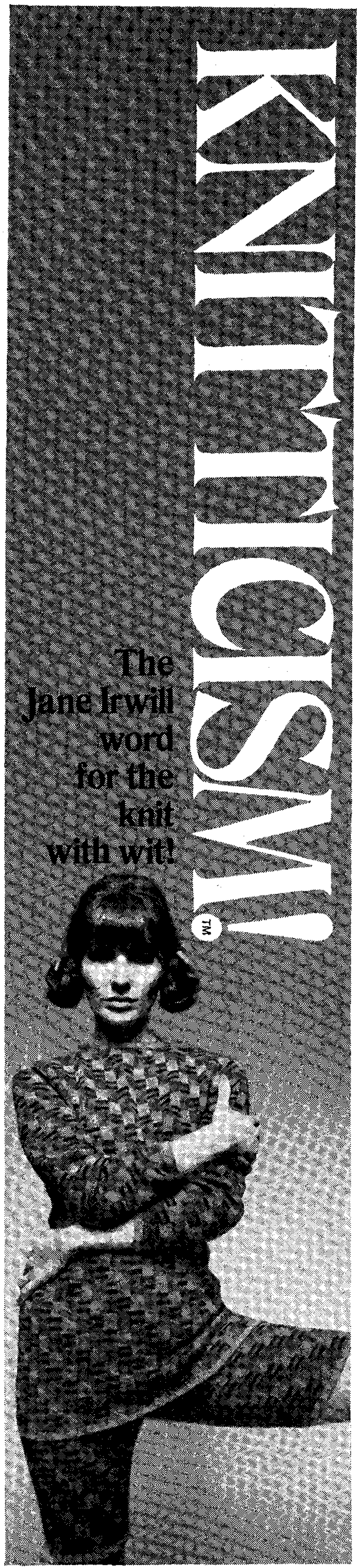
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very quiet way—were the displacement of an etching or a rearrangement of furniture. There was a soothing old German butler, who brought us our breakfasts in bed. The De Forests were somehow related to the New York family of Baxters of whom Thackeray, on his visits, saw so much, and they had a copy of the privately printed volume of "Thackeray's Letters to an American Family." This attracted my attention but interested me only mildly, for I did not know then that Thackeray had fancied himself in love with Sally Baxter and had said that she was the original of Beatrix in "Henry Esmond." Though I roomed with Larry Noyes through two years of school and shared an apartment in New York with him and other friends both before and after the war, he was not one of my most stimulating companions. We would swim in the waters of the clear and quiet Sound and discuss, after we went to college—I to Princeton, he to Yale—what had happened to our former school friends. I learned from Larry the lyrics of Cole Porter's Yale smokers, in which he took the keenest delight. He belonged to the race of Middle Westerners—his father was in the chemical business in St. Paul—whose family roots are in the East and whose great idea is to come back East and keep up their connections with their Eastern relations. They develop a special kind of snobbery more self-conscious than the Eastern kind. T. S. Eliot was something of a case in point. Larry Noyes knew Scott Fitzgerald from St. Paul, and Scott sometimes came to our apartment, but Larry did not know quite how to take him, and Scott, on his side, did not much like Larry. In his memoir, "My Lost City," he says of our apartment, without naming Larry, that "only the crisp tearing open of invitations by one man was a discordant note." Larry told me about Scott's pretty sister, whom Scott, thinking her technique with men, from his own point of view, insufficient, tried to transform into one of his own creations by teaching her to use on her dance partners such openings as "Do you believe in God?" and "Tell me if my eyelashes tickle."

The Osborns were considerably more interesting. I knew Bill Osborn both at school and at college, and his brother Earl at Princeton, and I occasionally used to visit them in New York or at Garrison, on the Hudson. Their father, William Church Osborn, served on all sorts of commissions and boards of directors. I find that he was a trustee of Princeton, a president of the Metropolitan Museum, a director of the Phelps Dodge Corporation (Mrs. Osborn had been a Dodge), a chairman of the Democratic State Committee, and a legal adviser to the State Commission in Lunacy. His brother was Henry Fairfield Osborn, the well-known paleontologist and president of the Museum of Natural History. One felt oneself here at the center of everything that was going on in New York. I remember hearing first at the Osborn house of Vernon and Irene Castle, as if the Osborns had advance notice of everything. They were cultivated as well as civic-minded. William Church was related to Frederick Church, the Hudson River painter, and there was one of his landscapes in the dining room. He had a Manet and other pictures by I forget what end-of-the-century French painters. It surprised me that he should have read Huysmans. Mr. Osborn was almost too perfect. One felt that he was completely confident that he always knew how to decide and what to do in any situation, and that he always had all the answers. This was conveyed, however, without pomposity and with a certain bland ironic humor. I remember it as characteristic of him that when our friend Wilton Lloyd-Smith once told him something that he "thought might surprise him," Mr. Osborn said, "Nothing surprises me, Wilton." He knew about the *New Republic* when it began appearing—at the time that I was reading it eagerly—as he knew about everything else in New York, and said, in his decisive way, that its tone was "predominantly Hebraic," though only two of its six editors were Jewish. I thought it was attractively old-fashioned of him to address Mrs. Osborn as "my love."

Bill and Earl Osborn had enough of their father's self-assurance to make them different from almost anyone else I knew at Princeton, as well as different from the exceptional individualists, who were likely to be artistic or literary. Bill's reactions to everything were lively and fresh. It was great fun to go on walks and rides with him. Before we went into the war, he had the courage to take a stand against it, though, once we were in, he served and was wounded. Earl was much more subdued, slow of action and speech, but he also had reactions and opinions that were not the expected ones. The longer I knew them, however, the more it came to seem to me

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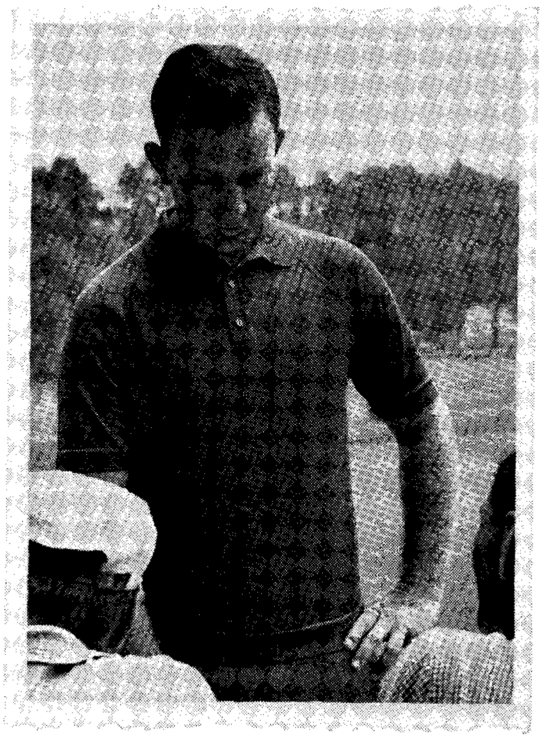

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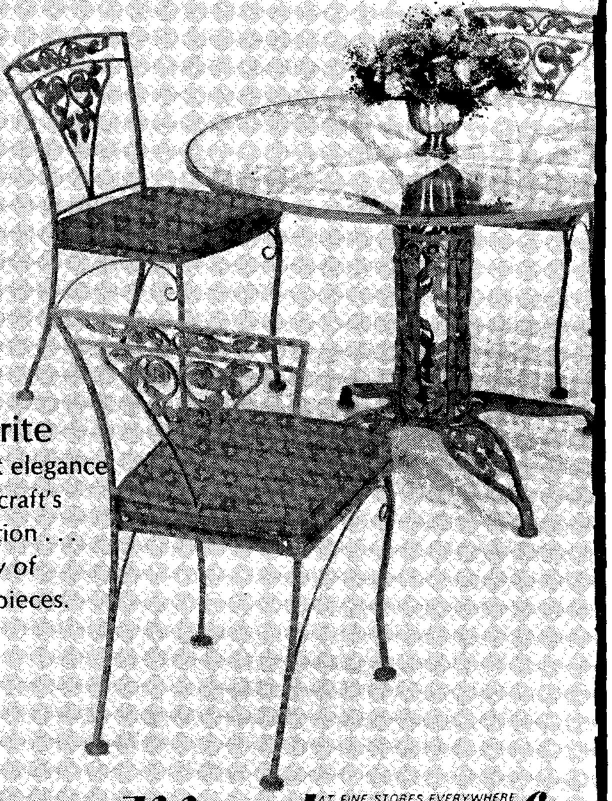

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that their lives were in the long run directed by their parents. This appeared to me all wrong, since I found myself, in fundamental ways, so often in opposition to mine. I was annoyed when Bill explained to me one day a principle, which I suppose he had learned from his father, that one ought to know at least something about all sorts of subjects in order to be able to talk to anyone that one happened to sit next to at dinner. I thought that one ought only to inform oneself about subjects in which one was interested. It seemed to me something of an advantage to have a father with whom one disagreed and to whose principles and opinions one did not necessarily defer. But Mr. Osborn, I suppose, was the kind of man—with his calm and authoritative certainties—that there was really no way of opposing or even of arguing with.

The family of my friend Bill Brown were somewhat more unconventional. His mother was a cousin of Larry Noyes, and I first knew Bill at school, but though he afterward went to Yale I continued to see a good deal of him. They were the Browns of Brown Brothers, the bankers, but the current generation of Browns seemed to take little interest in the business. One of the brothers played the violin; another had some special rather curious interest that I find I have now forgotten; William Adams Brown, the father of my friend William Adams, Jr., was a professor at Union Theological Seminary. I was thrilled when the news reached school that he and another professor were to be put on trial for heresy before the tribunal of the Presbyterian Church. But when I later tried to read Dr. Brown's books, I was not at all thrilled by what seemed to me a rather insipid doctrine of watered-down Presbyterianism. He was an extremely likable man. He was called Doggie Brown at the Seminary, primarily because he taught Dogmatics but also, I imagine, from his having the appearance of a large and good-natured dog. A man who had once been a student there told me that Dr. Brown was conspicuous among the professors for arriving every day in a limousine. Dr. Brown had an excellent library and the kind of literary taste—discriminating but up-to-date—that I understood. I was surprised that he should speak with contempt of the poems of Thomas Bailey Aldrich, who had become so much an accepted figure of the literary-magazine world that I assumed he would be respected by all the older people. I happened also just to have read Aldrich's poems and did not take

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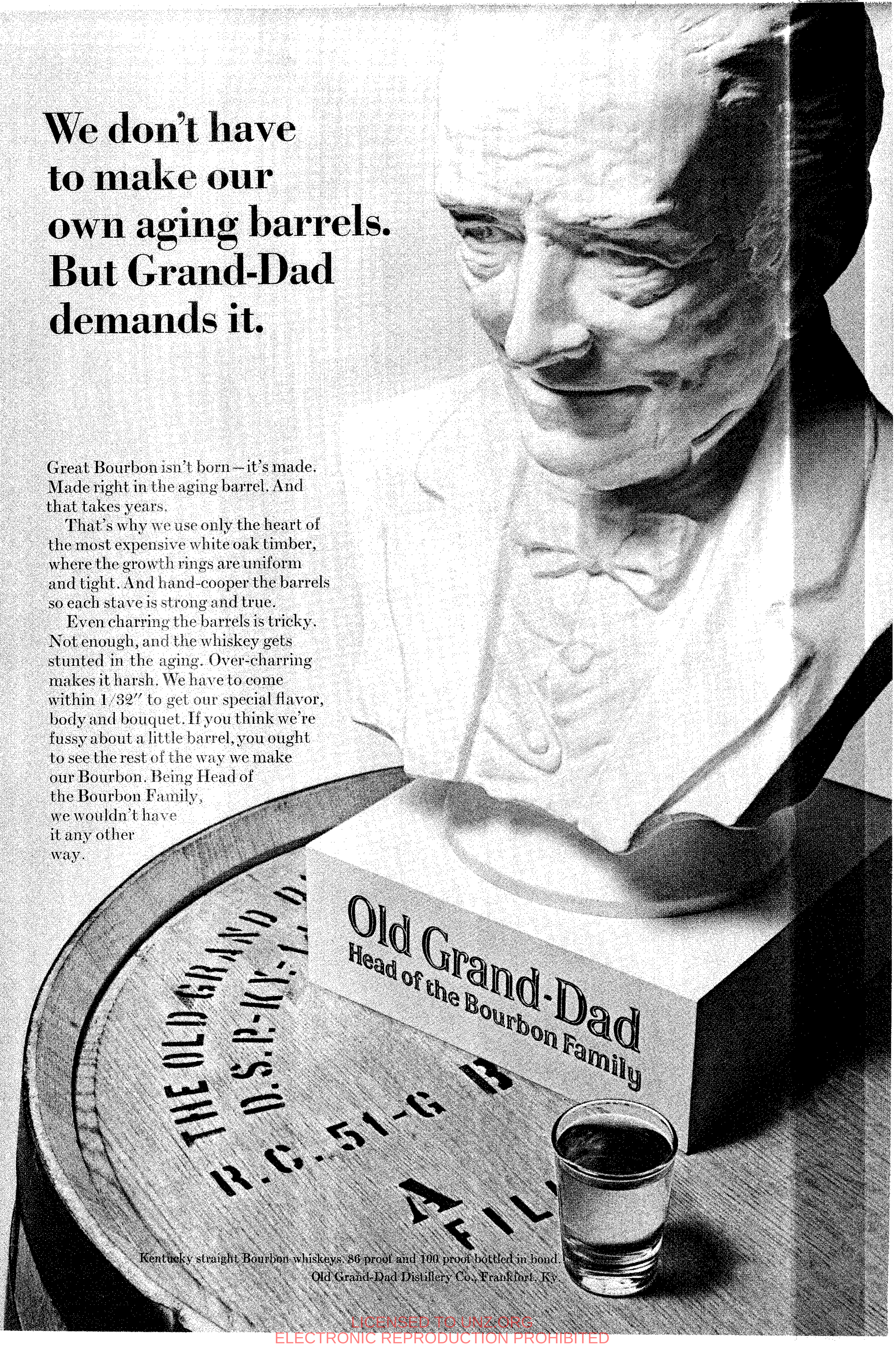

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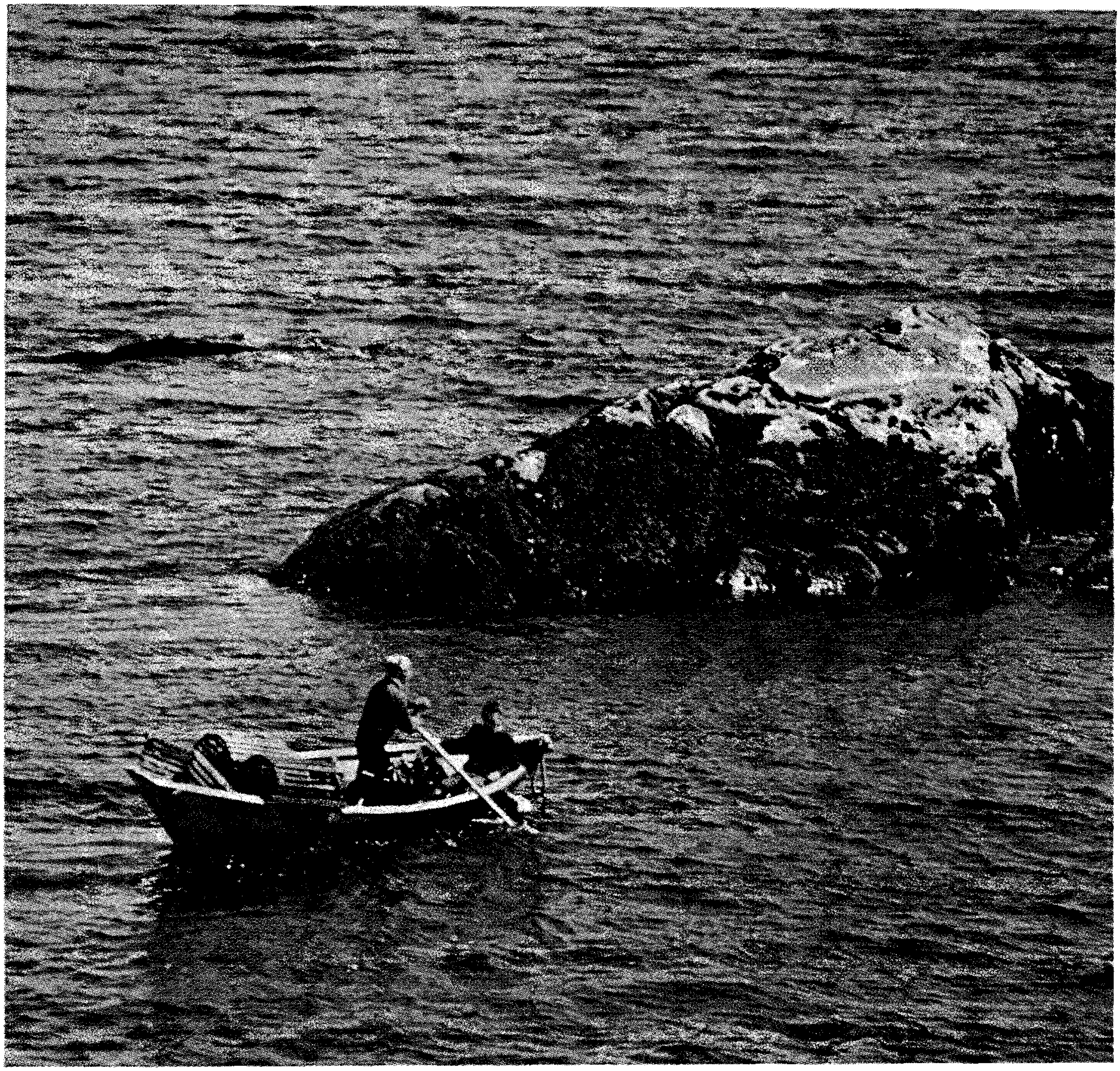

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them very seriously, but I protested that a few were not bad. "Which ones did you think were good?" he asked. It increased my respect for him to see that he was not prepared to take anything for granted, and I was further impressed when I found on his shelves Archibald Henderson's huge biography of Bernard Shaw, then and now one of my heroes. I had acquired this volume at school, and though Shaw's plays were seen and read by the older generation, I was surprised that a member of that generation, and especially a Presbyterian clergyman, should go so far as to read Archibald Henderson. Bill took it down and looked at the pictures, one of which had the caption "Ahenobarbus at Rehearsal." "What does 'Ahenobarbus' mean?" he asked. "A red-bearded fellah," said his father. "What do I send you to school for?" This made me feel a twinge of inadequacy, because I had not known, either. In one of our spring vacations from school, Dr. Brown took us to "Patience," which he seemed to enjoy as much as we did. The New York productions of Gilbert and Sullivan were not always very brilliant, but they usually had the advantage of the unique De Wolf Hopper, who played all the comic roles originally created by George Grossmith. When, as Bunthorne in "Patience," he pretended to be fainting, he was offered a flask of brandy by one of the heavy dragoons. At first he waved it away, but then took it and poured a drink into the cup of the lily he was holding, as if the flower itself needed reviving. Then he pretended to smell the lily and swallowed the brandy. I was delighted by this.

The Browns simply did what they liked. They did not at all give the impression of being built into a world of New York social life and civic responsibility. The Doctor and Mrs. Brown seemed to live more or less independent lives. Mrs. Brown, who wore a wig, always struck me as having an odd detachment from the other members of the family. Bill Brown had his father's amiability and his own kind of dogginess, which was manifested in a sometimes disastrous leaping and throwing himself around. In spite of his thick lenses, which gave him a professorial appearance like his father's, he was the only one of my friends who showed a strong and outspoken enthusiasm for sex. For years he had some sort of affair with the daughter of a Swedish psychiatrist, who was evidently of a more exciting temperament than the conventional débutante. He

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had also an enthusiastic affection, which seemed to me quite unusual, for a sister who was still a child. On the eve of a school vacation, he would cry out in joy at the prospect of seeing this little girl again. It was touching to see them together; his sister had lenses as thick as his, and neither was particularly handsome, but both were extremely sympathetic on account of their high spirits and their affection for one another. Bill, at the time of the war, went to Russia in some capacity—I suppose that his defective eyesight disqualified him from active service—and roused my envy by coming back with "Anna Karenina" in Russian. He then went to Peru for Brown Brothers and returned with tantalizing tales of the gallantries of the ladies of Lima. He ended as a professor of economics at Brown University, in Providence—a rather tame destiny, it seemed to me, for a once so rambunctious person.

I continued to see the Browns when they came for a while to live at Princeton and rented the house of Henry Van Dyke, whose admiration for Tennyson had impelled him to name his daughters after the heroines of "Idylls of the King" and to call his place Avalon. There was nothing about the Browns of this factitious romance. In Avalon, they seemed as serene and detached, as oblivious of their surroundings, as they had in their New York house. I remember here a strange outburst in my presence on the part of the little girl's English governess, who was speaking not to me but to herself: "Why can't they admit that they don't speak English? Why don't they admit it's a different language?" I was surprised that she should have had so much difficulty in understanding our American version of English, but I suppose that, not very adaptable, she had been constantly baffled and annoyed at hearing familiar objects called by unfamiliar names. It was at Princeton that I got to know John Crosby Brown, Bill's elder brother. He was gentle and rather handsome and always good for a serious conversation. He was something of an invalid then and died not many years after. It was later to depress me, looking back, to take account of how many of these friends, with excellent training and so much opportunity, seemed unable to live up to these. I had thought that we were all pretty brilliant and were headed for distinguished careers.

In looking up these New York families for the purposes of this memoir and learning facts that I did not then know, I am struck by the extent to which such families constituted a gen-

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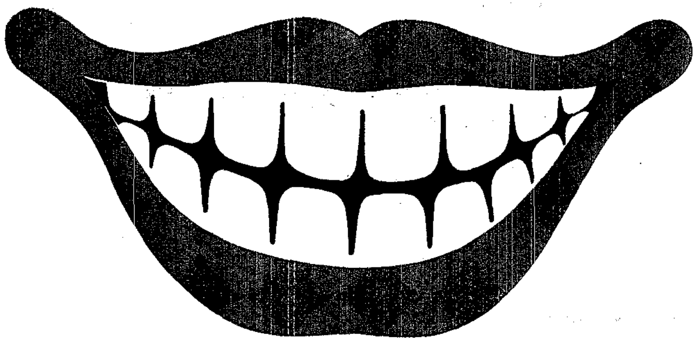

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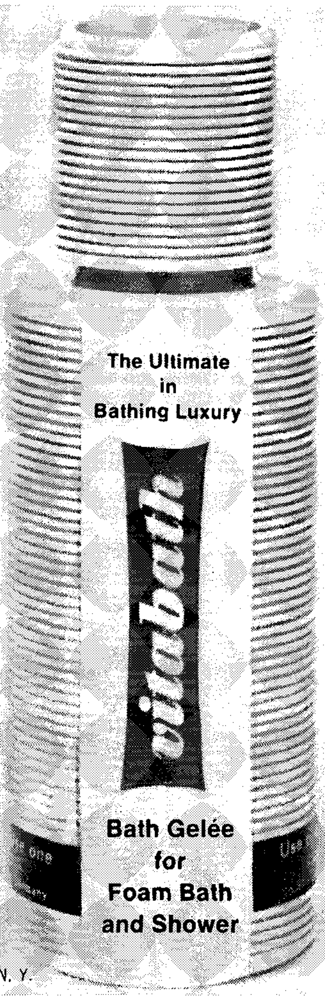
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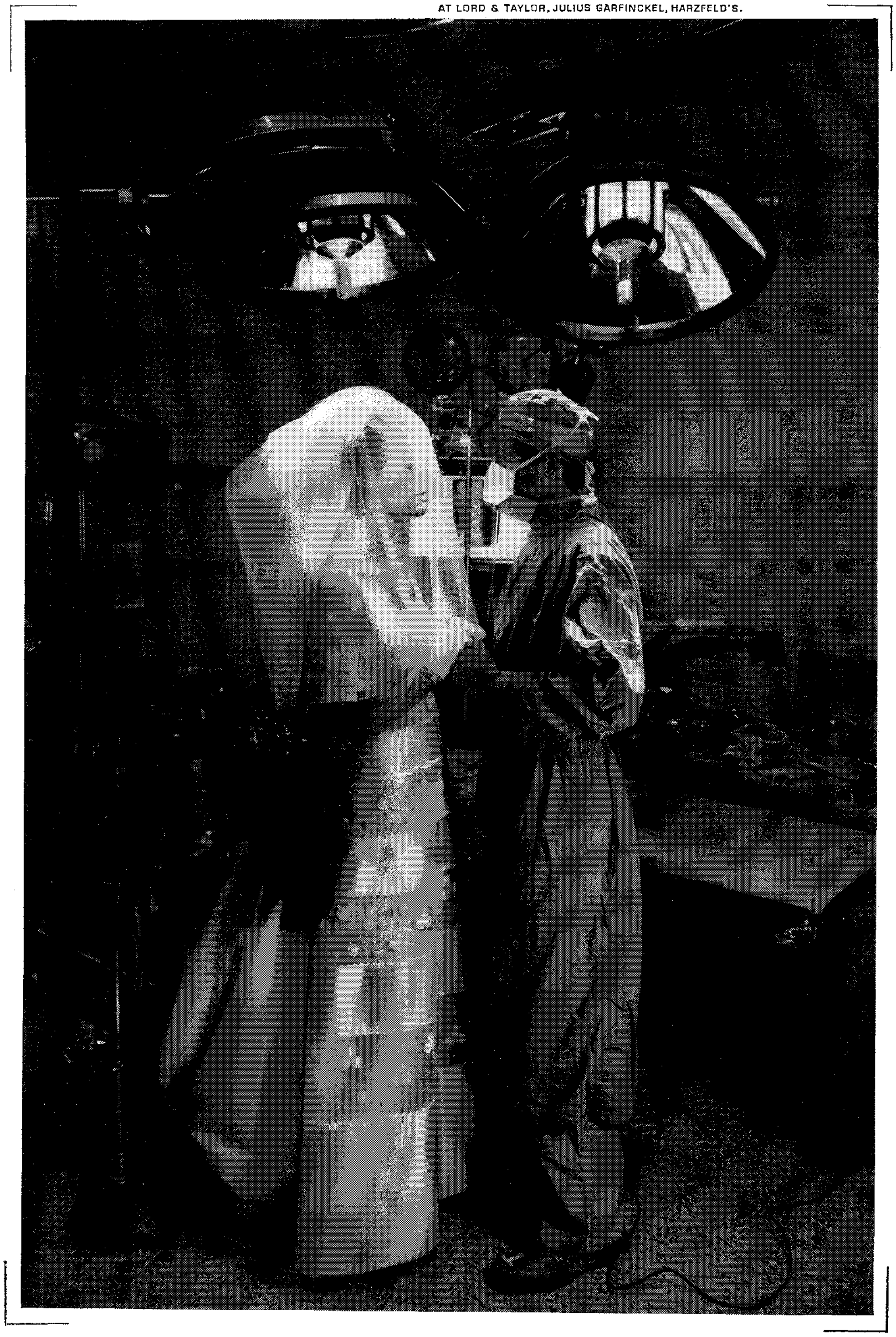

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uine "Establishment." They were likely to be intermarried, and they seem to have had more or less in their hands all the more respectable public activities. To what extent has this Establishment survived? My later life, from my Greenwich Village days, has been so alien to this kind of world that I have had little chance to observe it. But I should say, from some of the marriages of a generation younger than mine, that it cannot be any longer so self-contained.

THE New Englanders were quite different from New Yorkers. I had been in Boston only once up to some time in the early twenties; I had gone to stay with friends in Cambridge for the Harvard-Princeton football game, and I then noticed almost nothing but the special local accent. When I inquired the way to somewhere, I was told to "Take a cair to Pairk Street." I did not find out till years later that this had been the way that *ar* had originally been pronounced. Ben Jonson explains in his English grammar that the sound of *a* in *art* is the same as that of *a* in *act*. Dickens, in "Great Expectations," when he makes his characters speak of "the meshes," is indicating a pronunciation very similar to that of Boston.

But I went often to Washington, Connecticut, where I had a good many friends. One of these was Sterling Carter, who roomed next door to me at Princeton. The sons of Princeton alumni were in those days assigned to the dormitories for which their fathers' classes had contributed funds. Both Sterling's father and mine were of the class of 1885, so we were put to room in Hamilton Hall. It happened that Sterling's father had been in the habit, during their college days, of helping mine through his mathematics, and Sterling, who was also a dab at mathematics, performed the same service for me, but even his expert guidance did not prevent my flunking Coördinate Geometry. He was one of the most amiable fellows I have ever known. He would listen to me, in the evenings, reading Bernard Shaw's plays aloud, and one night when I was kept awake by the flapping of the rope on the flagstaff of the tower of Campbell Hall, he climbed up with me and helped tie it down. His father was now the minister of the Congregational church in Washington—a particularly handsome one, always kept in good repair by the Washingtonians, who took great pride in their distinguished town. The Carters—Sterling had three sisters, two of

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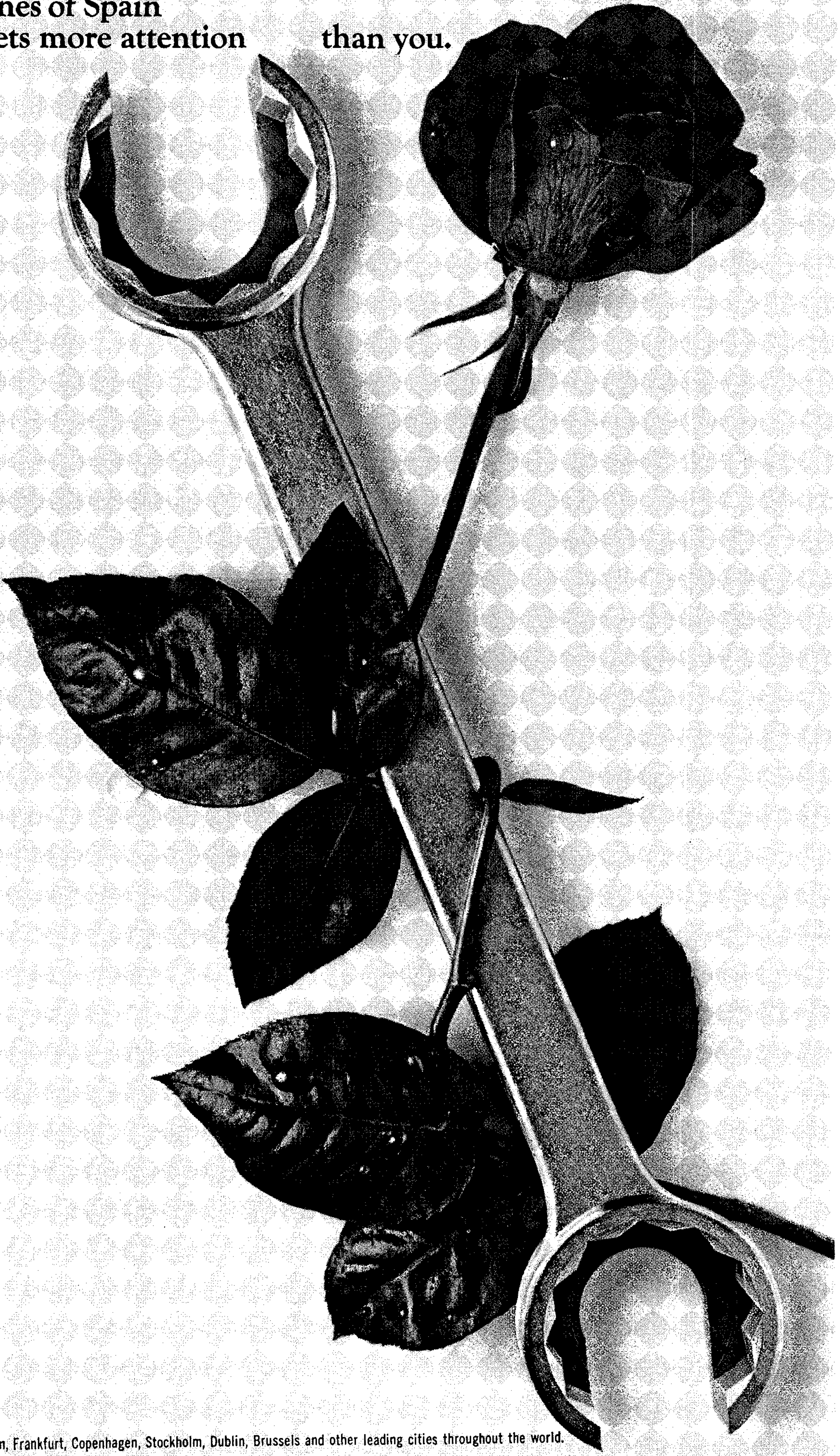

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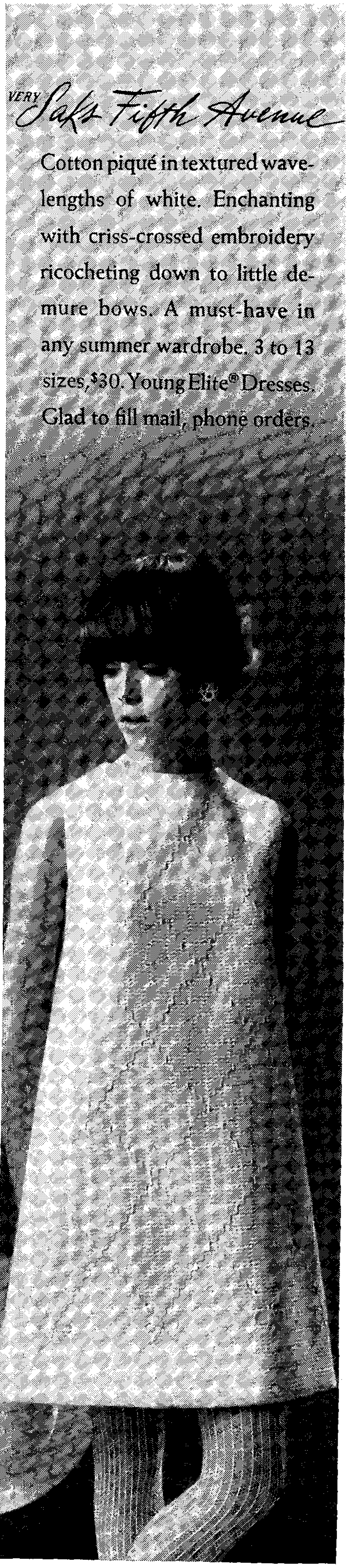
whom went to Vassar and one to Radcliffe—lived in an old-fashioned, rather Spartan way. They had no central heating, and in winter it took some courage to tear oneself out from under the covers and wash in the bedroom washbowl. But I found in my bedroom a college text of a selection from the Greek Anthology and discovered—what I had not known—that William (Johnson) Cory's "Heraclitus" was not an original poem but a translation of a poem by Callimachus. This was later, on a visit to Italy, to suggest a poem I wrote there called "Boboli Gardens."

I am glad to have known this Connecticut town and to have got some first-hand idea of what the best of this New England life of small communities must have been like in the past. Washington was largely dominated by a boys' school called The Gunnery and a girls' school called Wykeham Rise. There were a conventional New England "green" and a "general store." A number of families had houses in which they spent only their summers, but they were as much imbued as the natives with the peculiar local patriotism. There were a choral society and a dramatic society, in the performances of which everyone who could participated. I sometimes went up for New Year's, when The Gunnery put on a show. I remember taking part in an operatic burlesque of the "Aeneid." In summer, we went to a camp on Mount Tom, under the chaperonage of Mrs. Will Brinsmade, the sister-in-law of a Gunnery headmaster. The Brinsmade girls, also at Vassar, were among the attractions of these trips. We dived and swam in the lake; went on walks that involved chaste flirtations; in the evenings played the phonograph, read poetry, and concocted games. I enjoyed all this very much, but I felt that it rather lacked piquancy, and I sometimes had the impulse to shock them. When Kenneth Simpson was there, with his witty, fast-talking Irish "line"—I cannot stop to explain him here—we would sometimes, in private, make common cause as sly and sophisticated New Yorkers, who did not really belong in that so blameless milieu.

My closest friends in Washington were not, however, real New Englanders, nor were they exactly New Yorkers. They belonged to the New York sub-species of old-fashioned Brooklynites and took one back to what I always thought of as an American version of Victorianism. One of my most interesting friends at the Hill



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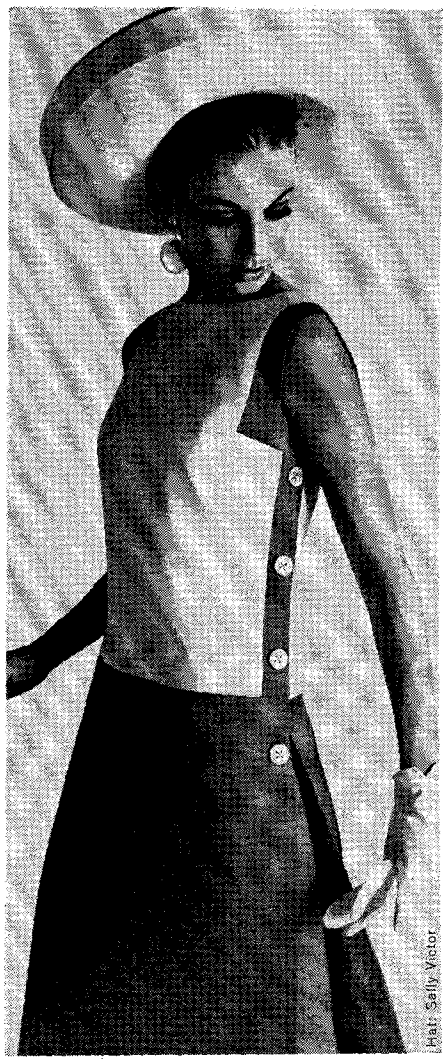

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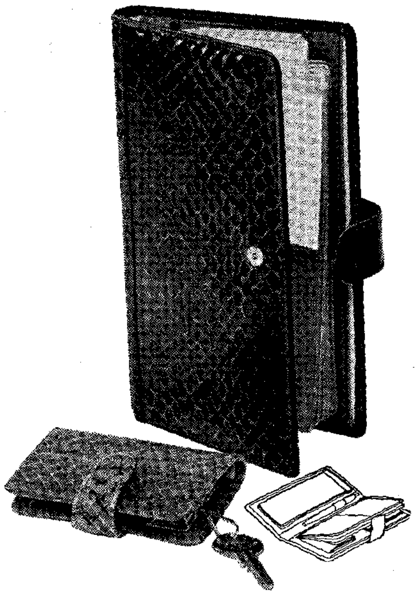
Slightly higher in the west.

School was Alfred Raymond Bellinger, with whom I was closely associated in connection with the school magazine. His grandfather, Rossiter Raymond, was a man of some note. He was primarily a mining engineer. I learn from the "Dictionary of American Biography" that he "exerted a unique influence among American engineers during the formative period of his profession." His activities in his own field—extremely varied—had taken him all over the United States and Europe. It was quite usual for the professional men of his time to have cultural interests apart from their professions, but Dr. Raymond was well read and well informed to an altogether astonishing degree. Not only did he write much on mining and translate foreign works on this subject but he published also children's stories, poems, a novel, and a life of Peter Cooper. (The first I heard of Herbert Hoover was when Dr. Raymond, with pride, produced a translation from the Latin of a sixteenth-century treatise on mineralogy by the German scholar Georg Agricola, which had been made by a young man of that name and his wife.) He had the huge set of the Delphin Classics—the whole of Latin literature (with a few unaccountable omissions) in a hundred and forty volumes. I enormously admired these and eventually found a set for myself. He told us that he and his father had once stayed in a Swiss hotel at the same time as Walter Pater but that they did not know about him then: "We could have talked classics with him!" There was also a complete bound set of *Punch*, and when, after the deaths of the Raymonds, this was burned in a fire in the Washington house, the Bellingers bought another. I don't think they could imagine a household that did not possess a complete set of *Punch*. Dr. Raymond was a short, brisk man, full of energy and enthusiasm, with white side whiskers and a sparkling blue eye. Indoors, he always wore a black skullcap. He was, to be sure, rather vain of his accomplishments and achievements. He had been decorated in Japan with the Order of the Rising Sun, and from time to time he would have it brought out and shown to guests. But he was never disagreeably egoistic. His manliness, frankness, good humor, his radiant enjoyment of himself were usually irresistible to his audience. His opinions were of interest to me as anachronistic examples of another era than that in which I felt myself to be living. He had always, in his relations with labor, been opposed to



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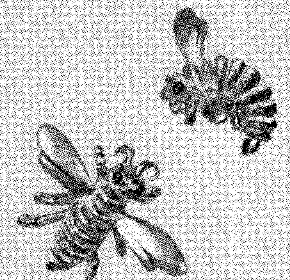

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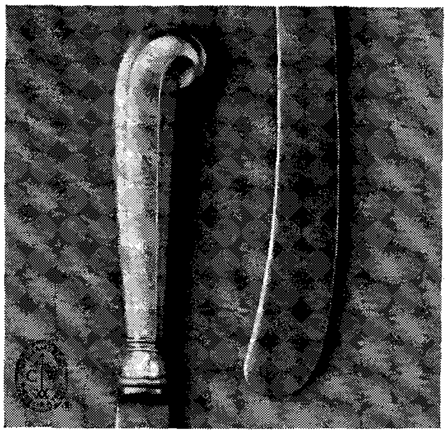

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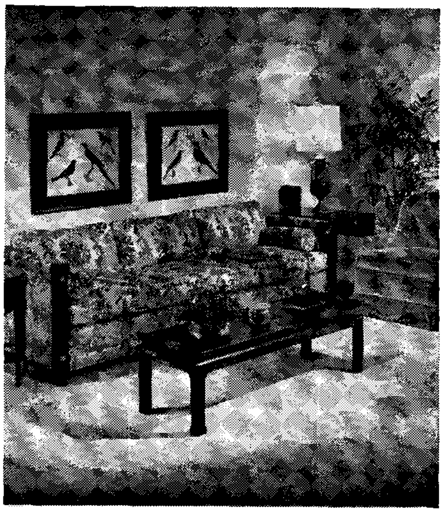
unionization, and he occasionally got threatening letters. His opinion was that low-grade "foreigners" had come to the United States and greatly improved their standard of living, and that they were therefore only being impudent in asking for higher wages. He was one of the people who voted on the bestowal on dead celebrities of the privilege of having their busts installed in the ridiculous "Hall of Fame" attached to New York University, and he was opposed to the admission of Poe—I suppose upon moral grounds as well as what he regarded as the insubstantiality of his work. A supporter of Poe had attempted to convert him by inducing him to read "Eureka," but he declared that it was worthy of Marie Corelli and should provide no passport to the Hall of Fame. (I find, however, that in that year—1910—the supporters of Poe won out.) When Mark Twain's "Mysterious Stranger" was posthumously published, in 1916, Dr. Raymond pooh-poohed it as something that Howells must have advised Mark Twain to suppress. "We Christians," he declared with elated confidence, "don't care about such things!" But although in certain ways so Victorian, *he was not really narrow or prudish.* He was a member of Henry Ward Beecher's congregation and one of the pillars of Plymouth Church, and he loyally supported Beecher all through the latter's great scandal. He told once of having been in Utah and having had to transact some business with Brigham Young. He mimicked him and made him sound, I noted, exactly like some old farmer from upstate New York, in which region Young had spent his youth.

The Raymonds had lost their only son, who had left a great legend of promise as a worthy successor to his father. I do not think that Mrs. Raymond had ever recovered from this, though she and the Doctor were perfectly certain that they would be reunited with him in the other world. Alfred's grandmother would come downstairs for only brief appearances and wore a green eyeshade that, like Mrs. Smallweed's bonnet in Phiz's illustrations for "Bleak House," concealed the upper part of her face. She was looked after and the household was directed by the inevitable maiden aunt, like my own Aunt Laura, who had found it her destiny to fill this role. She was Dr. Raymond's sister, and he called her by the obsolete nickname of Sukey—the only time I had ever heard it: I had only seen it in books. On one occasion, after dinner at the Brooklyn



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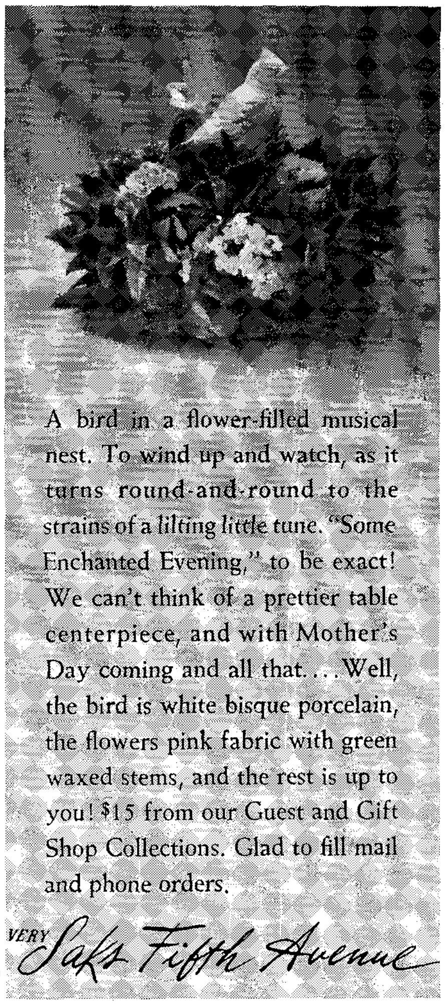

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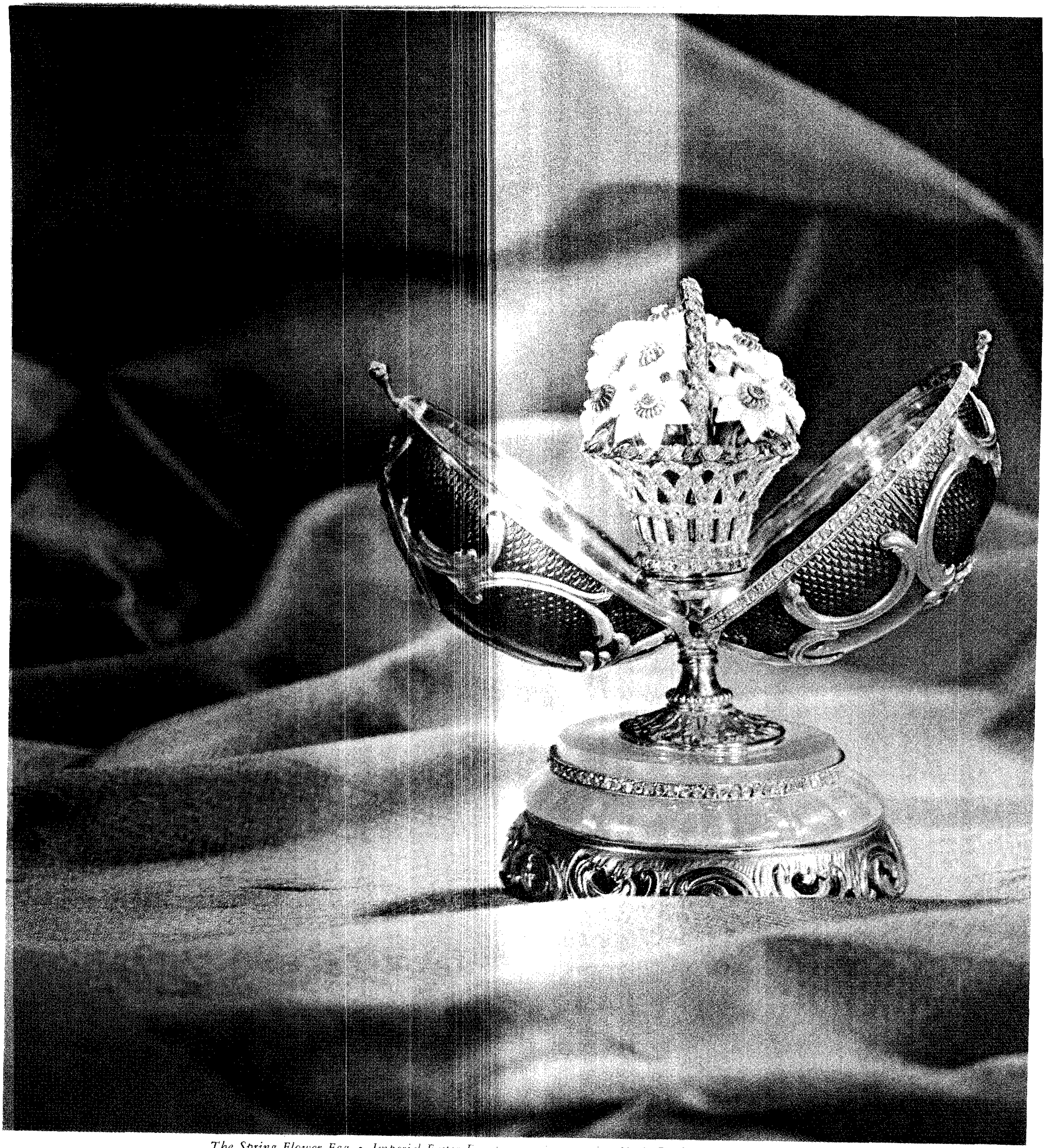

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house, when the Bellingers and I were going out to the theatre, Aunt Sukey hastily came downstairs and stopped us at the door. Mrs. Raymond had understood Alfred to have said something disparaging of Wordsworth and was very much perturbed about it. Alfred had to go upstairs and reassure her before we could leave. Even Alfred's pretty, shy little sister, in her quietness and her dresses and her way of wearing her hair with a comb, seemed more like an English girl of the Lewis Carroll era than the then already old-fashioned Concord girls of Louisa M. Alcott.

In the summers, I would visit the Bellingers and Raymonds in their house called Hilltop, at Washington. I became great friends with Mrs. Bellinger, who had inherited her father's cleverness and who, rather to my surprise, read more sympathetically than Alfred did such pessimistic writers as Hardy and Housman, who were then among my admirations. Alfred and I, who had private jokes and exchanged epistles and verses, had an agreement that every year at Christmas each would send the other a book which the other would not otherwise be likely to read and which he well might fail to appreciate. On one occasion, I sent him "The Brothers Karamazov," which I had just read at college with enthusiasm. On Alfred's part, it met with incomprehension. I asked him why he seemed to be appalled by it. "Why, there's not a Christian character in the book!" This made me take account of the chasm between Alfred's Congregationalism and Dostoevsky's Slavic Christianity. Mrs. Bellinger, who liked Trollope, gave me "The Warden" and "Barchester Towers." I read them and mildly enjoyed them, but decided it was a waste of time to read any more Trollope, and have never since then done so. At the next of our Christmas exchanges, Alfred gave me "Phineas Finn," which is still on my shelves unread; whenever I see it there, I suffer a twinge of guilt. Mrs. Bellinger seemed birdlike and frail, but she lived to be well over ninety. When I saw her last, in New Haven, now confined to her bed and no longer able to read, she was listening to recorded novels. Alfred taught classics at Yale and then became an authority on classical numismatics. He used to write excellent prose and verse, and I have always regretted that he did not continue. I still remember with pleasure some of his poems in the Hill *Record* and the Yale *Lit.*

I saw something, too, of New Hampshire. Adelaide Knox was now married to André Champollion, and

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they lived in Newport, New Hampshire, where André's mother's family, the Corbins, had a place, which included a hunting preserve that had been stocked with wild boar and buffalo. In the summers, Sandy and I sometimes went to stay with the Champollions, and these visits were so delightful that I have still a recurrent dream in which I seem to be back at Newport, and try to enjoy returning, although André and Adelaide are gone, and other people are now living there. We rode, under escort, in the hunting preserve and were warned to be careful of the buffalo. I encountered only one, which looked at us but gave us no cause for alarm. I never saw a wild boar, though I heard one plunge by through the underbrush. André used to send venison and boar meat to my father, with whom he got on well, though my father would never admit that André was *anything* more than "one of the better of the idle rich." I was fascinated by André's library, which included French and German and Italian classics. There I first attacked Baudelaire, and my attention was particularly drawn—I have always had a taste for the macabre—to the poem called "Une Charogne." I started to read it aloud, with atrocious mispronunciations, whereupon André took the book and read it to me properly. I liked him, but was slightly antagonized when he scornfully dismissed Whistler, who was then a great hero of mine, calling his painting "weak and effeminate." His own paintings of New Hampshire landscapes did not seem to me particularly interesting. He liked to imitate the local characters and sometimes told smutty stories. Though I had stubbornly resisted the evangelism of Hill, the fanaticism about sex of the formidable headmaster's wife had to some extent intimidated me. Though before we went away to school my cousin and I had kept in a notebook a record of all the dirty jokes we heard, I was embarrassed, after a year or two at Hill, when one of the older boys attempted to entertain us with one, and now I was too shocked to laugh easily when André would come out with some rank rural story.

André at home was very much master, and was, I thought, sometimes brutal with Adelaide. I remember his tearing out of the fireplace a fire that she had just lighted and that he thought it was not cold enough to need. Her extrication from the fibres of her family had not been without pain, and André used to mimic mockingly her yearning for her favorite brother, whom she still

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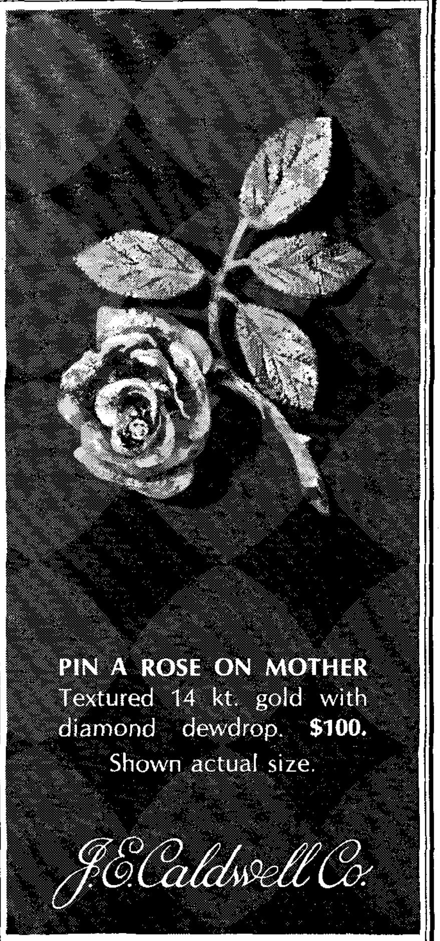

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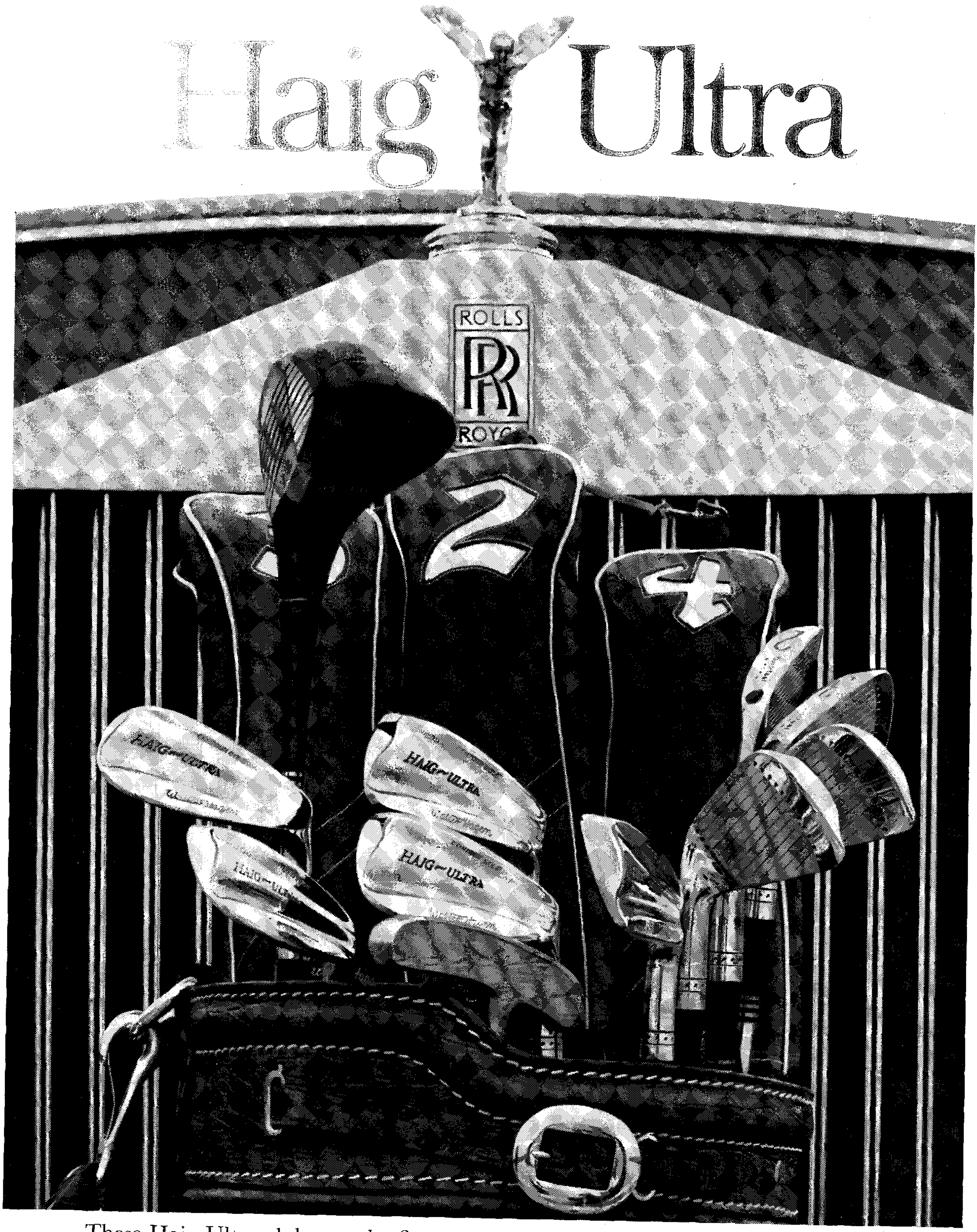
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called by his childhood name. I took account of the fact that the behavior of André was very different from that of my own family, as I had first been made aware in Paris, when I had been driving with him somewhere in a cab and he had talked to me quite frankly, as if I were an older person, of his having come over to Europe in order to be with Adelaide. Another incident on a visit to Newport was striking as an illustration of the lack of inhibitions of the rich. One of the Corbins had dropped in, a rather jaunty man with a cap, and in the course of the conversation, sitting on the steps of the porch, made some reference to "my wife—a dreadful woman, you know her." This shocked as well as amused me, as André's coarse stories had.

I remember with particular pleasure one visit to that part of New Hampshire. Concord was not far from Newport, and I also had Concord friends. Edgar Woodman, an old school friend of Sandy's, lived across from me in Campbell Hall at Princeton, and we could shout at one another from our windows. He was by this time more to my taste than he probably was to Sandy's. Sandy was now more social and smoother than ever, whereas Edgar was laconic, non-gregarious, and anything but smooth. He was interesting to me as well as likable as the only New Englander of his species in college. He was quite self-sufficient, he roomed alone, and he took part in no college activities. He had something of the old Yankee countryman, a shrewd, ironic humor, which was always expressed without laughter but with a quiet gleam from his spectacles. He cherished a steady but restrained adoration for a somewhat older married woman. He told me about something that had happened which moved him in a curious way. There had been a litter of kittens which had just glutted themselves with milk. His beloved had stepped on one of them, and the kitten had exploded on the floor. I could instinctively understand that this had given him some sexual satisfaction, but I was not quite certain why. In Concord, I stayed with the Woodmans. Edgar's father was dead, and he lived with his mother. As in many houses furnished for themselves by women in that period, one found on the tables beside the beds little lamps with crinkled pink silk shades, and this seemed to me quite incongruous with the plainness and sharpness of Swift's "Journal to Stella," with which I read myself to sleep.

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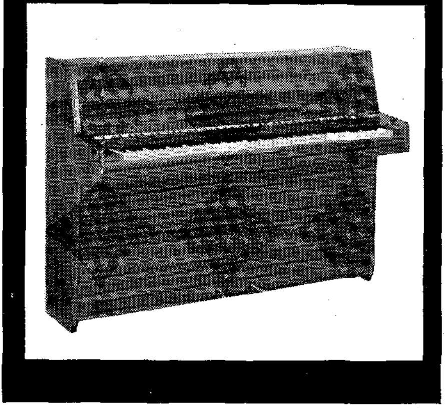

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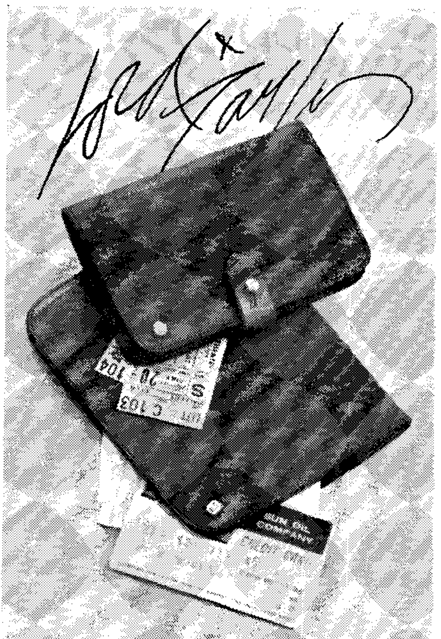
Hampshire, I had already read James Huneker's "Egoists," which had upon me a peculiarly exhilarating effect, as Huneker was likely to do on the young people of my generation. I had never before found such a stimulating account of the excitement to be derived from the writings of Stendhal, Flaubert, Huysmans, and Baudelaire, and when I got back to college I improved my French and read every one of these authors. Edgar took me one afternoon to tea with an aunt or a cousin, an occasion which I remember as a moment of charming color—a whitewashed stable with pigeons, a house full of flowered chintz, a cheerful old lady who gave me the impression of always having been good-humored and never having been ill. The increasing sombreness of our own Red Bank house, under the shadow of my father's neurotic illness and the strain of my mother's anxiety, heightened my appreciation of what seemed to me more harmonious and less disturbing households. I think that this old lady reminded me of the amenities of my grandmother's house at Lakewood. My father cared nothing for attractive surroundings. His study—then called an "office"—had as ornaments only a deerhead and a moosehead, a great horned owl and a black-and-white loon, and a mediocre portrait of himself, painted at the request of some admirer, for which he had never been willing to sit for more than a few minutes. The living room, besides family pictures, had photographs of Roman ruins that my mother had brought back in 1908, and small engravings of Walter Scott, Robert Burns, Mary Queen of Scots, and a bagpiper that she had later brought back from Scotland. My bedroom was ornamented with colored Remington prints and strings of picture postcards from Europe, and an enlarged kodak snapshot of the Sugar River falls at Talcottville. It was not until my father's death that my mother bought a new and more cheerful house and imbued it with something of my grandmother's bright good taste. In the old house, she had really, I think, had nothing that afforded her satisfaction, with the exception of her splendid garden, which won prizes in garden contests.

Edgar Woodman had a cousin, Charlie Walker, whom I knew through my Yale friends. Like Alfred Bellinger, he wrote for the Yale *Lit*, and in those days the awakening spirit of what has been called "the American Renaissance" was stimulating us in the colleges. I followed the Yale *Lit* and saw



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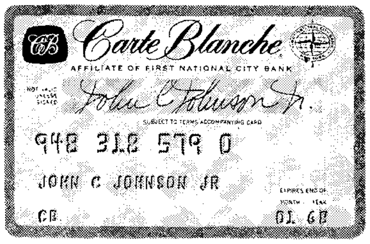

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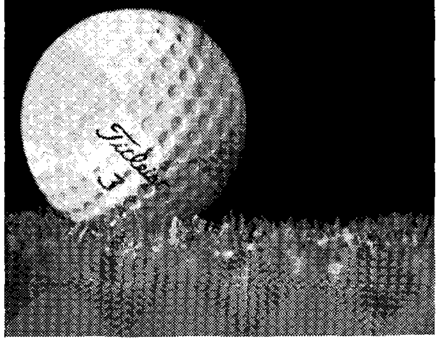

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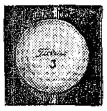

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the beginnings there of Charlie Walker, of the poet Phelps Putnam, of Stephen Benét and Archibald MacLeish, and I first became acquainted in the Harvard *Lit* with the names of Gilbert Seldes and John Dos Passos. I did not know the Harvard writers, but through my school friends I did know those at Yale who belonged to my own year. The staffs of the Yale and the *Nassau Lits* occasionally paid visits back and forth and entertained one another at banquets. Charlie Walker wrote both prose and poetry. I shall have more to say of him later. It is enough to note here that in his college days there was something Apollonian about him—that it was said of him that he reminded you of the lines about the poet's eye in a *fine frenzy rolling*. This contrasted with his parents' Concord household, which I thought had not outlived a certain New England gloominess. When Edgar and I called, we were received in an old-fashioned "parlor," which seemed to me as dark and austere as the one in Eatontown, New Jersey, of which I have already spoken. It has always seemed to me impressive as an example of the tough persistence of New England idealism and intellect and the strength of character which backs it that Charlie should have pursued through fifty years his early-begun study of labor relations till he has now, in this field, an international reputation, without losing the poetic ambition which has finally realized itself in his admirable translations of Greek plays.

But another of the Walker family houses presented a special interest. The only American, so far as I know, of conspicuously superior abilities who fought with the British in our Revolution and who afterward lived in Europe and had an impressive career there was Benjamin Thompson of Massachusetts and New Hampshire. He lived for some time in Concord and married a Walker there. He was one of the men of that period who, like Franklin, combined scientific interests with the desire to promote human welfare. He was a physicist, mathematician, and engineer, and the inventor and discoverer and administrator of innumerable devices and principles and projects. He was a member of the British Royal Academy and of several German academies. He served the Elector of Bavaria as aide-de-camp and privy councillor, and in Munich he created the Englische Garten, in which there stands a monument to him. When the Elector made Thompson a count of the Holy Roman Empire, he chose the title of Rumford,

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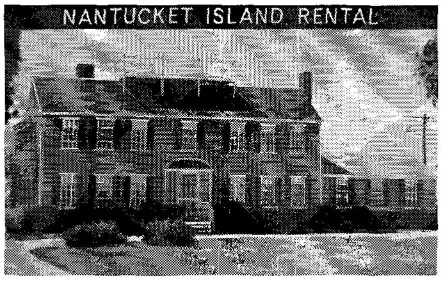

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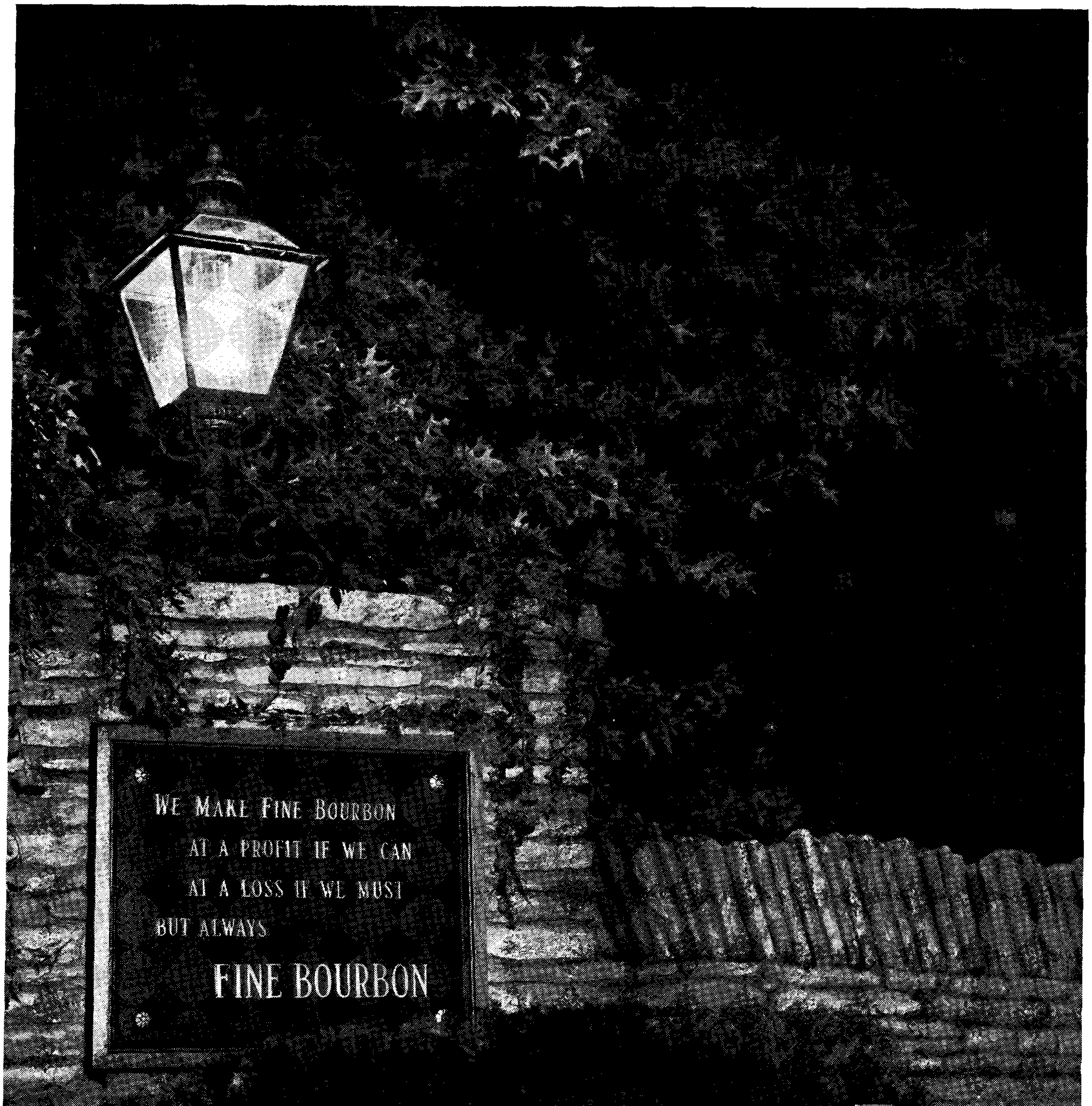
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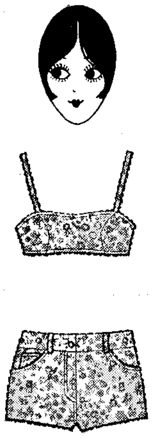

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the original name of Concord. After the death of his Walker wife, he married the widow of Lavoisier, but the marriage was not a success; her appetite for social life could not be adequately satisfied by this serious-minded man. He was still a New Englander in France, and seems to have led rather a lonely life. When he died, he left a bequest to Harvard, and Harvard and the ancient Academy of Arts and Sciences, which still awards a medal he established, now keep up his grave in Auteuil. I was taken by Edgar Woodman to an eighteenth-century house, where I saw portraits of Rumford and his mistresses, and a library which seemed to contain all the classics, ancient and current, that would be needed by a cultivated man of the period. I supposed that it was the library of Rumford, but learn now that it belonged to Charlie Walker's grandfather. In any case, it took one back to an earlier age of New England.

At the center of my memories of that summer is a very attractive cluster compounded of Huneker's fireworks, the handsome Champollion couple in their un-New England modern house, the rides through the dense forest inhabited by unfamiliar animals, and a vista into the eighteenth century that unexpectedly opened up out of these.

I WANT to add here some account of a glamorous "phenomenon" of my school and college days who came to us from the South and could not possibly have been produced by either New York or New England. When I first went to Hill, I soon became aware that a boy named P. H., from New Orleans, was the most, or most showily, brilliant figure in the school. He seemed to be extraordinarily accomplished and had his adroit easy hand in everything. On consulting the school yearbook, I find that he was president of his class and a member of the Dramatic Club, the Glee Club, the Choir, the Dance Committee, and the Inter-Club Debating Team, and that he won prizes in Elocution. He also, I think, went in for track, and he was so lithe that he could bend over backward and rest the flat of his hands on the floor. He was the editor of the school magazine, to which I began contributing in the spring of my first year and so came into contact with his formidable charm. He was extremely good-looking, with a scar across his mouth that only made him seem more dashing. He was always very smartly dressed, and his perfect Southern manners and worldly sophistication made him unique among us Pennsylvanians

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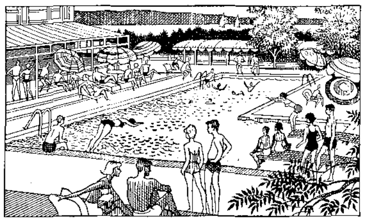

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and Jerseymen, Californians and Middle Westerners. He was quite above the heavy morality and the genteel code of conduct of the Hill School, but, with his innate tact and ready instinct for playing the proper role with every kind of person, he was, until the very end, always on good terms with his schoolmates and ingratiated himself with the authorities, who accepted him on a plane of maturity. The beautiful bindings and good quality of his books and his ability in Latin class to make elegant and fluent translations commanded my envious admiration. For the purposes of our magazine, he could apparently turn out without effort graceful lyrics, agreeable short stories, and descriptions of picturesque New Orleans. The boy with whom he roomed was also more mature than the rest of us and always remained for me something of a mystery. He was not eloquent, not particularly good-looking, took no part in school activities, or later, at Princeton, in those of the college, and had nothing in common with P. except his wit, more corrosive, and a cynical attitude toward school conventions. They created surreptitious scandal by singing to tunes of their own invention one of the bawdier ballads of Villon, and a more serious public one when they refused, in their Sixth Form year, to attend an important spring track meet at which attendance was supposed to be obligatory. For this failure in loyalty to the school, they were condemned by a Sixth Form council which had certain disciplinary powers to ostracism for the rest of the year. Nobody was supposed to speak to them. Since I, too, resented the insistence on being present to cheer at athletic events, this made them seem to me heroes and martyrs. As I remember, the ban was not to be removed even for their graduation, but I think that most of their classmates disregarded it. When P.'s parents and his sister came to school, I observed them with much interest, and it seemed to me that there was nothing to account for P. The father, a cotton broker, was a small man who looked rather dry.

It was only after P. left school that I learned of his brazen duplicities. It is true that in his last year at school he plagiarized a story in the *Record* and was compelled to resign his editorship. But such was the spell he cast that I was willing to accept the excuse that he had had to fill the magazine—the story, rather nauseatingly, I thought, called "The Little Lady and the Philosopher," ran for two installments—

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and that he had not signed it with his own name but merely as by "Pip, 'll." But he had seriously shattered a friend of mine—who could not compare with him for elegance—by first cultivating him and then snubbing him. And just after his graduation he repeated in Philadelphia an oration he had delivered at school in favor of woman suffrage. When a devoted feminist in the audience congratulated him afterward, he said to her, "Oh, I don't believe a word of it, Madam." His actual ideal of womanhood was the traditional Southern lady. It was the first time I had ever encountered a type of which I was afterward to know other specimens: the clever and charming, apparently amiable but latently insolent person who believes that he can get away with anything and up to a point succeeds.

At Princeton, P. made himself a reputation in connection with the Triangle Club, which put on a musical show every year; he usually played female parts and liked to deliver monologues, but he did not figure much in other campus pursuits. He had an apartment on Nassau Street—independent of the student dormitories—where he lived with his usual luxury and had a circle of acolytes. My cousin Sandy and Scott Fitzgerald both more or less sat at his feet. They all belonged to the Cottage Club, which was social and convivial in a lightweight way. Though I did not by that time take P. very seriously, I always found it rather a pleasure to meet him on the campus, smart in his bow tie, holding himself proudly erect, and walking with a kind of blithe elastic step that made his head nod slightly from side to side. In his last year, he won a prize with an essay on François Villon. This was printed in the *Nassau Lit* under my editorship—I had taken it for granted without reading it—but when I did begin to examine its precious and dated prose, I was dimly reminded of something, and I found the whole thing, word for word, after a brief preliminary passage, in John Payne's introduction to his translation of Villon. This had been published by Thomas Mosher of Maine in one of his then thought exquisite editions, which, I believe, could not be bought in bookstores but had to be ordered directly from him. P. had undoubtedly counted on no one else in Princeton's possessing this book; only five hundred copies were printed. I was annoyed, but I could not expose him. I do not know whether there may not have been in these treacheries and impostures of P.'s some element of the

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malice of the Southerner in putting something over in the North.

After college, P. went to Harvard Law School, but he did not remain there long. He decided to go on the stage and came to look for a job in New York. Scott Fitzgerald's play "The Vegetable" was then being cast, and P. applied for a part. The only thing that Scott had to offer him was the very minor role of a newsboy who made his sole appearance to shout "Wuxtry! Wuxtry! All about the big fire!" (I do not find this in the published text, but the play was revised many times.) P., of course, declined, and complained that it would have been a little too much "to play a newsboy in Scotty Fitzgerald's play." He then applied to Somerset Maugham, who at that time was in New York, also having a play produced. Maugham was not prepared to give him a part, but offered to keep him in style—a proposal that P. also rejected. Scott told me about this with a certain glee; he was no longer beglamoured by P. and was, in any case, always competitive with anyone who threatened to outshine him. "Think of P.," he said, "looking for a job and getting an offer to be a har-rlott!"

P. had no success on the stage. The only time I ever saw him—in, I think, a play by Philip Barry—his stage presence seemed strangely pale. The last time I saw him off the stage was on a visit to New Orleans in the twenties, when I met him in Jackson Square. His face was now florid and bloated. I imagine that at home in New Orleans he had never seemed so enchanting, because not so exotic, as he had at our school in the steel town of Pottstown. I next heard vaguely that he was living on the Riviera. He died sometime in the forties. I have known other Louisianians who more or less belonged to P.'s type. They seemed gifted and delightful in youth, then, despite their agreeable conversation—and the social life of New Orleans was perhaps the most agreeable of the South—might become rather soddenly dissipated and sometimes have sordid ends. They used to spoil early down there.

—Edmund Wilson

(This is the first of a series of articles.)

•

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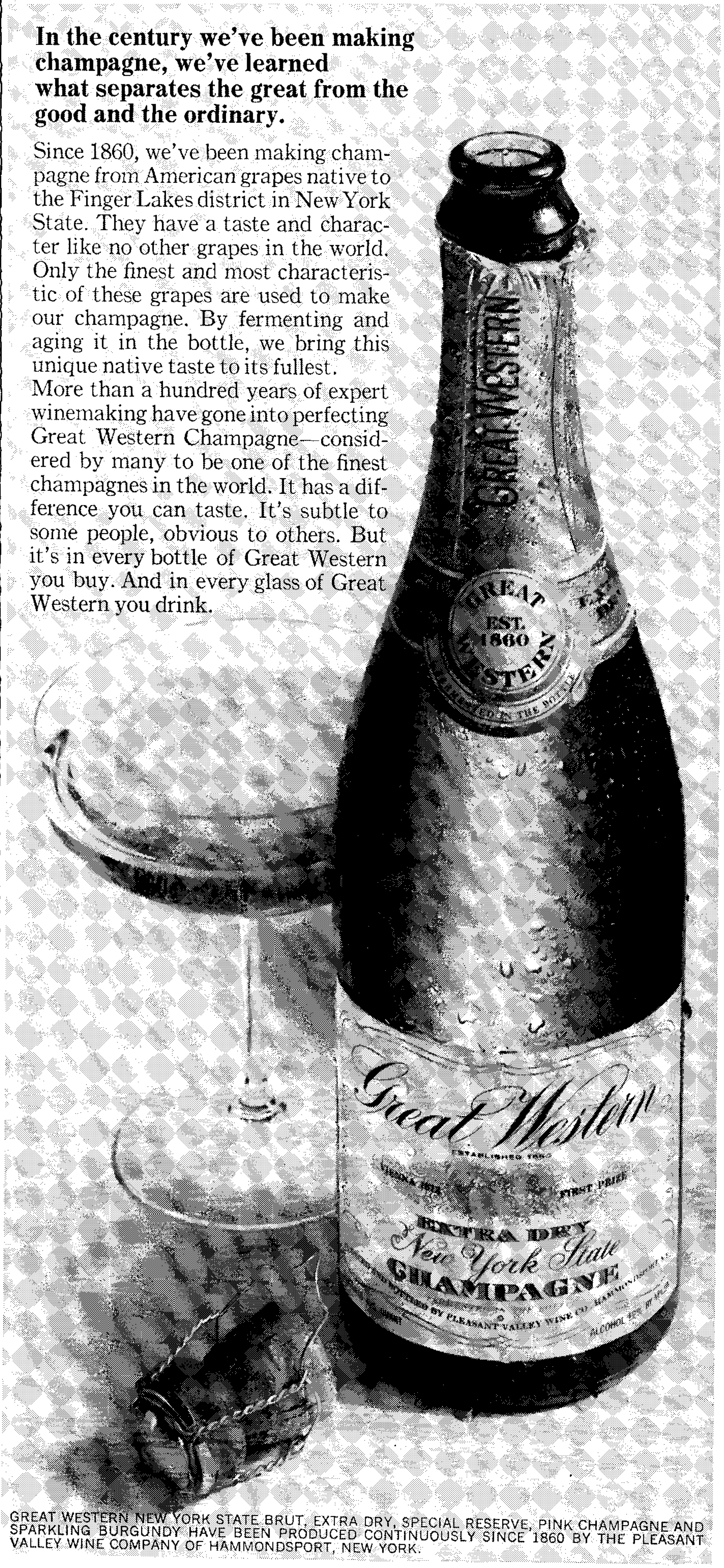

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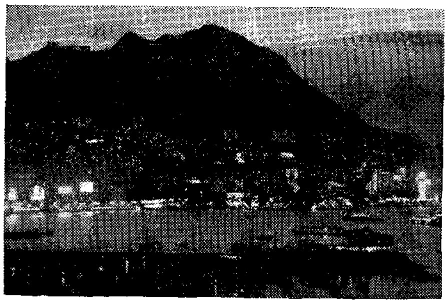

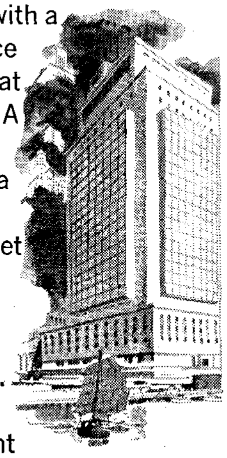

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

After Rabbits

IT is possible—it is perhaps even likely—that people who hunt solely as a means of procuring food kill without malice, but in the case of people who hunt as a pastime malice plays a very large part in the nature of the pleasure they feel. When a hunter pulls a trigger, there is more at work inside him than the satisfactions of excellent marksmanship; however little he may be aware of it, the fantasy that he acts out in the moments of taking the life of a squirrel or a deer is a desperate one, amounting sometimes to a gratuitous punishment of others and sometimes to a compensatory healing of some real or imaginary injury to himself. He is at once a judge and an executioner; he is also, quite simply and quite insanely, a murderer, and although he is apt to remain content with the sport of murdering animals, he is potentially and not all that infrequently a murderer of his own kind. Hemingway, a highly self-conscious hunter, had much to tell us about hunting in "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber" and other stories; now a young Spaniard named Carlos Saura has made a superb movie called "The Hunt," in which a continuous, lacerating exposure of the feelings of three old friends on a rabbit hunt in the blazing, treeless Spanish countryside offers the basis for an exceptionally strong, dark, and bloody melodrama.

CINEMA
NAKATA

The movie, so well composed that not a single line of the sparse dialogue goes to waste and even the most casual-seeming scene eventually proves to have had a certain necessary task to perform, begins in a roadside café, where the hunters meet for a drink before setting out by car for the hunting grounds. Now in early middle age, the three men—Paco, José, Luis—fought together under Franco in the Civil War, and, moreover, enjoyed it. With them is Paco's very young brother-in-law, Enrique, who is all callow curiosity, diffidence, and promise. This is his first hunt, and it will be a far more terrifying rite of passage than he has bargained for. An ominous, edgy calm envelops the three men; something (Paco's new wealth? José's new poverty?) has upset the balance of their relations, and it is not long before we perceive that from hunting down and exterminating rabbits they will turn to hunting down and exterminating each other.

Mr. Saura and Angelino Fons are the authors of the screenplay of "The Hunt," and in telling their harsh story they have wisely not disdained the metaphors lying closest to hand. The hunters' guns, the ferrets brought in to flush the rabbits out of their warrens, the rabbits already dying of myxomatosis—these are things so obvious that they gain rather than lose by their explicitness. The camerawork, by Luis Cuadrado, takes a similar advantage of the pitiless, sun-scoured sky, the scant shade, and the encompassing death-in-life of an abominable landscape. The roles of the rich, arrogant Paco, the poor, arrogant José, and the shiftless, alcoholic Luis are admirably portrayed by Alfredo Mayo, Ismael Merlo, and José María Prada; Enrique is played by Emilio Gutiérrez Caba. The musical background of the picture is provided by Luis de Pablo. "The Hunt" is as close to being flawless as I would dare ask any picture to be, and I hope my necessary references to blood, misery, disease, and death won't lead you to avoid it. In the mysterious fashion of all successful works of art, the effect it creates is distinct from its subject matter; "The Hunt" will give you an exhilarating hour and a half.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

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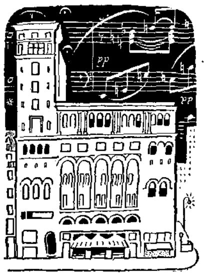
MUSICAL EVENTS

Not So Royal

THINGS will undoubtedly get better, but I found the first week of the Royal Ballet's current season at the Metropolitan Opera House a bit disappointing. Important changes have recently taken place in this admirable troupe. Kenneth MacMillan, the most promising of its choreographers, has left for a job in Berlin, though his "Romeo and Juliet" is still part of the repertoire, and will turn up later on, and a new work of his, "The Song of the Earth," is in the repertory. The troupe's two outstanding dancers, Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev, have for some time occupied the position of "guest artists," which means, apparently, that they dance only on special occasions. Neither of them is here yet. So for the present we have a group of secondary principals—and though some of them are admirable dancers, the great excitement attending a performance by supreme artists has so far been lacking.



Last Tuesday evening, I attended "Cinderella," with its beautiful score by Prokofieff and its, to me, quite indifferent choreography by Frederick Ashton. The story of the ballet seems to concern two middle-aged men dressed in women's clothes (Ashton and Robert Helpmann) who clown it up in a sort of transvestite Weber-and-Fields act. The act belongs to that venerable English institution the pantomime rather than to ballet, and after a while it becomes tiresome. Incidental to all this is the fact that these gentlemen have a pretty sister who goes to a ball and later marries a prince. The scenery and costumes were magnificent. So was Svetlana Beriosova, who did the role of Cinderella, during those moments when she was allowed to take the center of the stage. The prince, Donald MacLeary, was handsome, but not the most disciplined of dancers. A few artists stood out in lesser roles, notably Merle Park as the Fairy Autumn and Deanne Bergsma as the Fairy Winter. The main trouble with the production is that "Cinderella" should be the evocation of a myth. To evoke a myth you need something in the way of magic, but there is no magic at all in this deliberately comical distortion of the work. An awkward accident occurred at the end of the first act when a coach, drawn by mice, overturned and brought Miss Beriosova down with it. Fortunately, nobody was seriously hurt.

Last Friday night, I went to see "The Sleeping Beauty." This was, owing largely to the lavishness of its setting, to the elaborate care with which the old Petipa choreography had been preserved, and to the sheer number of participants, a more satisfactory experience, but it was not the brilliant "Sleeping Beauty" that we have seen in the past visits of this company. The Princess Aurora was Antoinette Sibley, and she is such a pleasing dancer in every way that it seems a pity to fault her. Nevertheless, I must report that her dancing of the role—in the Rose Adagio and elsewhere, too—was nowhere near the standard set here by Miss Fonteyn. On the other hand, Miss Bergsma made as fine a Lilac Fairy as I have seen—one with dramatic warmth as well as technical polish. This performance had its accident, too, and a far more serious one. In his solo in the middle of the Bluebird episode of the last act, Brian Shaw fell to the floor after one of his leaps and had to be carried off the stage. Later, I learned that he had torn his Achilles tendon—a grave matter for a dancer. For many years, Mr. Shaw's Bluebird solo has been one of the brightest points in this whole production—certainly the brightest one achieved by any of the male performers. It was a shock to see this great dancer fall and crumple with pain.

I FEEL slightly apologetic for not being moved by Benjamin Britten's "War Requiem." It is technically so adroit and resourceful, it is so clearly noble in intent, and its text is so beautifully laid out that it ought to deserve immortality. Moreover, there are people—quite a few people—who *are* moved by it. It has, to be sure, moments of dramatic power—the initial part of the "Sanctus" is among them—but even these moments leave me in a cool mood, admiring the structure and the orchestration in a detached way but not subject to any sort of spell. The words, whether they are those of the original Latin Mass or those taken from the unforgettable verses of Wilfred Owen, are certainly moving. But the music is not. It lacks the force of true sentiment, it is too often artificial, and it is frequently prosy. One

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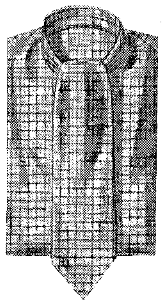

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of its prosiest passages is the episode, near the very end—where the very loftiest thoughts should occur—that involves a tenor and then a baritone. Here the music seems to abdicate its function and to follow the words in a very literal way. There is no melody, there is only declamation. Immediately afterward, a fine passage beginning "*In paradisum*," for choruses and soloists, brings things to a fairly lyric finish, but it is too late. Earlier in the work, too, there are inspired episodes—the staccato choruses of the "Dies Irae," obviously influenced by Carl Orff, and the first and third verses sung by the tenor in the "Agnus Dei," for example. But these are all surrounded by, or interspersed with, episodes—the baritone solo of the "Sanctus," the second tenor verse of the "Agnus Dei," and so on—that are on the dull side. There is no end of brilliant orchestration, and the whole work is pervaded by the elaborate musical thinking characteristic of its composer. But it does not hit its mark—which should be not the mind but what is, if I may use an old-fashioned term, the heart.

Last Thursday night, William Steinberg and the New York Philharmonic, along with various soloists, the Juilliard Chorus, and the St. Kilian Boychoir, gave the "War Requiem" an excellent performance. Jon Vickers, the evening's tenor soloist, sang with wonderful sensitiveness, doing the passage "Think how it wakes the seeds," at the end of the "Dies Irae," in a manner that memorably evoked the spirit of the words. The soprano was Ella Lee, a pure-voiced singer whom I had not heard since she did the Empress in "Die Frau Ohne Schatten" in San Francisco several years ago. Miss Lee is, as I reported then, a magnificent artist, with a rich, dramatic voice and an even scale throughout her large range, and she was just right for this role, with its demanding upper notes, which have to be taken from a standing start. Why is she not singing at the Metropolitan? Her Empress was far superior to the Empress of Leonie Rysanek, who sang the part in the Met's "Die Frau." The question can be asked about many American artists under Mr. Bing's administration. The baritone soloist, Gérard Souzay, was not quite as impressive as the two other solo singers; in a few places he lacked the power to be heard over the orchestra. But he performed dutifully and sometimes eloquently. The members of the St. Kilian Boychoir sang from a perch above the orchestra, surrounded by the mass of plywood that makes Philharmonic Hall look like the inside of a cigar box. The

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Juilliard Chorus, ably trained by Abraham Kaplan, was in its best form, which means very good indeed, and Mr. Steinberg conducted the whole performance with his usual imperturbable aplomb and his usual attention to musical values.

ON Wednesday night of last week, the violinist who goes by the resplendent name of James Oliver Buswell IV (some of my colleagues have suggested rechristening him Jascha Buswell) appeared in a Philharmonic Hall recital with a program that ranged all the way from Bach and Domenico Scarlatti to the contemporary American Robert Starer. Mr. Buswell is, as I think I have remarked before, a first-rate violinist, with a dependable technique of the left hand, accurate intonation, a sensitive and resourceful bow arm, and considerable taste. He is twenty years old, and he should go far. He is not at this point a wildly exciting performer, and he is in a difficult period of transition for a former infant prodigy. I think that he made a mistake in using a harpsichord for the accompaniment of his first two numbers—Scarlatti's Sonata No. 1 and Bach's Sonata No. 4. For all the appearance of authenticity, the fact is that the violin as it is played today, and as Mr. Buswell played it, tends to drown out the harpsichord and to disturb the delicate balance in this kind of Baroque music. Subsequently, accompanied by a piano, he played Prokofieff's D-Major Sonata, Op. 94 *bis*, with a fair amount of dash and great clarity. In Brahms' A-Major Sonata, Op. 100, he had a little trouble with some high notes on the lower strings but performed otherwise with exemplary style. I found Mr. Starer's "Variants for Violin and Piano" formidably uninteresting as a composition, but it was done, I assume, faithfully. The program ended with Szymanowski's flashy "Notturno e Tarantella."—WINTHROP SARGEANT

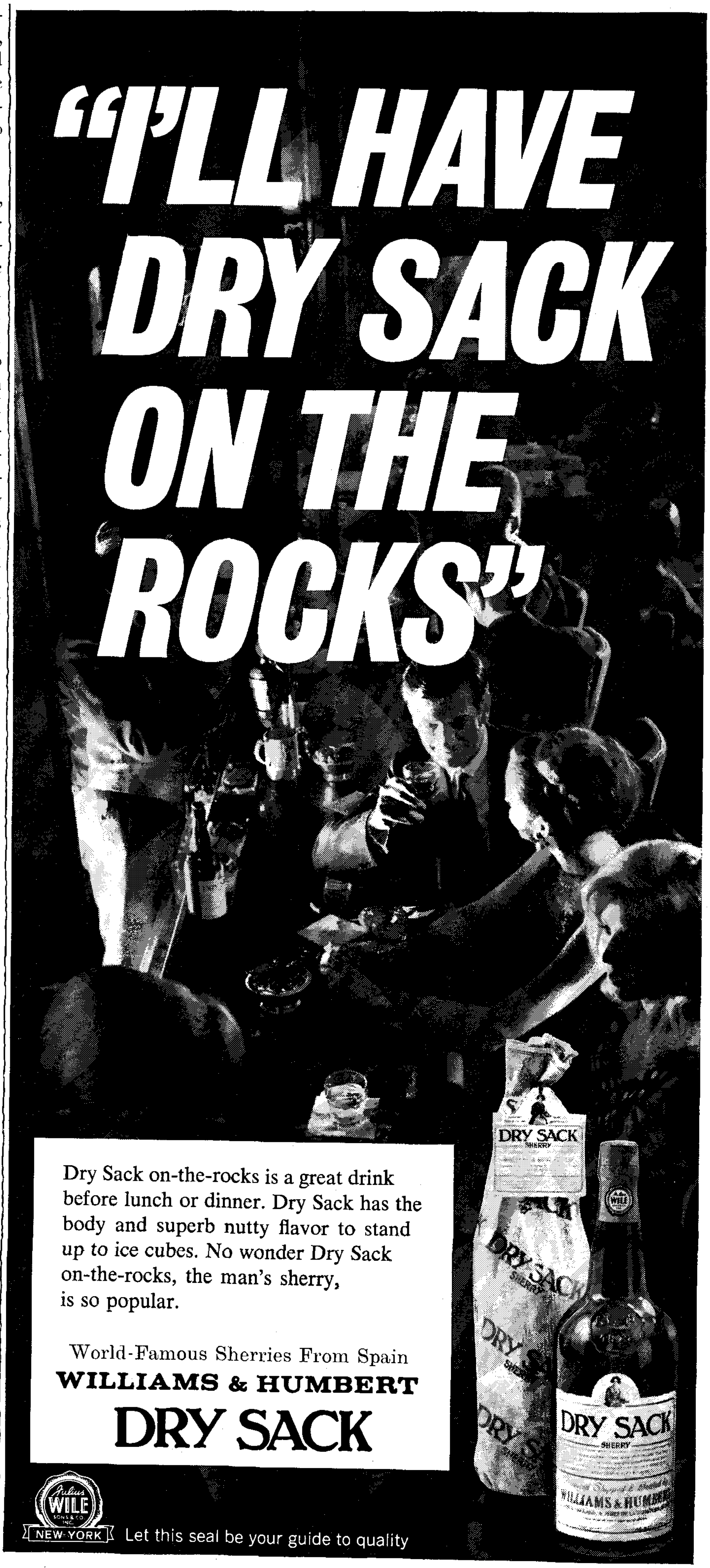
•

LITTLE ROCK, March 30. (AP)—Representative John Miller of Melbourne asked Gov. Winthrop Rockefeller Thursday to apologize for a remark Miller said reflected on his mother and the mothers of the rest of the members of the Legislature.

Miller, who broke into tears, told the House that Rockefeller was quoted as saying, in referring to the Legislature, that he would be happy when "those so and sos go home."

Miller refused to say the word he said the Governor had called the legislators but he said "it starts with a 'b' and ends with an 's' and is plural."—*Memphis Commercial Appeal.*

Bounders?



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THE SPORTING SCENE

WHEN THAT APRIL WITH ITS SHOWERS SWEET . . .

SINCE the close of the Second World War, the Masters Tournament at Augusta, Georgia—the first important championship of the year—has come to be regarded as a sort of golfers' equinox. Those of us who are fortunate enough to fly South to attend it each April usually find, as we stare out the plane window, that one of the reflexive exercises the mind engages in is to review the season to date. My conclusion this April (we must have been over North Carolina by then, for the color of the ground below was beginning to change from cinnamon to paprika) was that, to judge by the winter tour, 1967 should be an exceptionally interesting year. An awful lot was packed into those three months. Arnold Palmer demonstrated that he was on the stick again by winning two tournaments. Julius Boros also took two tour events, and this was noteworthy, because during his eighteen years as a professional he had never before got that droning swing of his functioning so well before May. The most arresting victory of all, though, was the one scored by Dan Sikes in the Jacksonville Open, for Sikes is a native of Jacksonville, and there is nothing more difficult in golf than to perform creditably, let alone win, in your own home town. A good deal of this tournament action was visible on television, and, along with showing us how the winners won, it brought us some other indelible moments. For openers, there was Robert Goulet's terrapinesque progress up the eighteenth hole in the Bing Crosby Pro-Amateur, and, throughout the winter, the cheering evidence that Doug Sanders, golf's answer to Twiggy, had been sending his effulgent wardrobe to cleaners who were treating it with proper respect—the off-orange outfit particularly. (An aesthetically oriented friend of mine always switches over from his color television set to a small auxiliary black-and-white set when Sanders appears on the screen, but this is patently his problem, and not Sanders'.)

There was one other winter note of significance. This was the announcement by Clifford Roberts, the general chairman of the Masters, that all the tickets for this year's event had been bought up by January 26th—the first time a golf tournament has ever been completely sold out so early. No official attendance figures are ever released on the Masters, but it has long been the best attended of our tournaments, and a conservative guess would put the number of patrons on each of the four days of play at something over twenty-five thousand. In recent years, the galleries would have been substantially larger if Roberts, recognizing that a course can become too crowded for comfort, had not decided there would have to be a cutoff point. The one he established two years ago was to stop the sale of tickets each day as soon as the huge parking lots, which hold ten thousand cars, were filled. This resulted in such a sizable increase in the advance ticket sale last year that all the tickets were gone by March 18th.

It is appropriate that the Masters should be making this kind of golf history. To begin with, there is no inland course in all the world as lovely as the Augusta National, and though it clearly favors the long straight hitter over the short straight hitter, it has few peers as a test of all-round shotmaking skill. On top of this, the Masters is unquestionably the best run of all tournaments. The credit for this goes to Roberts, a New York investment banker, who, with Bob Jones, was a founder of the Augusta National Golf Club. Everything that pertains to the course is handled by Jones. All other matters fall into Roberts' purview, and, in his persistent, perfectionist way, he has done a dazzling job. Certainly, when it comes to affording the spectators a chance to see what is going on, the Masters has been in a class by itself since its inception, in 1934. I remember standing behind the second green some twenty Aprils ago, craning my neck in an effort to see over three rows of spectators, and concluding that it wasn't worth the trouble. I crossed that green off as a viewing spot. The next year, however, a player I wanted to watch—young Middlecoff, I think it was—happened to be putting on the second when I was in the neighborhood, and I decided to see what I could see. It was mystifying. There must have been *eight* rows of spectators in front of me, but I found that I had a clear view of the action. An older Augusta hand later solved this riddle by informing me that each year Roberts remodelled certain natural vantage points so that they could accommodate many more people. On the ground behind the second green, a large, billowy mound had been constructed during the off-season. The change had escaped me because the new mound not only was thick with grass but had been blended so nicely into the landscape that it looked as if it had always been there. This is the hallmark of Roberts' modifications—the care with which they are done.

This year, as is my annual habit, I took a swing around the course on Wednesday, the day before the start of the tournament. The course is closed for play then, in order to let the greenkeeping crew get in its final licks, so it is the perfect time to look around and try to spot the latest alterations. This past year, Jones, after letting the course ride for several seasons, had made two not unimportant changes: he

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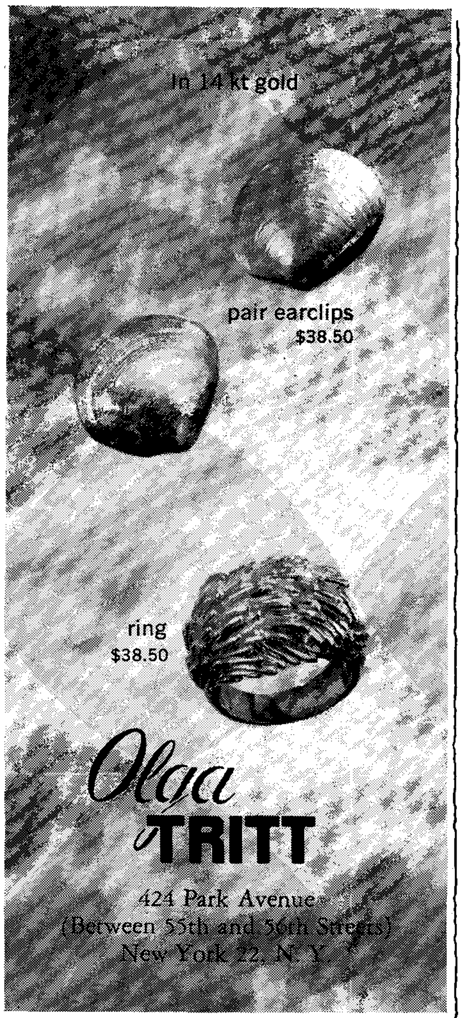
had introduced a large bunker on the right side of the second fairway and a double bunker on the left side of the eighteenth fairway, the purpose in both instances being to tighten up the tee-shot area. As for Roberts, his major activity had been importing four hundred red-dogwood trees from Tennessee and planting them around the grounds—a hundred and twenty-five of them in the wooded stretches on the second hole. As most golf aficionados know, the land the Augusta National occupies was previously the site of an outstanding nursery, and each hole bears the name of the flower, plant, bush, or tree that predominates along its borders. The second hole, which was formerly called Woodbine, will henceforth be known as Red Dogwood. The new arrivals put on a pretty good show, I thought.

On my pre-tournament walk this year, I spent quite a bit of time on the tenth hole. It is hard not to. This is probably the most beautiful par 4 in America—a 470-yarder enclosed by white dogwood and camellias as it tumbles down a long slope and then ascends to a green surrounded on three sides by pines almost a hundred feet high. The tenth not only exalts me more than any sermon by Gary Player but serves as my own index to the colossal growth of the Masters. In the late nineteen-forties, I regularly attended the tournament with an old friend who, unlike me (I am a walker), preferred to sit himself down beside the green on one or another of the holes he liked best and watch the parade go by. The tenth was his favorite, and he would spend hours there. I never had any trouble finding him, for in those days there were seldom more than twenty-five permanent perchers on the tenth, some of them seated on two rustic benches provided on the slope to the right of the green, the others on tree stumps cut to the height of spectator-sports sticks. My friend still likes to perch at the tenth, but nowadays, when I come to that green in my peregrinations, I can never find him. The two benches have proliferated to a hundred and fifty, and he is lost among the thousand or more fans who take up positions there early in the morning and remain until the last twosome has played through. A wonderful little incident that took place on the tenth back in 1947 could never happen today. My friend and I were watching from behind the green during that year's Masters when Henry Picard played a marvellous long iron close to the pin. "That Picard still has as fine a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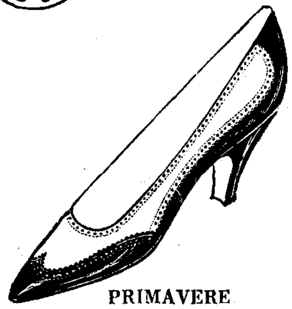
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swing as anybody in the field," I remarked.

At that, a querulous Southern voice behind me demanded, "What did you say, son?"

Startled, I turned and found myself looking down at a middle-aged man, in tattered clothes and a Walter Brennan hat, who was sprawled in an old wheelbarrow, toasting in the sun. "I was just saying that Picard is still swinging as well as anyone," I told him.

"I don't like to hear that, son," the man said. "Bobby's still playin'."

Knowing Jones's stature in Georgia, I got the point immediately. What I cannot understand even now, since the Masters has always been the last word in spic-and-spanness, is how it happened that Roberts hadn't long since spotted that wheelbarrow and personally trundled it back to the tool shed, with or without a passenger.

THE Masters has seen many changes, and this year it saw another. For the first time since 1960, the tournament was not won by a member of the so-called Big Three—Arnold Palmer, Gary Player, and Jack Nicklaus. Indeed, except for a few moments near the close of the final day, when Palmer made a belated rush that almost carried him into contention, the triumvirate were reduced almost to the status of ordinary members of the field. Palmer, it is true, eventually finished fourth, five strokes off the winning score, and Player in a tie for sixth, two strokes further back, but there was something strangely unfocussed about their golf. At the very junctures when they needed to play a particular hole or series of holes precisely, in order to nail down an important round, they couldn't bring it off. Palmer's golf had been excellent on his practice rounds—his irons especially. Where he has often shown a tendency to "block out" his shots with his left arm and hand, he was hitting straight through the ball—a change he attributed largely to the fact that since the beginning of the year he has been using aluminum shafts, which are appreciably lighter than steel. Once the tournament was under way, however, an uncharacteristic desultoriness seemed to envelop him; it appeared that he could never get himself fired up, as he had done so often at Augusta in the past. As for Nicklaus, the defending champion and the winner of three of the last four Masters, he did not even survive the thirty-six-hole cut, which trimmed the field for the last two rounds to those players within ten shots of the leader. He began with a par 72,

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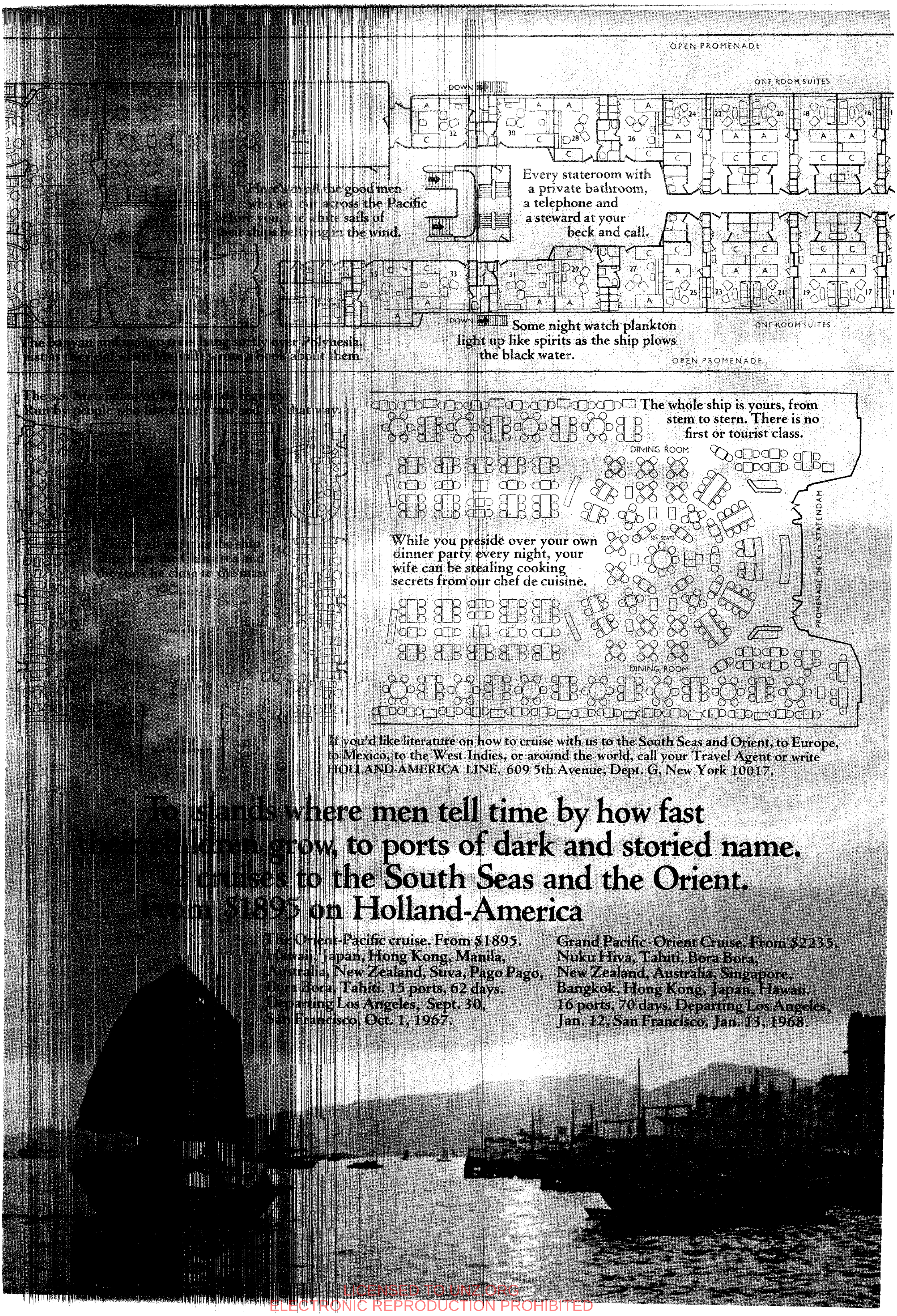

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but his golf was far rockier than that score would indicate. In all his best performances, Nicklaus has played his shots with a left-to-right trajectory, and the key to his thunderous hitting action has been his superb control of his left side. This winter, he lost that groove. The Nicklaus we saw at Augusta was flying the ball from right to left, erratically, and in the hitting zone his left side was practically dormant. On his second round, when he missed the first four greens with relatively short irons, it was evident that he was in trouble. Then, just as it appeared that he might be settling down, he began to chip and putt like you and me when we're under the pressure of a dollar Nassau, and he ended up with a 79—one stroke more than was needed to survive the cut. Once before when he was the defending champion in a major event—the United States Open, in 1963—Nicklaus failed to qualify for the last two rounds. That year, he rebounded quickly, winning the Professional Golfers' Association Championship a month or so later, but he will have to work with diligence and discipline these coming weeks if he is to regain authoritative command of his game before the summer's big events roll around.

For years now, golf promoters have dreaded holding tournaments in which the Big Three were not entered, but the relative quiescence of Nicklaus, Palmer, and Player at Augusta demonstrated that dullness is not the inevitable result when they are either absent or not in the thick of things. Five less publicized entrants—six if one includes Tony Jacklin, an engaging young man from Lincolnshire who showed us the best golf a British pro has produced in a big American tournament since the war—made this Masters a lively and stirring event: Gay Brewer, who won it, Bobby Nichols, Bert Yancey, Julius Boros, and, quite unexpectedly, Ben Hogan, the greatest golfer of the steel-shaft era. On Saturday, in the third round, Hogan, after scoring a 74 and a 73 on the first two rounds, which is about what one looks for from a fifty-four-year-old man short on practice and hobbled with an assortment of injuries, burned up the course with a 66—out in 36, even par, and home in 30, six under. This round of Hogan's really brought the 1967 Masters to life. The fact that it vaulted him to within two shots of the leader, and thus put him in a position to pull off a miracle, was important, of course, but there was more to Hogan's round than that. Years after we had

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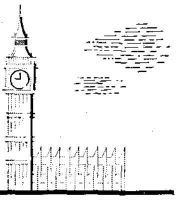

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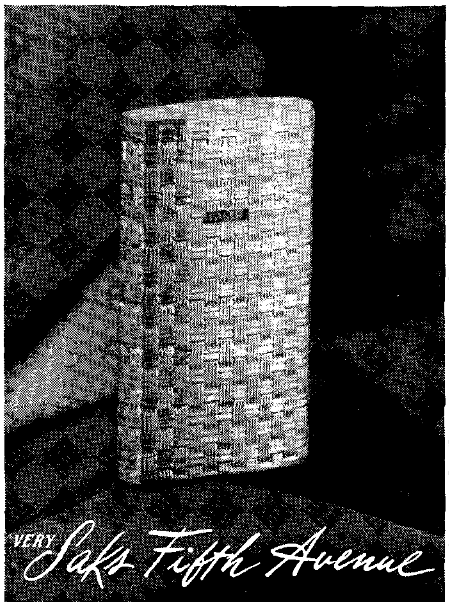

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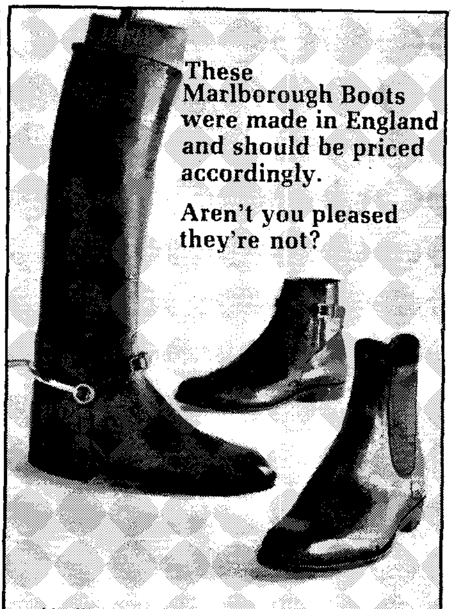
all thought we could never again hope to see this incomparable shotmaker at the peak of his powers, here he was—gray hair edging his teak-colored neck below his old flat white cap—knocking down the pins just as he did two decades ago. Oh, it was something to see! On the fourth round, he faltered early, a victim of the nerves that afflict fifty-four-year-old athletes, and was soon out of the running, but his 66 was a story in itself. I was lucky enough to be standing alongside the tenth green when he started his exciting rush down the back nine by planting a 7-iron pin-high, five and a half feet away, and tapping a touchy downhill putt into the center of the cup. It was a good-looking stroke, that putt; Hogan quickly got himself into a comfortable stance, and, somehow avoiding the long agony of freezing over the ball and finding himself unable to take the putter back (a problem that has plagued him in recent years), he dispatched the ball with little hesitation. As he walked to the eleventh tee and mounted it—it is cut deep in the woods, and few spectators cluster there—three young boys seated on the ground and propped up against a pine tree began to applaud him. Hogan gave them a broad smile that seemed to signify both amusement and appreciation, and, after groping for something to say, simply said, "Attaboy!" Then the smile came off and he got down to his tee shot. He hit a rouser far down the right side of the fairway, Position A. He drew his approach, a 6-iron, artistically. It came in dead on the pin and stopped a foot away. A second straight birdie. A third came on the short twelfth: an arrow of a 6-iron to fourteen feet and another unstuck putt. On the par-5 thirteenth, he made yet another birdie after a 4-wood to within fifteen feet of the stick and a somewhat timorous try for the eagle. A mere par 4 on the fourteenth, but a good one. Here his approach ended up in the deep swale at the front of the green, and his first putt left him a four-and-a-half-footer, but down it went, as firmly as if Billy Casper had tapped it. Then a fifth birdie, on the fifteenth, a par 5, five hundred and twenty yards long—on in two, twenty-five feet from the cup, after a well-positioned drive and a solid 4-wood, and down in two after a strong bid for the eagle. No wavering now. If anything, a crisper gait between shots. Orthodox pars on the sixteenth and the seventeenth, and then a final, masterly birdie on the 420-yard eighteenth, uphill all the way. A drive faded to fit the contour of the fairway



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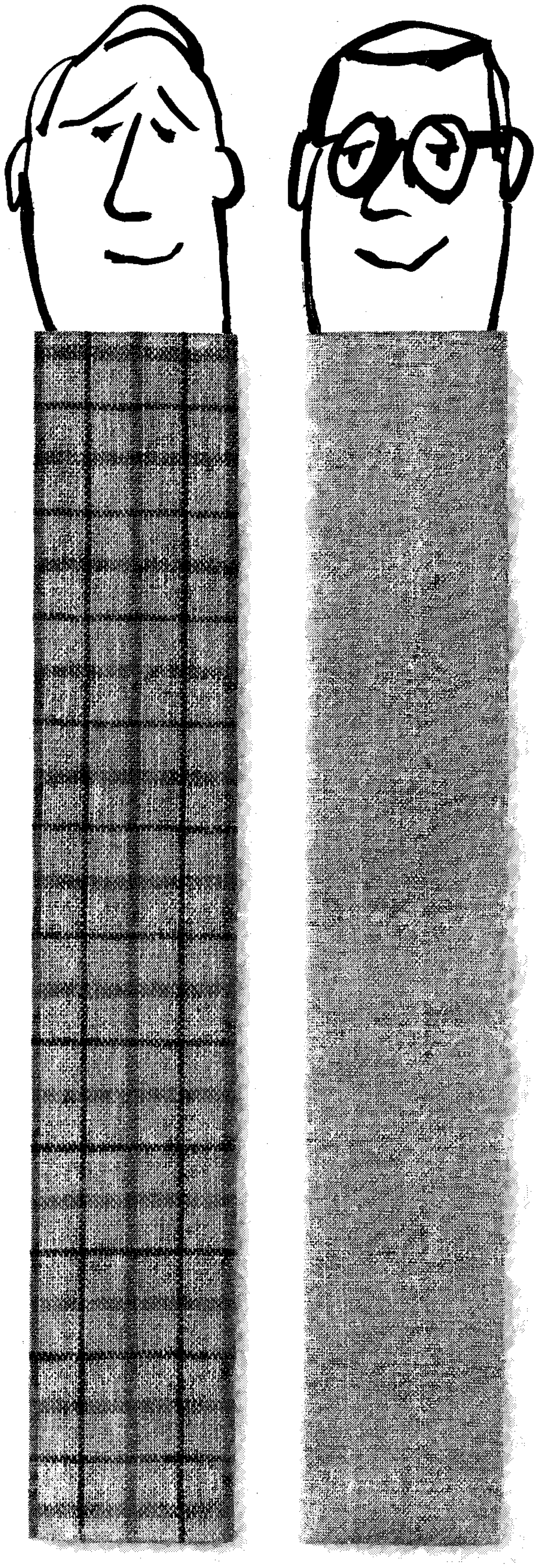
was followed by a 5-iron to fifteen feet and another confident putt. 332 444 343—30. How that exhibition of flawless golf lifted everyone! Usually, when a long tournament day is over, the galleries plod for the exits tired in eye and limb, but there were no weary steps that evening. Hogan sent us home as exhilarated as schoolboys.

WHEN the third round began, the four men who were to fight it out for the championship were bunched at the top, with Yancey, at 140, holding a one-shot lead over Nichols, Boros, and Brewer. Yancey's presence among the vanguard was the most surprising. Boros, the old war-horse, is customarily at his best in the major tournaments. Nichols, the 1964 P.G.A. champion, is a thoroughly seasoned competitor. So is Brewer, who has been a professional for twelve years and who last year came within a half inch of winning the Masters—the half inch by which he missed a seven-foot putt on the seventy-second green. Yancey's credentials are much sketchier. A twenty-eight-year-old Floridian who turned professional golfer after suffering a nervous breakdown in the summer of 1961, just before he was due to start his senior year at West Point, he found that he was way beyond his depth during his first crack at the tournament tour in 1962. He was only moderately successful when he rejoined the tour two years later. Last year, suddenly emerging as one of the best putters on the circuit, he won three events, but, curiously, finished out of the money in eleven of the twenty-five other official tournaments he entered. Since this was Yancey's first Masters, and the Augusta National is a course that takes a good deal of knowing, everyone was amazed when he opened with a 67, particularly since he was the only player to break 70. He began the second round with two quick birdies, but then he bogeyed the fourth, the fifth, the seventh, and the eighth, and when he was headed for still another bogey on the ninth, unless he could contrive to get down in two putts from seventy feet above the cup on the slippery tilted green, it seemed that we could just as well forget about Yancey. Well, he holed that seventy-footer. This pulled him together, and he was back in 36 for a 73—still in the lead. Until this round, I must confess, I had never watched Yancey play more than one or two holes at a time, but I now saw quite a lot of his second nine, and I was impressed both by his manner and by his method. A tall, blond, solemn-



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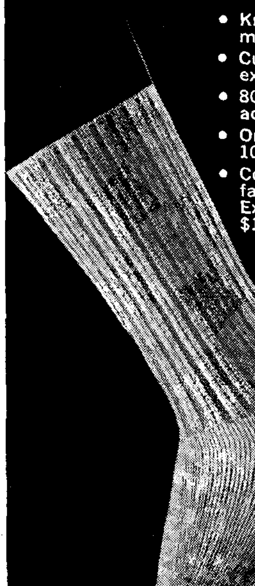

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ly quiet young man with puffy cheeks and mild eyes, which make him look much younger than he is, Yancey doesn't fuss on a golf course; he is always prepared to play his shot when it is his turn, and he strikes the ball with a handsomely unornate and rhythmic swing. His timing is regulated by a fine hip turn, and he releases his hips freely on every swing. In a word, he looks to be a far more accomplished player than his record would suggest.

By the third round, the greens had picked up speed and were putting very fast, but the pins were placed leniently, and the scoring in general was low. Off with eleven straight pars, Yancey added a steady 71, but at the end of the day he was no longer the undisputed leader. At 211, he was locked in a tie for first with Boros and Nichols, who, playing together, were both around in 70, thanks to birdies on the eighteenth, where Boros chipped in from off the edge and Nichols holed from sixteen feet. Hogan, after his 66, stood at 213, and so did Brewer, who had scored a 72. As you might imagine, the air in Augusta that night, what with all those capable golfers jammed so tightly together, was purpled by high-flying disquisitions in which the assembled golf intellectuals presented their reasons for picking this or that contender to pop out of the pack and go on to win. At the salons I looked in on, nearly every pronunciamento began with "Naturally, I would like to see Hogan win," but since this was obviously too much to hope for, the speaker then moved on to explain why he was riding with Yancey or Boros or Brewer or Nichols. The consensus strongly favored Boros. He was the most experienced of the four. He thrived on pressure. At forty-seven, this big, burly, nerveless veteran, who had captured two U.S. Opens (in 1952 and 1963) but never the Masters, was still not too old to win it. He appeared, if anything, more relaxed than ever. Each morning, before heading for the practice field to warm up for his round, he had gone fishing at Ike's Pond, which the Augusta National Golf Club created nine years ago for one of its most prominent members, General Eisenhower. Boros would be the man to beat.

Golf, however, yields to logic less than most games. On Sunday—the fourth clear and unseasonably warm day in a row—Boros was actually the first of the four front-runners to fade. On the short twelfth, after his tee shot had kicked into the rough just off the left edge of the green, he stubbed his

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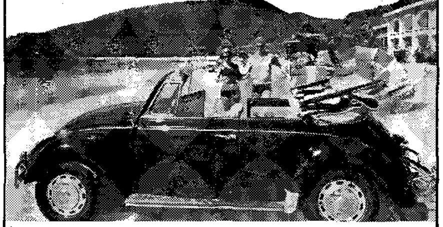

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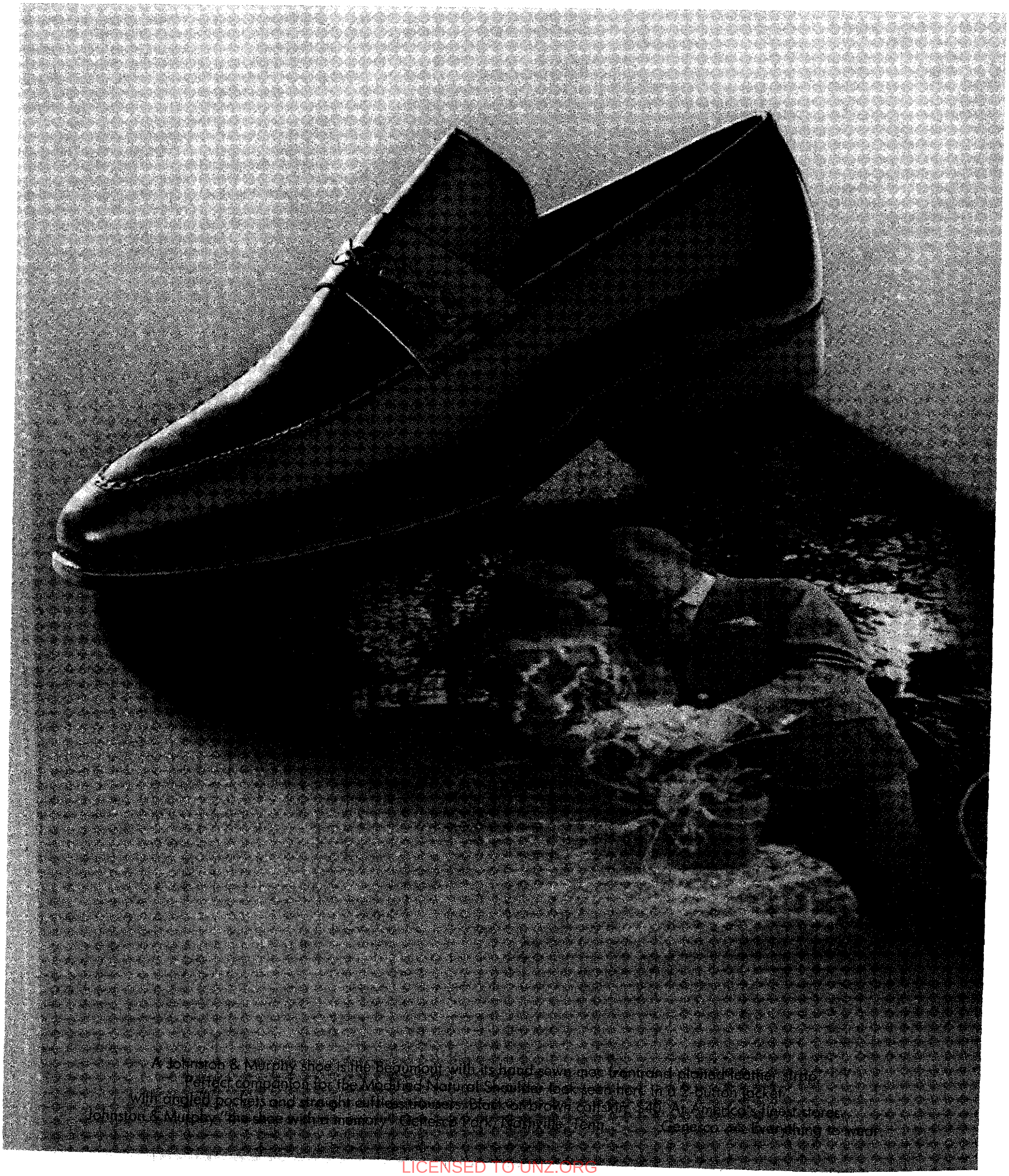

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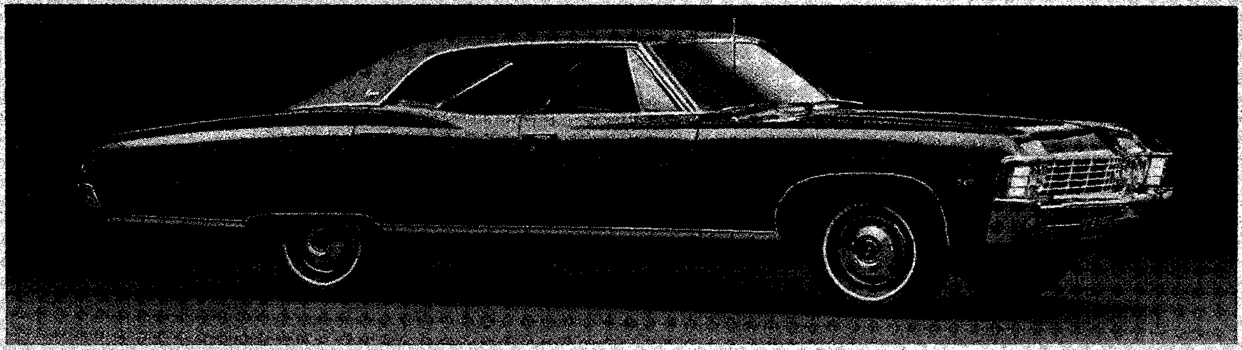

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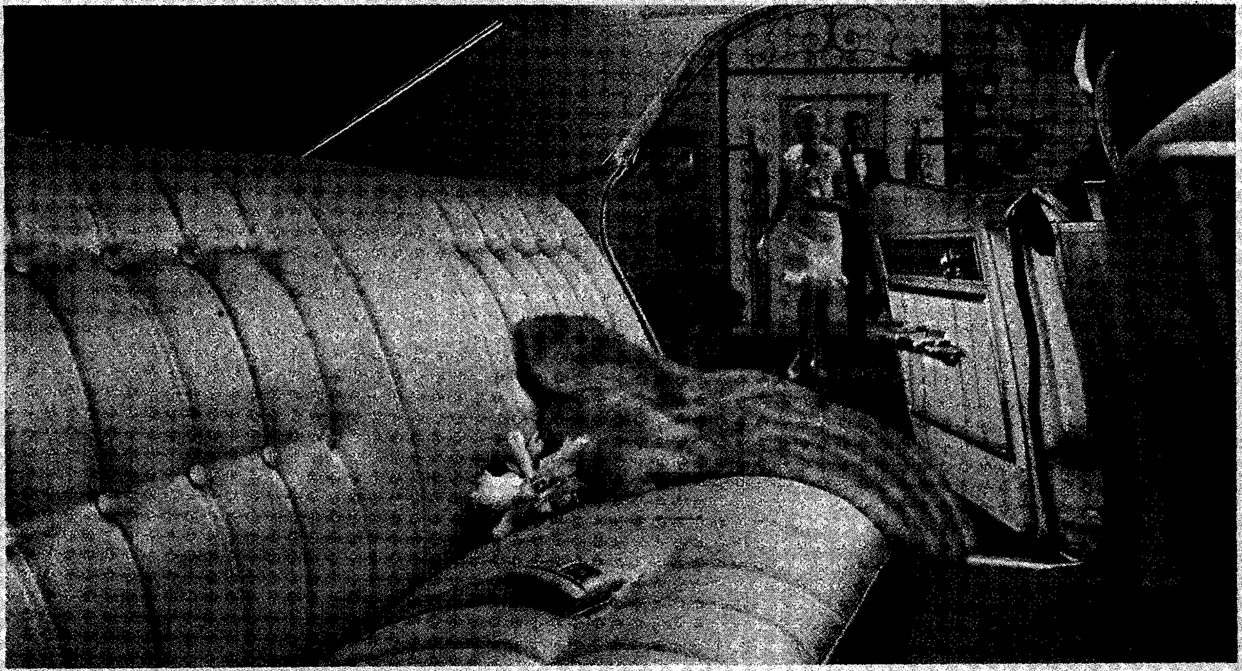

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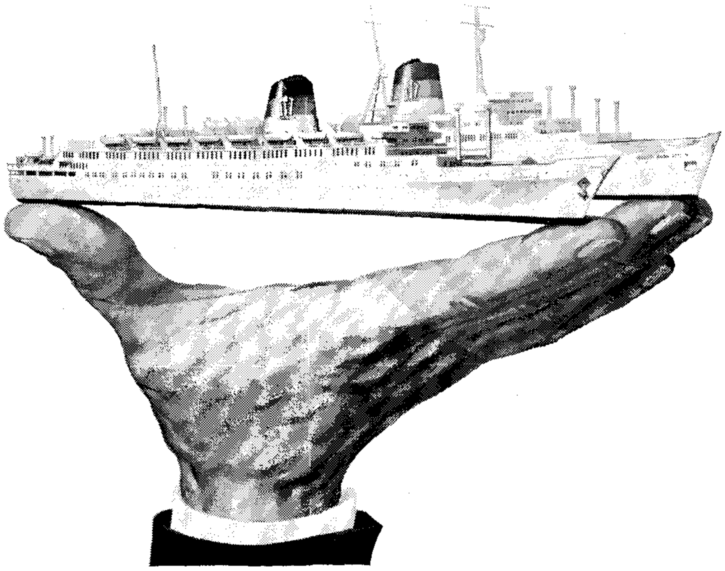
chip and took three more shots to get down. This double-bogey 5 dropped him three strokes behind Yancey, with whom he was paired, and three behind Nichols and Brewer, who, playing together, were a hole ahead, tackling the celebrated thirteenth. On a calm day like this one, the thirteenth, a 475-yard par 5 that doglegs to the left, is the easiest hole to birdie of the second nine, since the golfer who drives well can, without too much trouble, fly a fairway wood or a long iron safely over the creek that isolates the large, azalea-banked green. Here Brewer took the lead in the tournament for the first time, birdying the hole, while Nichols, who had put his second into a bunker behind the green, was having to settle for a par. Brewer's birdie rested on a remarkable 4-wood shot. Most golfers, I think, would have chosen to play a cautious iron short of the creek from the rooty downhill lie, just off the fairway and strewn with pine needles, that Brewer was confronted with after his drive, but he accepted the gamble, and, picking the ball off as clean as a daisy, smashed it to the heart of the green. Now the question was whether Yancey, marching up the thirteenth fairway as straight as a soldier, would be able to match that birdie and keep pace with Brewer. From the middle of the fairway, he took a 4-wood for his second and hit the high left side of the green, about seventy-five feet above the cup. Then, I'm afraid, he completely miscalculated the speed of the green, for he left his long approach putt almost twenty feet short. He worked hard on that second putt. He stroked it smoothly, and for a moment it looked as if it would drop, but the ball caught only the low corner of the cup and twisted out. In the one display of emotion he permitted himself during the four long days, Yancey let his head droop to his chest, and, as it did, his visor toppled to the ground. There was something oddly fitting about this small tableau, for, as it turned out, when that putt did not fall, Yancey's challenge was over.

The Masters then moved to its climax—the stretch duel between Brewer and Nichols. It is always heartwarming to an onlooker when two athletes, each set on beating the other, manage to exhibit a genuine friendliness. This Brewer and Nichols did. They have known each other a long time. Both grew up in Kentucky—Nichols, who is thirty-one, in Louisville, and Brewer, who is thirty-five, in Lexington. Both represent the same golf-club-manufacturing company, Hil-



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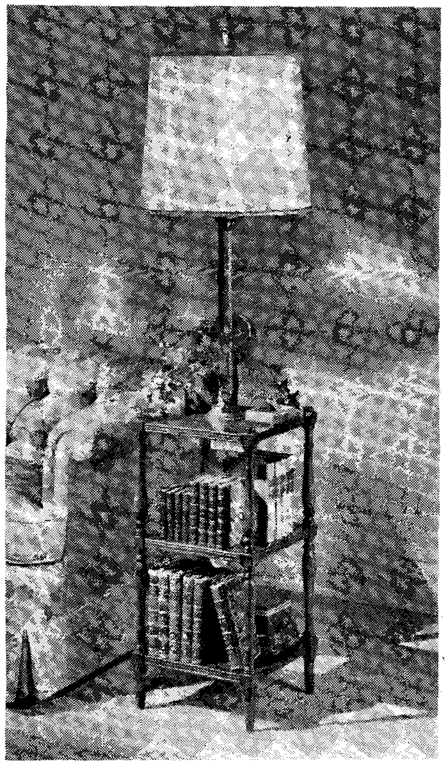

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lerich & Bradsby. Both have Bear Bryant, who is now the football coach at Alabama, to thank for their college education. When Bryant was coach at the University of Kentucky, where there were no golf scholarships, he arranged a football scholarship for Brewer; later, having moved on to Texas A. & M., where there were golf scholarships but they had all been parcelled out, Bryant found a football scholarship for Nichols. (Neither Nichols nor Brewer, of course, played football—only golf.) They had quite a battle down those last five holes—Nichols, the handsome stylist, and Brewer, who, with his figure-eight loop, is the most unorthodox swinger in golf today. On the par-4 fourteenth, which is anything but a birdie hole, Brewer sank a twenty-footer for a 3, and Nichols then put a six-footer right on top of it for his 3, to remain only a stroke behind. Then they both birdied the long fifteenth. Nichols had his 4 all the way, but Brewer, after overshooting the green with a fairway wood and chipping back weakly, was faced with a tough ten-footer that broke two inches to the right. He read it perfectly and hit it perfectly. In retrospect, that putt was the decisive stroke. It preserved Brewer's one-shot lead, and he hung on to it by matching Nichols' pars on the last three holes. Brewer's pars came hard, particularly his 4 on the 400-yard seventeenth, where, after his tee shot had ricocheted off a pine tree on the right side of the fairway, he scrambled down in three shots from two hundred and fifteen yards out—a 4-wood into a small gap between two bunkers guarding the green, a nice running chip to four feet, and a good putt. However, his par 4 on the final hole was as solid as could be. In the 1966 Masters, when a par on the eighteenth would have won for him, he had made the mistake of punching his second shot to the high back edge of the terraced green, sixty feet beyond the pin, which was set at the bottom of the slope, and had taken three putts, as was almost inevitable from that difficult position. This year, with the pin in just about the same place, he made sure that he kept his approach shot, a 4-iron, below it. He put the ball just where he wanted it—on the front part of the green, twenty-five uphill feet from the hole. When he nursed his first putt to within eighteen inches, he was home.

Because he had come so heartbreakingly close to winning the Masters the year before, and for other reasons as well, Gay Brewer's victory was a very popular one. He had certainly earned

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it. In the excitement stirred up by his head-and-head battle with Nichols, it was hardly noticed that Brewer had started the last round two shots behind the leaders and had played the eighteen holes in 67. And again, the emphasis accorded Brewer's finish—his three consecutive birdies on the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth holes and his three stick-to-itive pars on the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth—tended to diminish the gritty shots he had played in the earlier stages of the wearing afternoon. That ten-footer on the fifteenth, for example, was preceded by three other clutch putts: a twelve-footer to save his par on the third, a ten-footer for a birdie on the seventh, and another twelve-footer to save his par on the eleventh. There is a lot of tiger in Brewer. His birdie on the seventh, for instance, was set up by a bold wedge approach played off bare ground close to a pine trunk. He attacked the four par 5s aggressively and birdied them all, with some wonderful fairway-wood play. The 4-wood that ran over the fifteenth was, in its way, as fine a shot as the 4-wood he picked off the roots and pine needles on the thirteenth; the ball really covered the flag, and he was unlucky that it didn't get a softer first bounce. Brewer, who looks like a cross between Babe Ruth and Mickey Walker, is a basically sound golfer, despite the loop in his swing—the most pronounced loop of any first-rate player since Bobby Locke. He takes the club back well inside the correct path, and at the top of his backswing he thrusts it forward with a shoulder push well outside the correct path, but somehow, as he lunges into the hitting zone, the clubhead is square to the ball. He has always played this way. When he was starting his career, he was worried that he would never reach the top unless he scrapped his maverick method, but an old Scottish pro in Kentucky, Bobby Craigs, told him to stay with it, that time would tighten up the looseness in his swing and make its departure from the classic style irrelevant. It has worked out that way. Good golf, when you boil it all down, is played with the hands, and here is where Brewer's strength lies. Even under the strain of the big championships, when experienced golfers tighten up and pat their shots for all their resolution not to, Brewer's hands come flashing through the ball and he produces one assertive, forcing stroke after another. He chooses to explain that this live hand action depends only on his maintaining a proper tempo in his swing, but I suspect that

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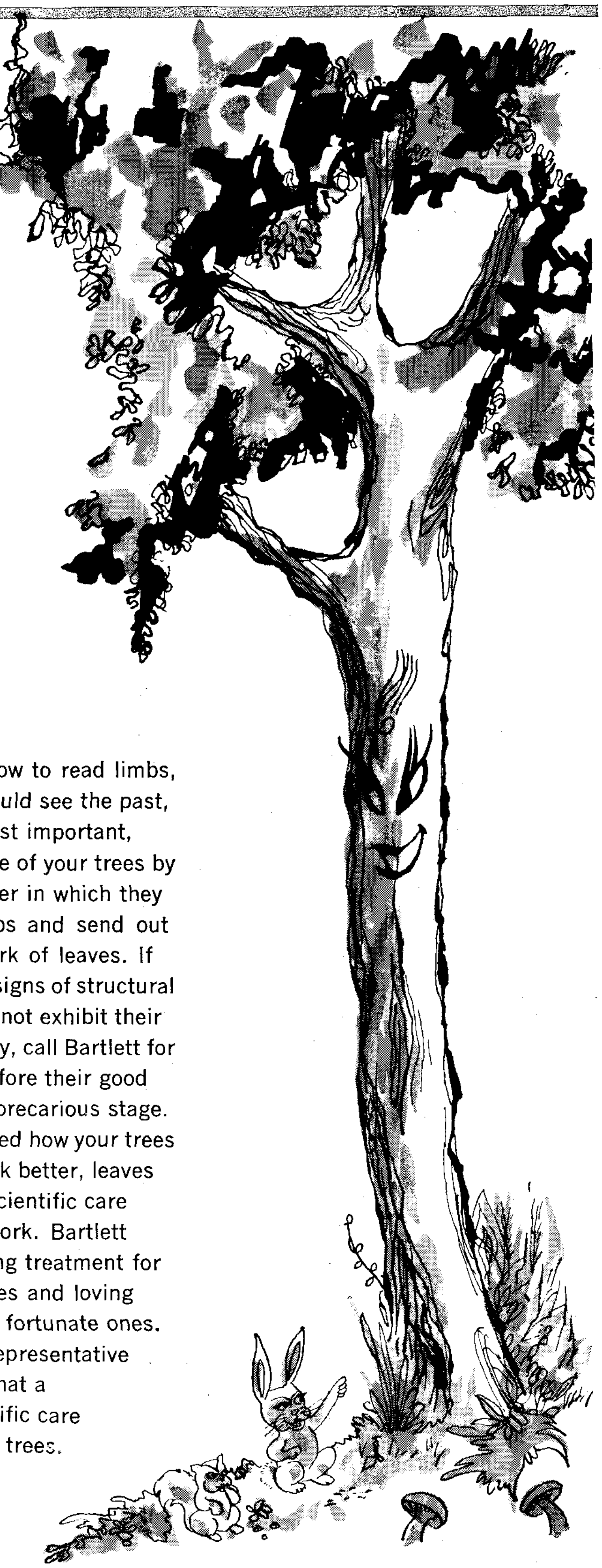
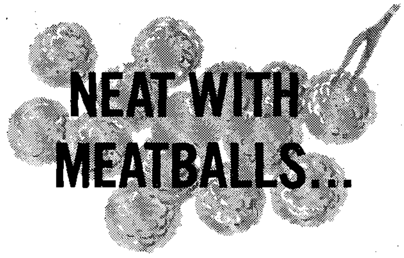


courage may have something to do with it, too.

BREWER'S victory brought him twenty thousand dollars and jumped his official winnings for the year to $63,747.50. Twenty thousand dollars is a good sum of money, but it isn't exceptional in golf today. Just about every week in the gilded stretch of the season now coming up, tournament winners will be receiving at least as much as Brewer received in the Masters. Professional golf has become such a rich province that it is now considered the proper thing, in many quarters, to deplore the steadily mounting purses and the concomitant emphasis on the financial side of the game. I can't say just why, but I don't share in these apprehensions, though I agree with the thinking behind them—that there must be other goals and satisfactions and measures of ability than money, even in professional sport, or else the heart will go out of the sport. At the moment, however, I am strangely unalarmed about the state of professional golf. Each Monday, when I pick up my copy of *Golf World*, the game's only weekly in America, I soon turn to a feature called "The Long Green"—a chart in which the top twenty-five money-winners are listed, along with the number of tournaments each has entered, the number of times he has finished in the money, and his total haul to date in official prize money. I am sure that if there were some other weekly chart, based on, say, average number of strokes per round, or something equally non-fiscal, I would study that just as avidly. After all, in this country one grows up on baseball averages and on the statistics the other sports regularly provide, so any running tabulation of how the golfers are faring is bound to be absorbing and habit-forming. Besides, it is hard to get steamed up about there being too much money in golf when you read that Elizabeth Taylor is receiving a million and a half dollars and Richard Burton a million for making an eighteen-handicap movie like "The Taming of the Shrew."

If the prize money in golf keeps mounting at its present rate—this year there are no fewer than twenty-eight tournaments offering between a hundred thousand and two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, with the winner in the new international Alcan Tournament, in October, to receive a record fifty-five thousand dollars—we should have our first half-million-dollar spectacular circa 1970. After that it will be only a hop, skip, and jump to a nice



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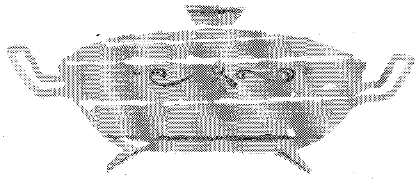

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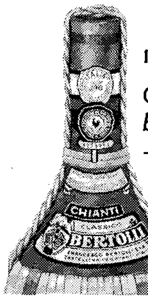

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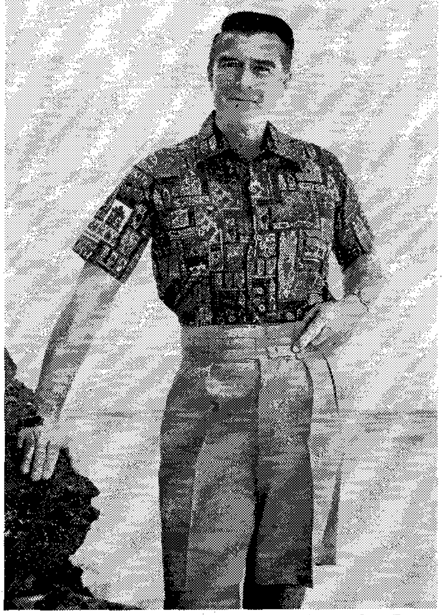

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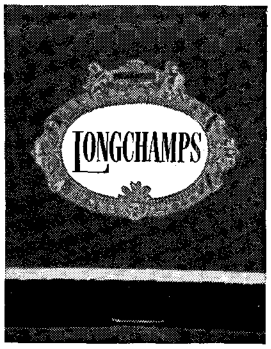

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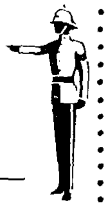

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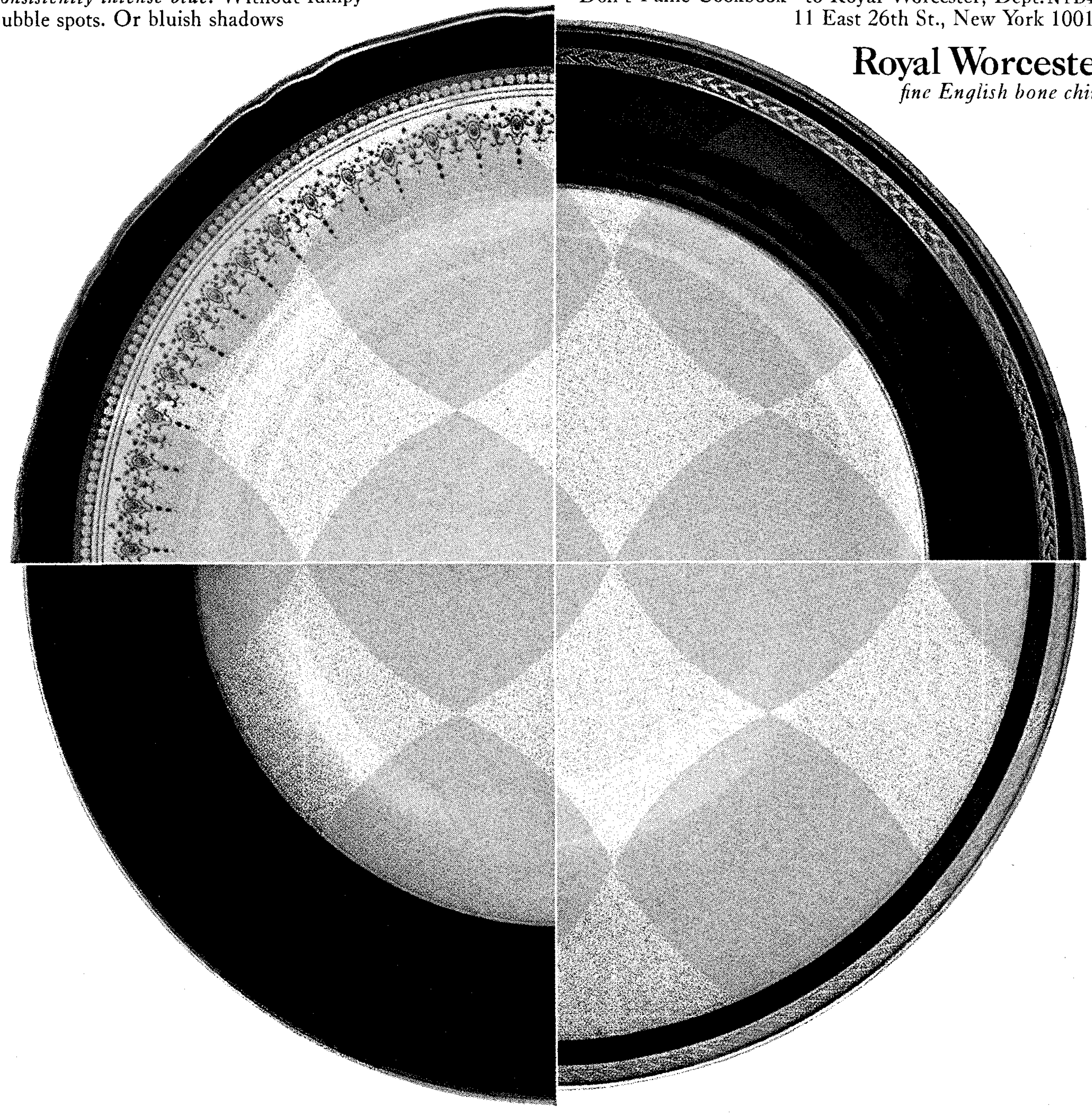

round million-dollar super-spectacular. When that day arrives—and probably well before it does—I *will* be worried. Then, to put it succinctly, it will be impossible for even young men of the highest character to think of golf as anything but a means to an end. Today, if my judgment is correct, our professional golfers seem happily able to compartmentalize their enthusiasms, so that *while they are on the golf course the* quality of the golf they are playing is their first and abiding concern. In this treacherous land of El Dorado, they have handled themselves beautifully. Many professionals of my acquaintance *appear to me to be as honestly enamored of golf*—the game itself—as any amateurs I know, and to have maintained a sound sense of values as well. At the Masters, to cite an example that comes quickly to mind, the generosity of spirit that Bobby Nichols radiated throughout his stretch battle with Brewer impressed some of us so deeply that at the end of the day we could not restrain ourselves from cornering Nichols and letting him know about it. "I don't *know how to put it*," he said, after thanking us, "but I like to think that professional golf is just my livelihood, not my life." This is obviously how Billy Casper, for another—he has gone to Asia the past two winters to *entertain our troops*—feels about things, too.

The group that does disturb me during this era of prosperity is the tournament entrepreneurs. I wish these men would aim higher, so that many more events would be played on courses of true championship quality, painstakingly conditioned, set in beautiful surroundings, and tailored for the spectators' convenience. What we need is not richer tournaments but finer ones, glowing with the flavor of golf at its best—in a word, more tournaments like the Masters.

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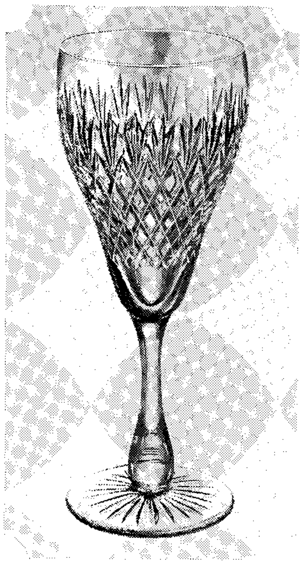

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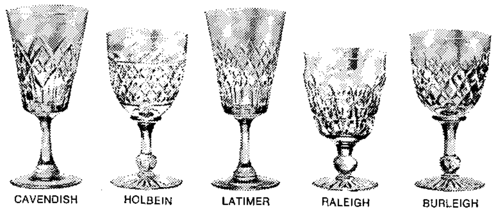

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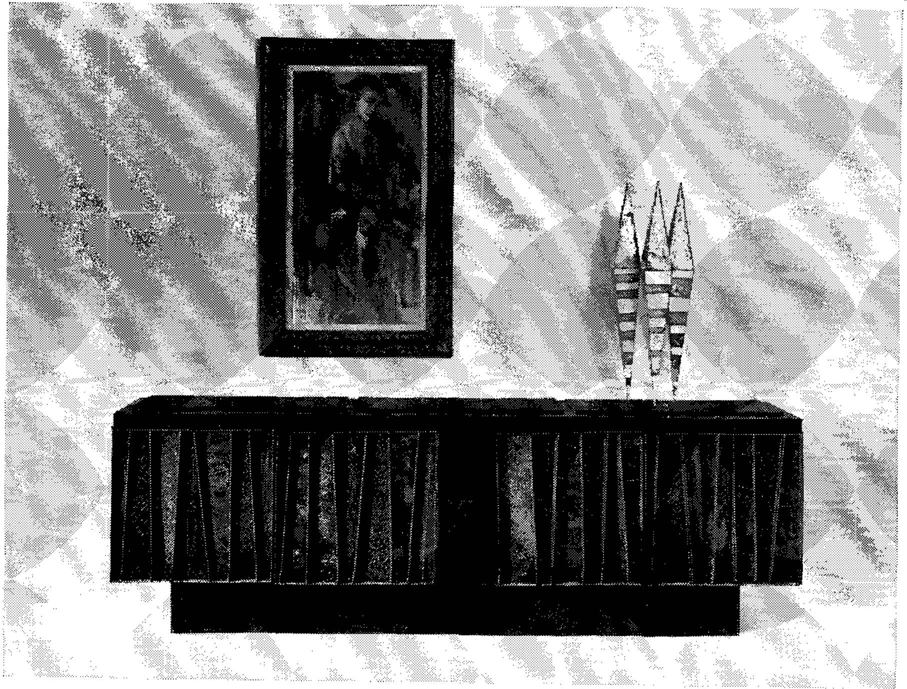

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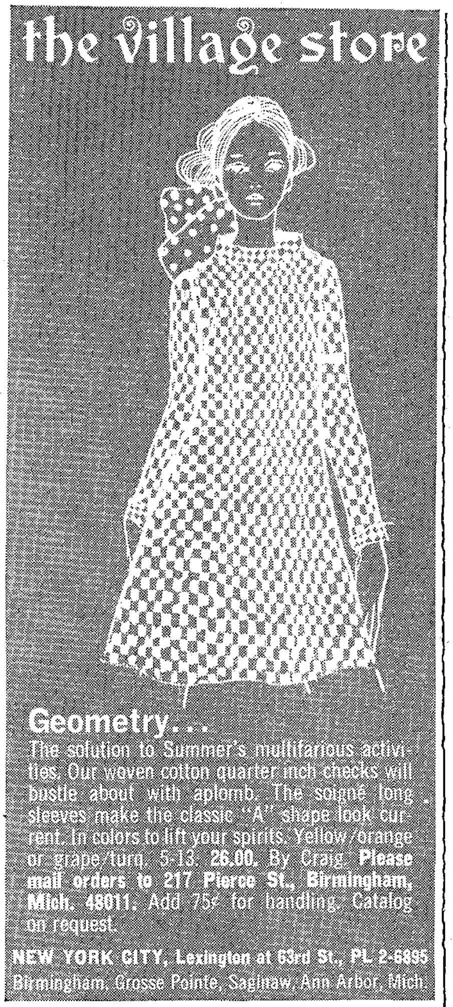
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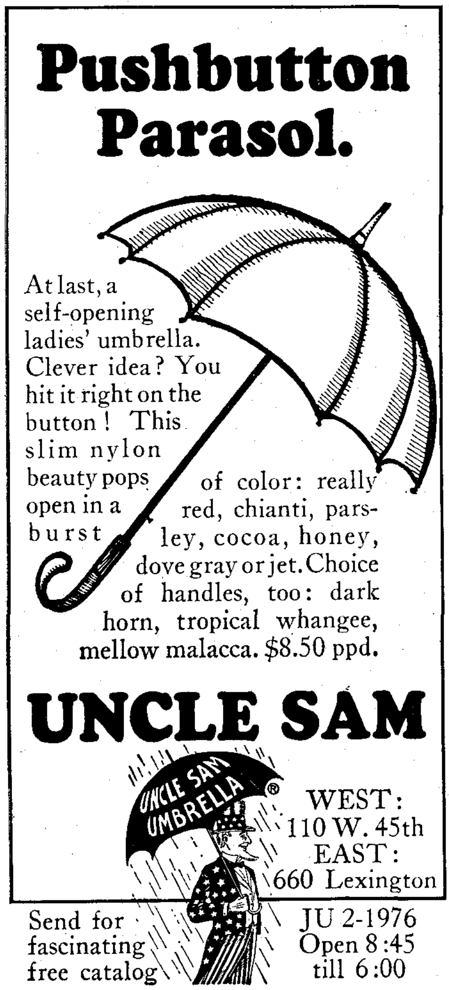
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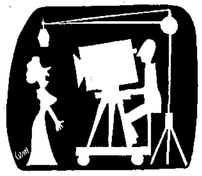
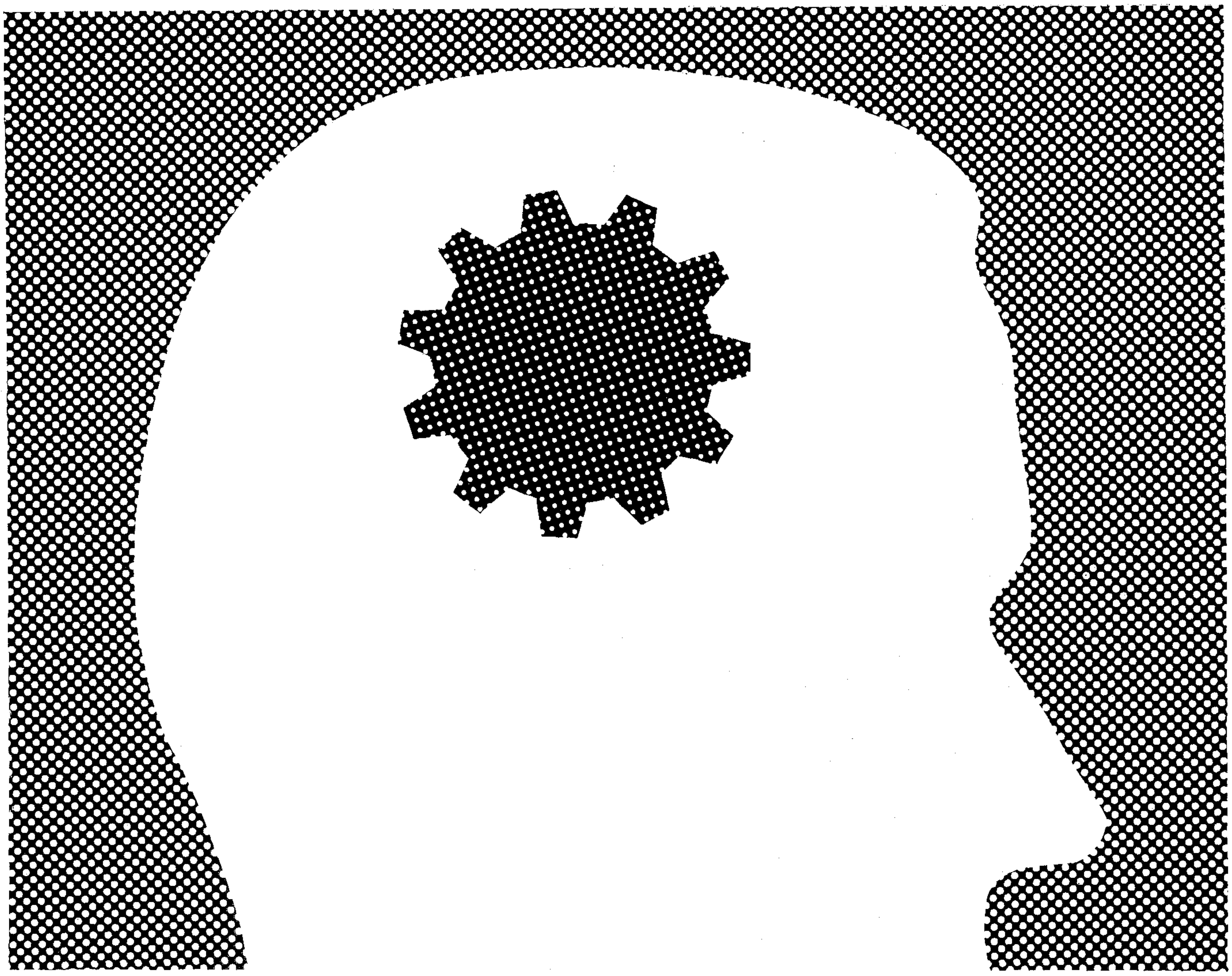
THE AIR

The Bodiless Tackle, The Second-Hand Thud

Jack Whitaker, the gray eagle of C.B.S. sportscasting, jaunty as a Hudson riverboat gambler in his Balliol Old Boy's blazer, held himself gracefully upright in the empty press box of Baltimore's Memorial Stadium the other Sunday, the camera alternating fondly between Whitaker, the near-empty stands around him, and the spectacle of a dozen or so soccer players (all those shorts and knobby knees—nothing totalitarian about *that* uniform) milling about on the baseball field below, and observed that we were shortly to become witnesses to history. He may have said hostages, but I think it was witnesses. The history, in any case, referred to the approaching début in this country of the National Professional Soccer League, a hastily assembled federation of ten teams (many of which are owned by the owners of baseball teams) and the only sports organization I know of that seems to have been put together expressly for the purpose of making a potful of money out of television—the baseball (now soccer) owners expecting to make their potful by television contracts and by having a few people come out to the parks on non-ballplaying days, and the TV people expecting to make theirs by buying rights to televise soccer games on the cheap, promoting the game into a big TV attraction, and then selling the commercial spots at a profit. Who is to knock People's Capitalism these days? The only drawbacks to this glorious plan, or plot, seem to be that there may not be an awful lot of people in this country right now who think they want to watch soccer, and that since the International Soccer Federation has refused its sanction to the C.B.S.-sponsored league, with the result that only young unknowns or old-timers (the word usually favored is "veterans") are willing to play in it, the soccer played isn't likely to be especially brilliant. But who knows? Soccer is a good sport—in fact, as knowledgeable people are forever kind enough to remind one, it is the most popular sport in the world this side of South African Frog Rolling (perhaps that side of South African Frog Rolling)—being fast-moving, fluid, and televisable in a way that baseball, for example, isn't, and maybe eventually it will catch on here. Televisable seems to be the key word. Baseball still has a big TV audience, all right, and a good team still draws people out to the ball park, but the audience seems to be mostly a kind of holdover audience—baseball doesn't *pull* people (the way football now does), because the game just doesn't come across really well on television. Television distills baseball down to moments of action, but in baseball the heart of the game isn't so much in the isolated instances of action (the hit, the catch, the put-out) as in the number of moves that may be taking place at a given time: the runner leading off base, the pitcher in his windup; the ball hit, fielded, thrown; the flight of the ball and the flight of the runner, and the measurement of both. Much of what baseball is about is centered on this awareness of measurement, and television usually can't cover it—can't look in many directions at once, can't really see the game as well as someone in the stands can see it. The other thing that baseball is about, of course, is the feel of being out there at a ball game, and although it's easy to sound like a retread Lake Poet burbling on about bleachers and hot dogs and dust blowing in across the infield and the sharp, sweet crackle of Dolph Camilli's windbreaker, the fact is that these things are real, this appeal to the senses is real (as real, certainly, as the rhythms of the premotorized American summer that gave shape to it)—and not only is it real but it provides a substance to the game that, so to speak, fills out all the intervals of inaction, and gives the intervals meaning. Football appeals to the senses, too, but less than baseball. (The action distilled through the camera eye in a football game is a much larger natural part of the game than it is in a baseball game.) What seems to account for football's immense rise in popularity in recent years isn't so much this fact of its being an action sport (although that has a lot to do with it) as this simpler, or at least more technical, fact of the television viewer's finding the game much more intelligible on his set than from the stands; by this I mean that the key to understanding, and therefore liking, football is in the play—what goes on after the ball is snapped—and that now, with imaginative camera positions and stop-action, you can follow the moves in a way that you simply can't from Row Q on the twenty-yard line, or even the fifty-yard line.



There's no doubt, really, that tele-



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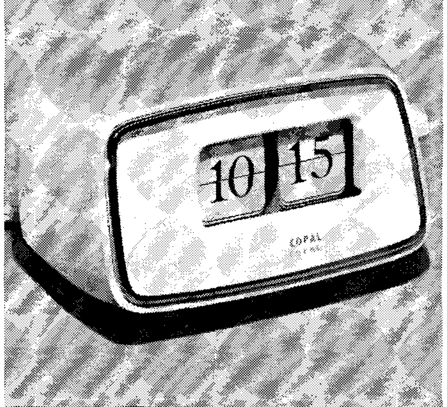

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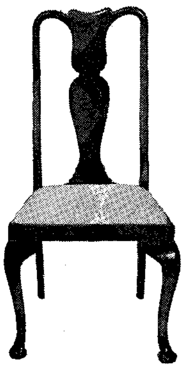
vision has to some degree affected just about every sport of consequence that is being played in this country. In fact, the only sports I can think of that it hasn't affected are the ones, such as yachting and bridge, that are virtually TV-proof. In a relatively short time, it has turned minor sports into major sports—golf, say, and, for heaven's sake, bowling. It's true that the present mass popularity of golf derives in good measure from the natural consequences of "the new leisure" and "disposable income"—from the whole trend toward the proletarianizing of sport. But it's just as true that this popularity was polarized and accelerated by television, with its showering of prize money into the game, its dramatization of the money glamour as well as of the actual drama (all those Arnold Palmer clutch finishes a couple of years ago), and also—you notice this especially on color TV—of the real beauty of some of the great courses, such as Pebble Beach and Augusta. In the same relatively short time, it has practically destroyed other sports, such as boxing, which doesn't seem to have recovered at all from TV's greedy insistence, in its early days, on presenting three or four big fights a week, with the predictable, and predicted, result that the fights ran out of fighters, and so new fighters were rushed up from the club level to the big time, where they had no business being (I'm reminded of an amiable left-handed welterweight from Michigan State who bumbled along for a while until one night he was more or less literally chopped to pieces by Kid Gavilan—a lousy business), and so gradually the club fights disappeared (people could watch supposedly big-league stuff on TV, so why should they go to a club fight?), and finally there was no place for boxers to develop. And TV has placed baseball, the National Pastime, in a precarious position, forcing it into an ever closer alliance with the entertainment business (Judge Hofheinz's Astrodome in Houston seems a long, long journey from Commerce, Oklahoma) and requiring the all too willing owners to constantly alter the structure of the sport by such essentially TV-pleasing gestures as the introduction of peppier, more hittable baseballs, the lengthening of schedules (from a hundred and fifty four games to a hundred and sixty-two), and the expansion of the leagues (from eight teams apiece to ten)—as if baseball, like any good sport, didn't depend on a carefully evolved, carefully balanced arrangement of internal rules, tensions,



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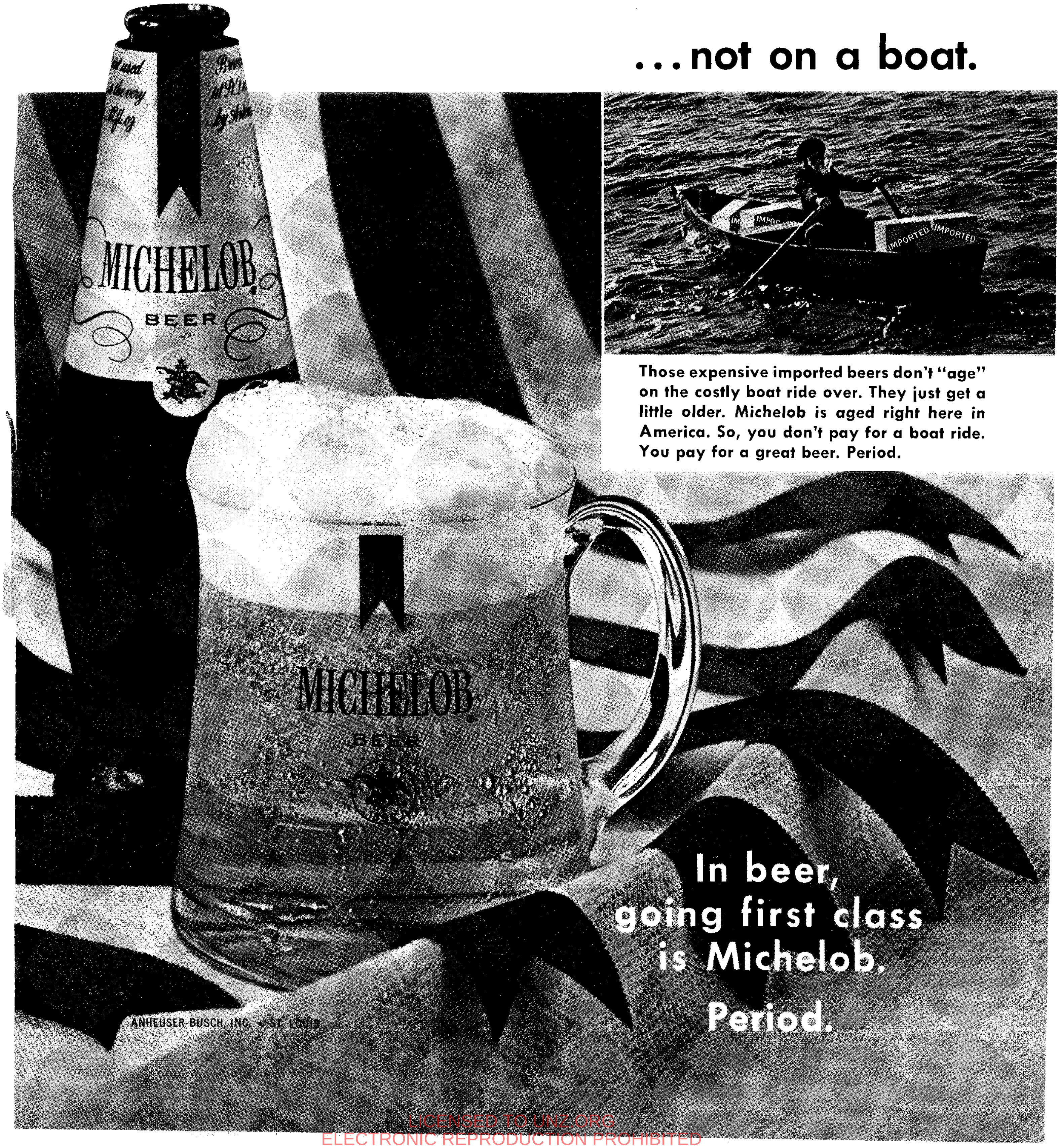
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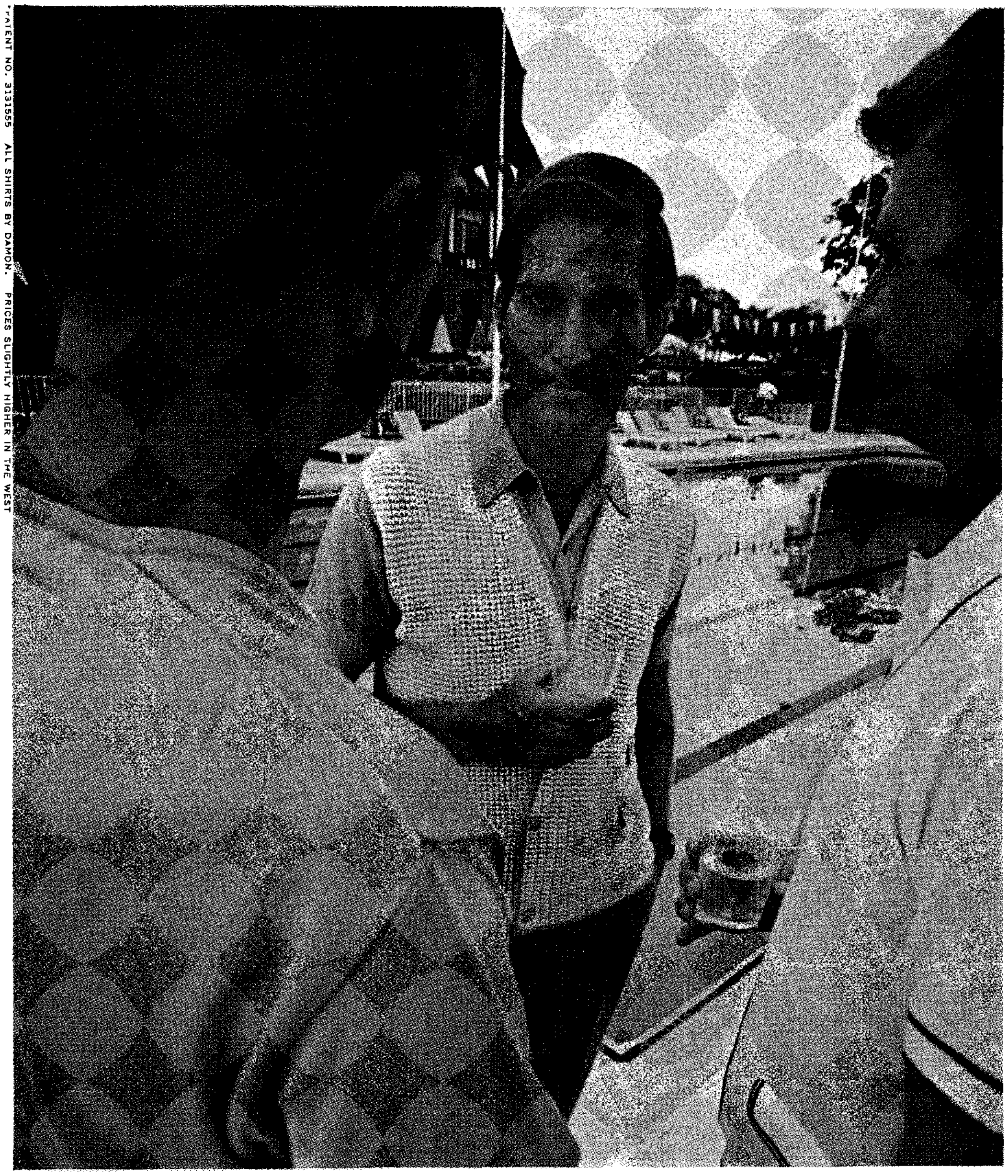

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dynamics that simply can't be fiddled around with like a boxful of building blocks if the game is to not so much "stay alive" as continue to have meaning to itself. In 1911, for example, Home Run Baker set the year's record for home runs. In 1927, Ruth hit sixty, with a peppier ball. Yet the remarkable thing about Ruth's feat wasn't merely the number but the fact that in those days there were mighty few players who could just plain hit the ball so far. Nowadays, since people like to see home runs, and since, as a result, the ball has become still lighter and faster, there are mighty few shortstops so thin-wristed that they can't, and don't, hit a handful of homers each season. So, although it's true that sports should and do evolve, like anything else, it's also true that the evolution of most American sports is now being effected, for the most part, heedlessly and meretriciously from the outside—from television—and that a sport like baseball, which, whether one is bored by it or not, has such a strong, deep connection with many of the fundamental rhythms of American life, is gradually being gimmicked into becoming something quite different, a sort of neo-baseball, whose connections are largely with show business. In a way, of course, for all the increase these days in the numbers of people watching sports, for all the increase in the numbers of people supposedly engaging in sports, it's hard to see, really, how even the concept of sport is going to survive into this eerie and unphysical era of technology and technocracy. Right now, we stay at home and watch Notre Dame play Michigan State and still manage to inform the disconnected photographic image of the game (itself an image) with an animating nostalgia—a nostalgia that seems to go deeper than the more conscious "Wouldn't it be nice if life were still so simple and beautiful that one could care half a damn for Notre Dame and Rockne and the Gipper?" It's a nostalgia, probably, for a time when physical conflict between teams, players, athletes, men, meant more, because the physical quality of life meant more. In football, the brute, uncomplicated nineteenth-century flying wedge (those masses of mustached, open-countenanced Protestant boys mashing into each other) gave way to individual blocking; then came the introduction of the detached, more cerebral and technical forward pass; and now the game is so solidly given over to passing that a line-plunging runner like Jim

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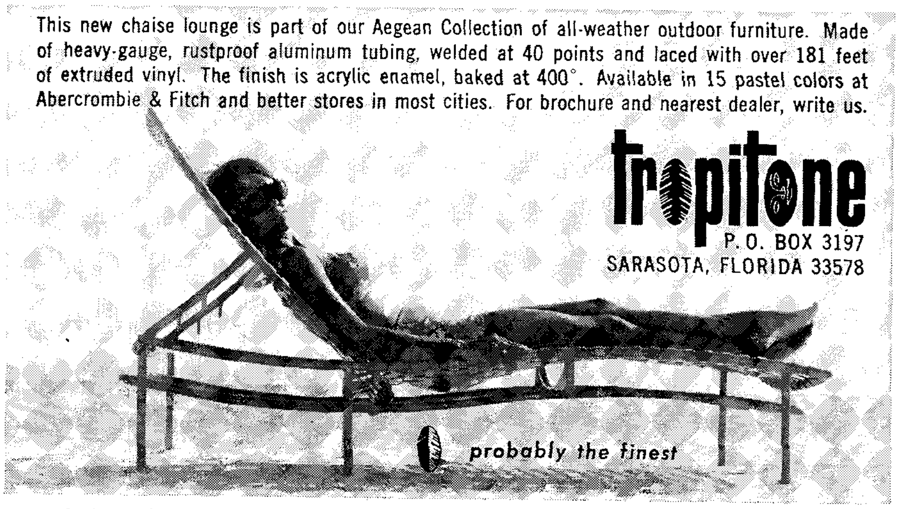

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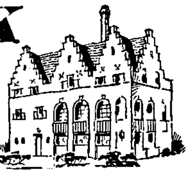

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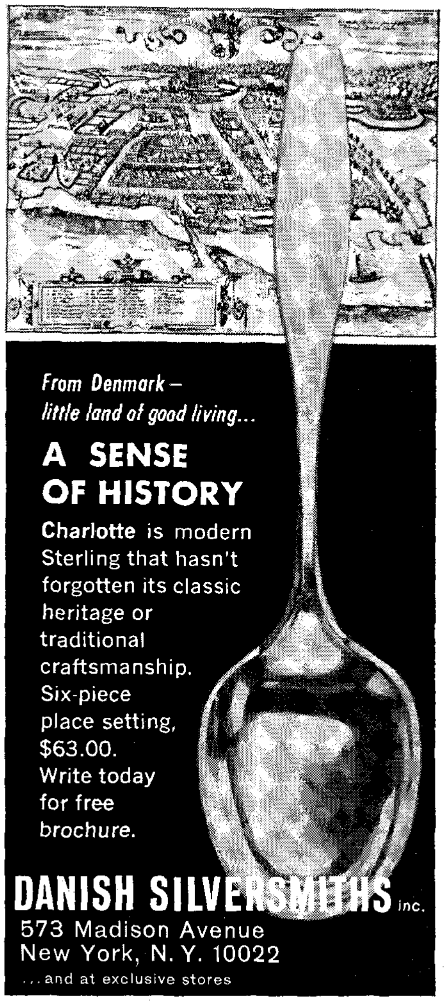
Taylor seems almost an anachronism. Life evolves, sport evolves, each becoming more technical, drawing further away from nature, and, in the case of sport, which drew its original meaning from natural sources, the disconnection seems to be abetted by an audience that now observes sport largely through a machine that filters out the senses, that somehow makes all baseballs travel at the same speed, that silences, and so renders nearly meaningless, the thud of hockey players against the boards, and that places us finally in the position of watching, with a peculiarly modern sort of bland, detached excitement, the leaps and strains and prowess of modern athletes as if from the other side of a pane of glass. Athletes evolve, too. Babe Ruth, who, in answer to a question from a radio interviewer about the speed of Walter Johnson's fast ball, slammed his fist into his leather windbreaker, then blurted, "Jesus Christ, I bust the goddam cigars," gives way to Maury Wills, articulate, grammatical, natty (not too natty), talking smoothly in a post-game interview about his off-season business career. At any rate, where once people went, almost instinctively, to sporting events (perhaps in the same sort of way that other peoples once went to the drama) because both the facts and the sensory appeal of these conflicts corresponded to their own view of the world, now, it seems, they go to them, or watch them on TV, in part because of "excitement" but mostly, as a guess, out of memory, as if looking at a Colts-Packers game on TV, with all its stylized confrontations, with its lack of smells and touch and heat and cold, with its lack of any sense of what a forty-two-yard pass feels like to throw or catch, with its lack of any sense, really (except for the disconnected clack of shoulder pads), of bodies touching one another—as if even this distilled, unsensual experience could somehow take one back, back to a time when life was more densely centered on human bodies and on nature, and when men acted out things that were important to them, rushing at each other across open fields and meadows, rowing on rivers, and skating on frozen lakes.

Oh, yes. The soccer game between Atlanta and Baltimore. It was pretty ragged—I think that's the word—but it wasn't too bad. A large player from Trinidad called Guy St. Vil scored the only goal of the game (for Baltimore) on the only good pass. The Atlanta goalie was Sven Lindberg, presumably also new to the South.

—MICHAEL J. ARLEN



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THE RACE TRACK

On Top Again

MAURICE FREED

THOUGH a great deal occurred on the racing scene last week, one item stood out—Damascus was a gallant and decisive winner of the Wood Memorial Stakes at Aqueduct on Saturday. Taking the lead three-sixteenths of a mile from home, he passed the post half a dozen lengths ahead of Gala Performance. Dawn Glory was three lengths farther back. There was so much uncertainty about the makeup of the field that it was surprising when as many as nine three-year-olds answered the call of the starter. Needless to say, Damascus was the pick on looks, and he was a pleasing sight as he jogged to the post. Brunch and Gala Performance were quickest away, and they set a lickety-split pace—the first quarter in 0:23⅖ and the half mile in 0:46⅖—but before they reached the stretch turn Brunch was dead beat (he finished a bad last), and Gala Performance proved to be no match for Damascus. Dawn Glory was best of the others, who are no great shakes. The time for the mile and a furlong was 1:49⅗.

Gala Performance, who is owned by Alfred Vanderbilt, wasn't entered in the Kentucky Derby, the Preakness, or the Belmont Stakes. He's by Native Dancer and is a well-made individual, but his form last season was only so-so, and I suppose a stable has to draw the line somewhere when it makes stakes nominations, for they can run into a pretty penny. Dawn Glory was very nervous in the paddock. As you've probably heard, he is Puerto Rico's Horse of the Year, and because of the intense interest in him a description of the Wood Memorial was broadcast by radio to San Juan. Although his island aficionados were disappointed that he didn't win, at least they knew what happened. Watchers of Station WNEW-TV, among them Mrs. Edith Woodward Bancroft, who owns Damascus, and who was at home, saw hardly more than the first quarter of the race; then the screen went blank. Technical difficulties, I suppose.

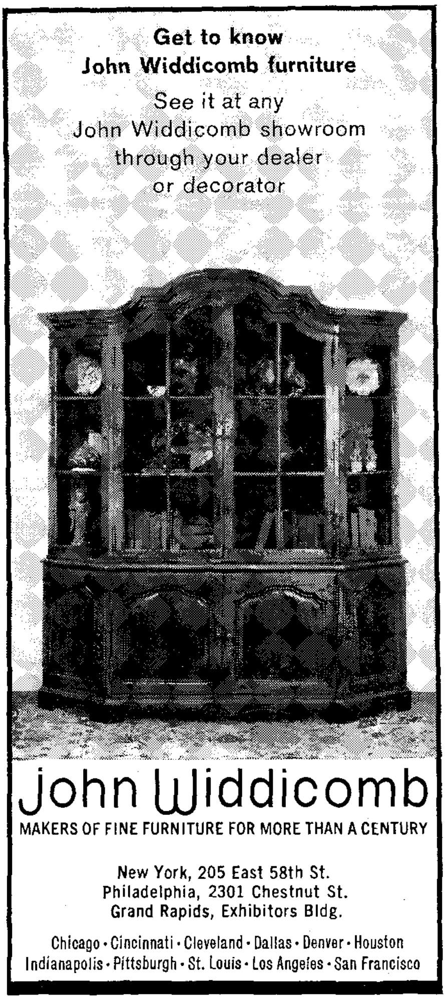
Brunch has never impressed me, perhaps because he reminds me of his sire, Intentionally, who was not one of my favorite horses. By the way, Johnny Nerud was wearing a hat instead of his customary colorful cap when he saddled Brunch. Perhaps he has switched for luck; he was wearing a hat when he sent Dr. Fager out for the Gotham Stakes the previous Saturday. Earlier in the week, he went into exhaustive explanations about why Dr. Fager wasn't his Derby horse. The colt is the tear-away type, with great early speed, but he is hard to restrain and is unlikely to go a mile and a quarter, the Derby distance. Then, there's that right knee; it was injured last autumn and kept him idle last winter, and while it seems sound again, you can never tell. Dr. Fager's next start will be in the Withers Mile at Aqueduct on May 13th. The stunner of the week for Hirsch Jacobs' big following was his announcement that Reflected Glory, the winner of the Flamingo Stakes, is out of the Derby. He has sore shins. The stable isn't in a slough of despond, though, for Reason to Hail, who ran third to Dr. Fager and Damascus in the Gotham, won the California Derby at Golden Gate Fields last weekend.

Taking one thing with another, it was quite an afternoon for Damascus; for Shoemaker, who rode him and had two other winners; and for the Aqueduct management, which entertained a crowd of more than fifty thousand people and had a five-million-dollar day in the mutuels.

DOWN in Jersey, Garden State Park opened its spring meeting with a first-class show. Our Michael, who won the Paumonok Handicap at the Big A last month, took the Cherry Hill Handicap in a photo finish with Can He Run. Irongate was third. Again no luck for the Wheatley Stable; its Bold and Brave, the favorite, was fourth. At Pimlico, there were so many entries for the Riggs Handicap, over the turf course, that it was split and run in two divisions: Al Sirat won the first and Lucky Turn the second. To get back to those three-year-olds: At Keeneland, earlier in the week, Racing Room, who isn't in the Derby, beat seven racers who are—among them Diplomat Way, who was the favorite in the race and ran third.

ONE morning last week, the last steel section of Belmont Park's new grandstand was riveted in place. Later, Diogenes Checkpoints will have another progress report.

—AUDAX MINOR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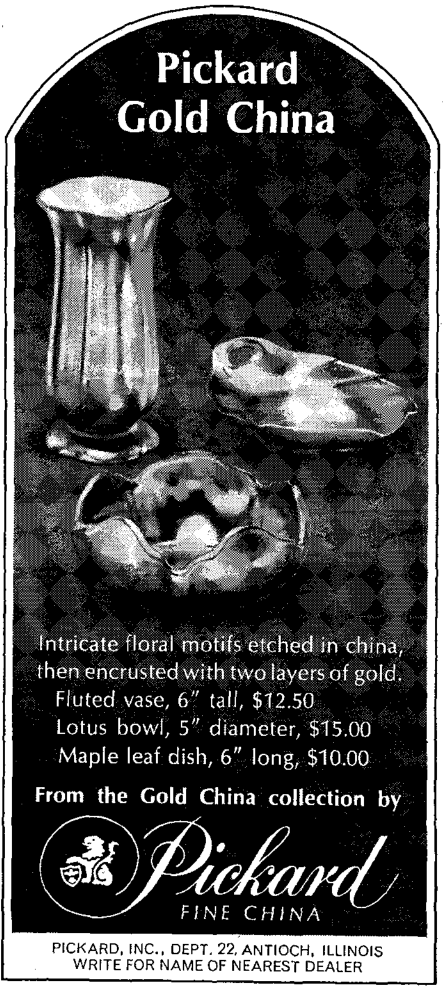
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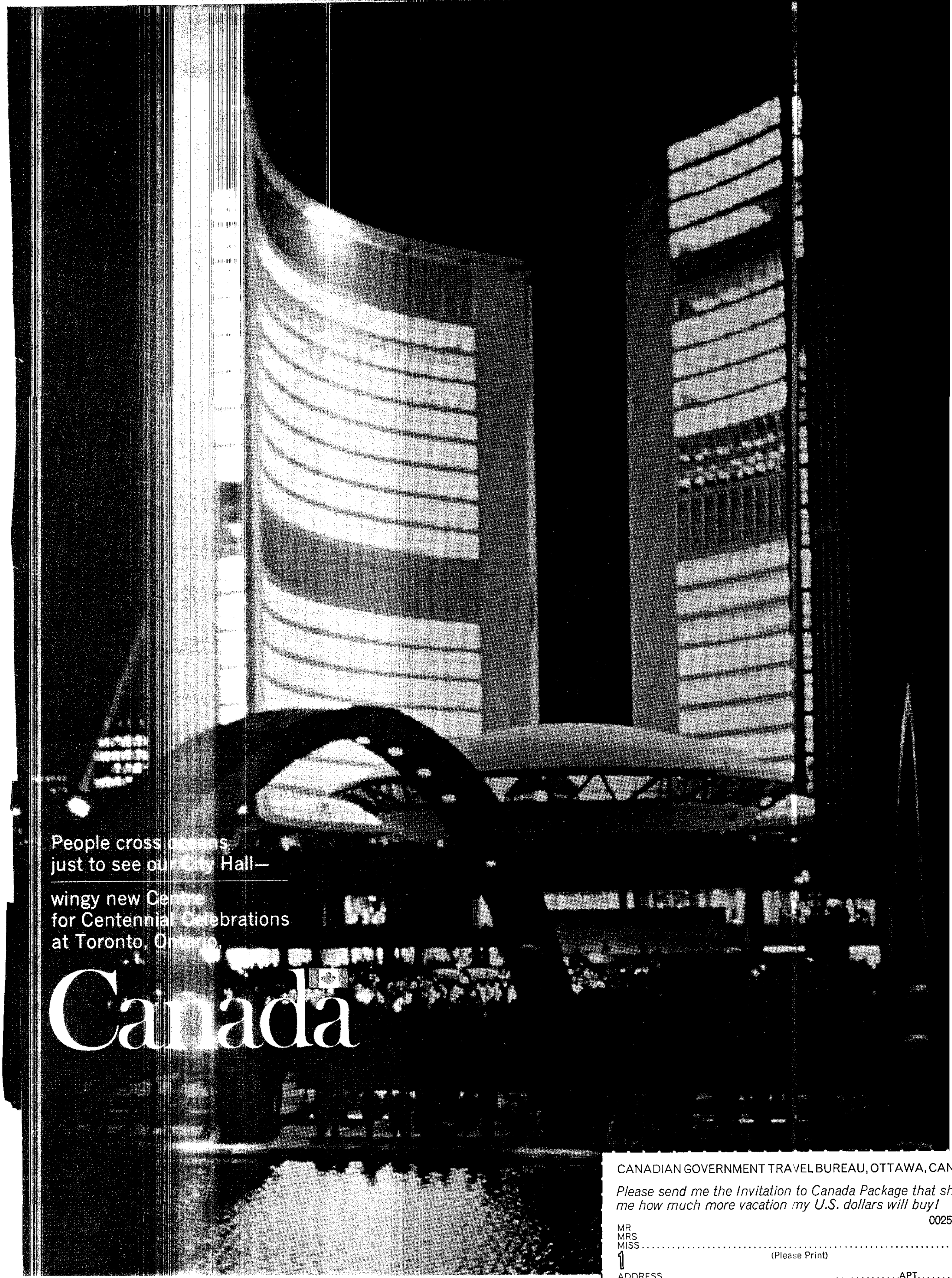
LETTER FROM PARIS

APRIL 20

TWENTY-FIVE coastal villages in two major Brittany departments—Côtes du Nord and Finistère—have been officially declared devastated areas, because of the destruction they have suffered from what the seafaring population there has called *la marée noire*, meaning the floating sheets of oil from the wrecked carcass of the Torrey Canyon. One of these oily shrouds, fifty kilometres long, has been reported by naval air observers to have, fortunately, set out Saturday evening for the Atlantic, propelled by heaven-sent northeast winds. "A means of dealing with these navigating masses of oil has not yet been discovered," General de Gaulle's new Minister of Information confessed. He added that the new government will make a declaration on the subject, to be followed by a debate on April 25th—which does not seem too soon, considering that fifty Breton deputies are now demanding that what has happened to their coast be considered a national catastrophe. At least, the nation will be asked, through Parliament, to help pay for it by voting credits to owners of oyster beds and mussel and clam farms ruined by the oil, to fishermen who cannot sell their catches, and to the Breton hotelkeepers, if their beaches—some of which have sands a foot deep in oil—and the picturesque pink granite rocks, like those near Paimpol, cannot be cleared of their thick, glutinous black coating before the holiday season begins. Probably only Nature herself, with fog and rains, can really cleanse the rocks, over the years. The damage was done in four days, during which the government dawdled parsimoniously while trying to decide whether to mobilize the Army (always a costly move) and even whether to set aside fifteen million francs for equipment—though at first someone forgot to include rubber boots for the soldiers on the filthy beaches. Now the long stretches of Brittany sands look like what one reporter called "a nightmare beach picnic," with local men and women and the bigger children, and the soldiers—five or six thousand of them, the infantry armed with shovels, the engineers from the École Nationale des Ponts et Chaussées with their trucks, and even the *sapeurs-pompiers* with their high-powered fire hoses—all darkly smeared on their faces and hands with the stinking, petrol-perfumed unguent, gathering up the oil, inch by inch and mile by mile, into pails and hauling it away to wreck nearby quarries. Of all the press photographs of laborious courage, the most affecting was of an old Breton woman, wearing steel spectacles, trousers, a kitchen apron, and rubber boots, with a scarf tied over her meagre skull, scooping up the black muck in a frying pan, as if it were the makings of some hellish omelette.

The beds of the Belon oysters, the most costly and refined in Europe, have apparently been saved. Otherwise, the losses are generally heavy. For example, nearly three thousand acres of excellent, more ordinary oysters are reported ruined in the estuary of the little Jaudy River. But the greatest loss is the loss of faith created by the bitterness of the Bretons because the Paris government waited until beyond the last minute to start saving them from what the Cornwall fishermen had warned three weeks earlier might happen to the Cherbourg peninsula. Brittany is a poorly populated region, which gets its livelihood from the ocean and summer visitors, and without government aid many Breton families now face ruin. They are ranked as the most pious population of France, and on a Sunday their small, ancient Romanesque gray stone churches in fishing villages are filled with women dressed in black Sabbatical mourning below their varied medieval white starched headgear—widows, mostly, since the Breton men depend on the sea for their living and habitually perish there. The older Breton villagers in Finistère still speak no French at all, and around the cottages all the generations even today still speak Breton together. Proud of their Celtic race and language, they have always been the least assimilated of French provincials. Just before the war, there was a revival of the fanatical autonomy movement called, in Breton, Breiz Atao, meaning Brittany Forever, whose goal was actually secession from France and an independent Breton state. During the war, the Germans even offered to send Breton war prisoners back home as liberated non-Frenchmen if they would renounce their French citizenship. In the present disaster, the old Celtic feeling of being outsiders in France has risen again like bile, because of the government's delay in fighting the oil. Reporters have quoted graffiti scrawled on Finistère seawalls saying, "Paris doesn't give a fig about what happens to



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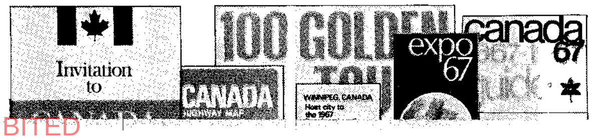
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Brittany"—expressed more coarsely, as might be expected.

The real lost ones up there are the seabirds, of value only to the balance of nature. An estimated twenty-five thousand of them perished last week—rendered flightless by the oil on their feathers and waterlogged, drowned, starved, poisoned, or chilled to death. They were almost the entire population of the largest bird sanctuary in this part of Europe—on the Île Rouzic, offshore from Perros-Guirec, near Lannion. The present loss also stretches into the future, since this is the sanctuary nesting season for the cormorants, guillemots, and penguins, and for the only colony in France of the rare puffins, now feared completely wiped out. Local ornithologists calculate that all the birds of the sanctuary are probably doomed, though an *hôpital des oiseaux* has been set up on the pier at Perros-Guirec by the Ligue Française de Protection des Oiseaux. There the birds that the children have picked up inert but still alive are brought for salvation. This includes first putting an elastic band around their beaks, so they don't nip a thumb off their saviors, then cramming them with dead fish (which they don't like, since at liberty they skim living food from the waves), and giving them salt water to drink and milk as a detoxicant against the oil they have swallowed. They are cleaned feather by feather with a fine paintbrush and covered with talcum, the while being handled with great care, since their bones break easily when touched, as they do not under gale winds. The birds are kept warm at a temperature of about a hundred degrees, since all that is really known of such sacrificial birds is that at a body temperature of eighty-five degrees they die of chill. Only one bird in ten brought alive to the bird hospital survives.

FOR the first time, an exhibition of art painted to a large extent by schizophrenic or psychopathic patients from special institutions is on view beneath a roof of the Louvre—in the Musée des Arts Décoratifs, under the title "Sélection des Collections de la Compagnie de l'Art Brut." There is a copiously illustrated catalogue with an illuminating preface by the painter Jean Dubuffet, who points out that "cultural art is specious and uniform" and goes on to state, with admiration, "whereas *l'art brut* is composed of works done by persons who are strangers to cultural milieus, have been preserved from their influences, and, for

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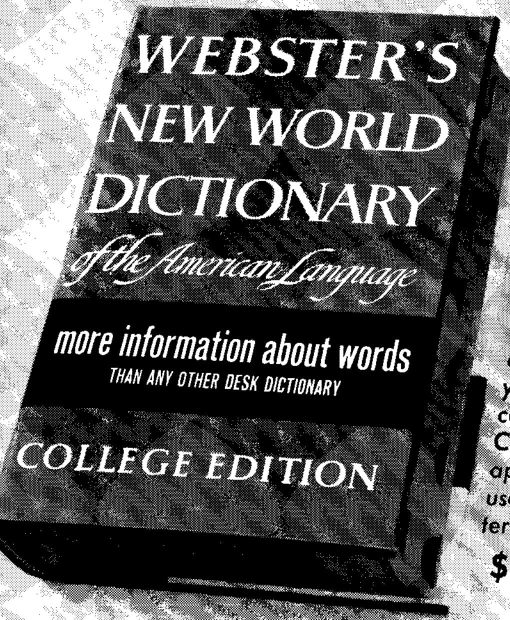
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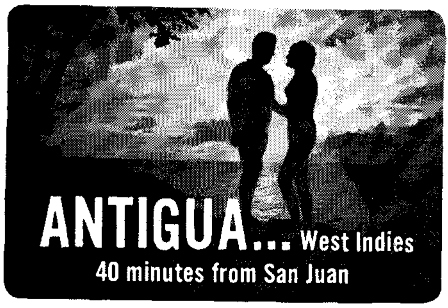

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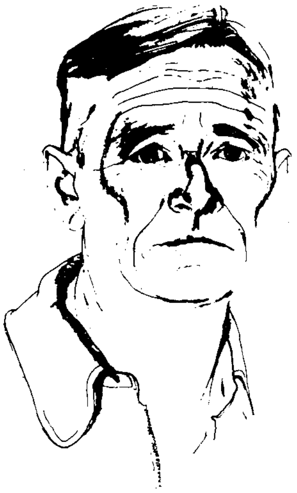
the most part, have had only a rudimentary education." Dubuffet was one of the founders, in 1948, of the Compagnie de l'Art Brut, from whose collection of twenty thousand works the present exhibition of about six hundred examples is taken. Many of the paintings have in common an Oriental manner, as if the remote East had inspired, or perhaps troubled, these easily afflicted Continental imaginations, such as that of a former goatherd, the famous and gifted Adolf Wölfli, one of the first painters collected by the Compagnie. He was a sex maniac from Switzerland, whose art production over thirty years of hospitalization was very fine indeed. His present huge, multicolored fantasy looks like a portrait of a Chinese paladin playing on a banjo with a neck as long as a giraffe's. Another talented artist was Lesage, a Pas-de-Calais coal miner ordered by spirit voices to paint enormous "symbolic compositions of the spirit world." The largest of them looks like a city of classic Hindu architecture, inlaid like colored wood carvings, its buildings as high as hills—miraculously exact visionary painting. Lesage even attracted an art pupil named Fleury-Joseph Crépin, a well-digger who had become a faith healer, and who also painted East Asian palaces. One of the most fertile and rational creators was Mme. Laure Pigeon, who died only two years ago, aged eighty-three, having abandoned her dentist husband when she was fifty to draw what she regarded as mediumistic designs, done with pen in blue or purple ink. She showed no one the vast collection of her art, which ran into hundreds of examples, and it was discovered only on her death, in a Paris suburb. The paintings in the exhibition are beautiful interwoven patterns of what look like ribbed taffeta ribbons, knotted and looped in Art Nouveau style, yet with a secretive privacy of line that makes them minor works of decorative art. One of the few animal-painters was a former customs officer, sent to the psychiatric hospital at Toulouse, where he painted imaginary tigers, serpents, and mountain eagles like brilliant imitations of Japanese black-and-white studies.

One paranoiac wrote texts in concentric circles, secret writing being a frequent artistic outlet in this group. Another designed his own scripts, alphabets being his favorite invention, in his own variety of angular cuneiform; he was a former pastry cook. Several women patients embroidered city scenes in wool. Probably the best male artist of them all was an illiterate Glasgow drifter known as Scottie Wilson, who ended up in Toronto, where he sold his paintings cheap on street corners during the nineteen-fifties. His flowers are as tall as trees. His intricate compositions are filled in with colored-ink lines drawn by pen against a ruler and never smudged, this meticulous care and patience in his work seeming the only sign that he was doubtless mad.

The Compagnie de l'Art Brut now houses its collections, its library of biographies of its artists, and the pamphlets it has published on them in four stories of a building in the Rue de Sèvres. The Compagnie functions as a private institute for study and is not open to the public, although visitors with special interests are occasionally received on request. The exceptional intimate character of its exhibition (to be open till June 12th), combined with the fearful intensity of the presence of the art itself in much of what is displayed, has attracted to it a special group of appreciative visitors.

THOUGH last Tuesday's first new parliamentary session of the Gaullist government was thought by some visionaries to constitute a certain premature portrait of post-Gaullism, in this Tuesday's National Assembly the verbal violence and belligerence of the new Opposition, led by François Mitterrand, chief of the Federation of the Left, looked back rather than forward, as if parliamentary history were seeing and listening to over its shoulder what it so often saw and heard and was mauled by, thirty or forty years ago, in the bellicose Assembly practices of the Third Republic. "He was excellent," some of the old parliamentary gossips said of Mitterrand afterward, exactly as if they were speaking of a leading débutant actor in a new spectacle, which in a way this was. Mitterrand's quick talent for composing and speaking his explosive lines, the melodramatic atmosphere of a single attacker against a roster of established power furnished the mixed excitement of drama and reality, and also announced the presence of a third element—a complete change in the atmosphere of the Chamber. How long the new anti-government aspirations can last at such a pitch, how often Mitterrand can repeat his success with his polemics, and even how long polemics can wear well as political weapons in a France that over nearly nine years has become trained to a government of stately intellectualized political practices, in which only one highly intelligent, academic voice and one inspired mind, projected by de Gaulle, have established their rarefied influence—these are questions so insolubly French that only time will supply, even for Parisians, any notion of what the answers may be.

After Premier Pompidou made his opening policy speech, clearly restricted more or less to what he had said for five years, though with social reforms included that would certainly be new—a limited Premier, since the choice, new Fifth Republic creations, whatever they may be, must be left for de Gaulle's announcing, in his coming press conference—Mitterrand, on the speaker's tribune, leaned forward to the attack, a nervous, incisive speaker, lean-jawed, with quick, watchful eyes and, for a Frenchman, very quiet hands, making few gestures. In his first sentence, he defended the people's protest against "personal power" and against "a majority that since the shock of the recent elections, on the night of the twelfth and thirteenth of March, seemed stricken with amnesia to such a point as to have forgotten that it had lost its strength and its hopes." He added, "You are a government in *résidence surveillée*"—meaning captive under lock and key, the key being held by de Gaulle. Mitterrand's sharp, bold insults in well-chosen clichés aroused his partisans in the Opposition to gusts of laughter and applause. His speech soon became an open attack on General de Gaulle himself. Mitterrand inquired if de Gaulle had had the right, as chief of a political party that his constitution does not recognize, to intervene in the electoral campaign by exceeding the legal privileges, this being a reference to his having talked on TV the night after the polls closed on Friday, an infringement still so ill received by many that the question raised a murmur over many of the Parliament benches. "And what did it lead to? A majority that has to count on its fingers to be sure it really is a majority." He then openly accused the government of electoral frauds in Martinique and Guadeloupe, from which helpful votes came in belatedly. "The strikes over the last fifty days prove that for the past five years you have had no answer ready for the French workers. We are living already in the post-Gaullist era,"



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he said, in final accusation, to Premier Pompidou, sitting without visible reaction on the government front bench. "Your policy speech at no point included a definition of national solidarity or of international security, or of justice or progress. But the country knows that justice and progress are not to be expected—from your government." From his Federation of the Left, the Communists, and even some of the center group now called Progress and Democracy, though its majority supposedly affords the Gaullists the extra voting aid they vitally need, Mitterrand received an ovation, which carried him from the speaker's tribune down to his party seat in the hemicycle.

This is the first bareknuckle verbal attack that the de Gaulle government has sustained in its close to nine years of grave, undisputed, and relatively calm power. As *Le Monde* said of Mitterrand after his speech, "The man knows how to bite and insult." These abilities were among the political gifts that animated the Third Republic's struggles—the endless, vituperative rising and falling of its governments, its scandals and power battles. Several other newspapers cited the famous retort of President Poincaré to a deputy in Parliament, to whom he said in cold fury, "Monsieur, you are nothing but an abominable scoundrel." If in France's ultimate post-Gaullist era, when the General for one reason or another leaves the scene, France has to proceed toward its Sixth Republic by way of a detour through elements of its Third Republic, it will be an almost incomprehensible step in the wrong direction. —GENÊT

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I looked up at him [my father]. His face was still thin and he was not yet used to the vacant sleeve on his right side.—*Page 134.*

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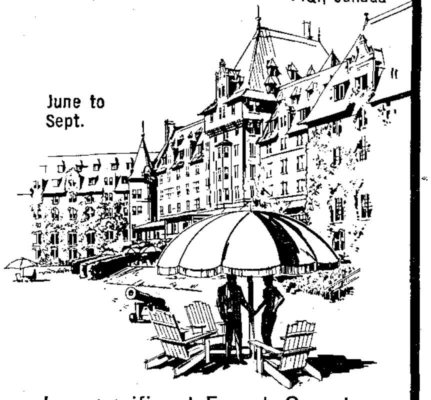

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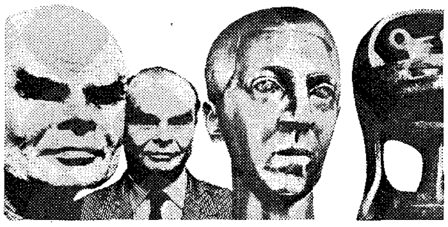

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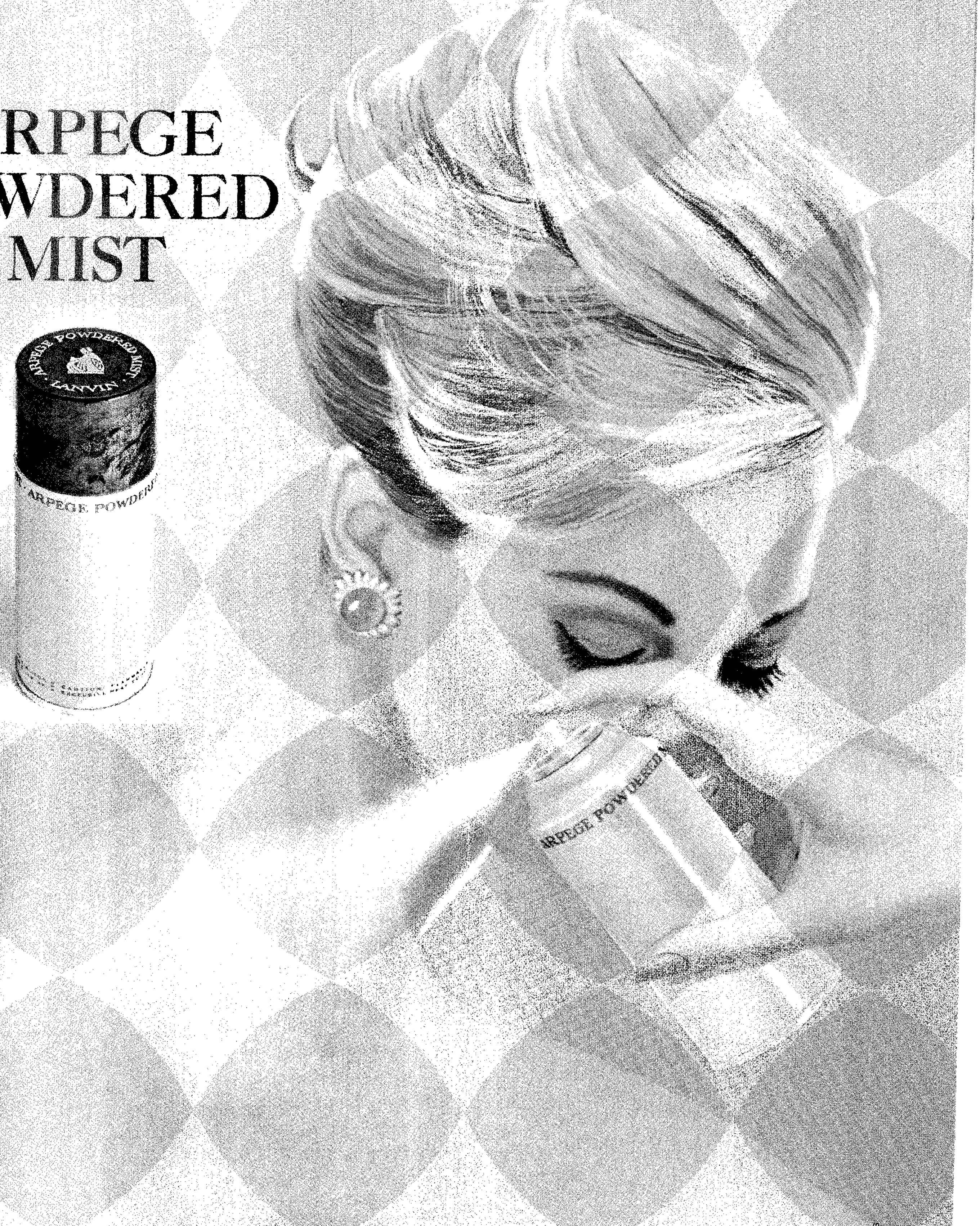
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